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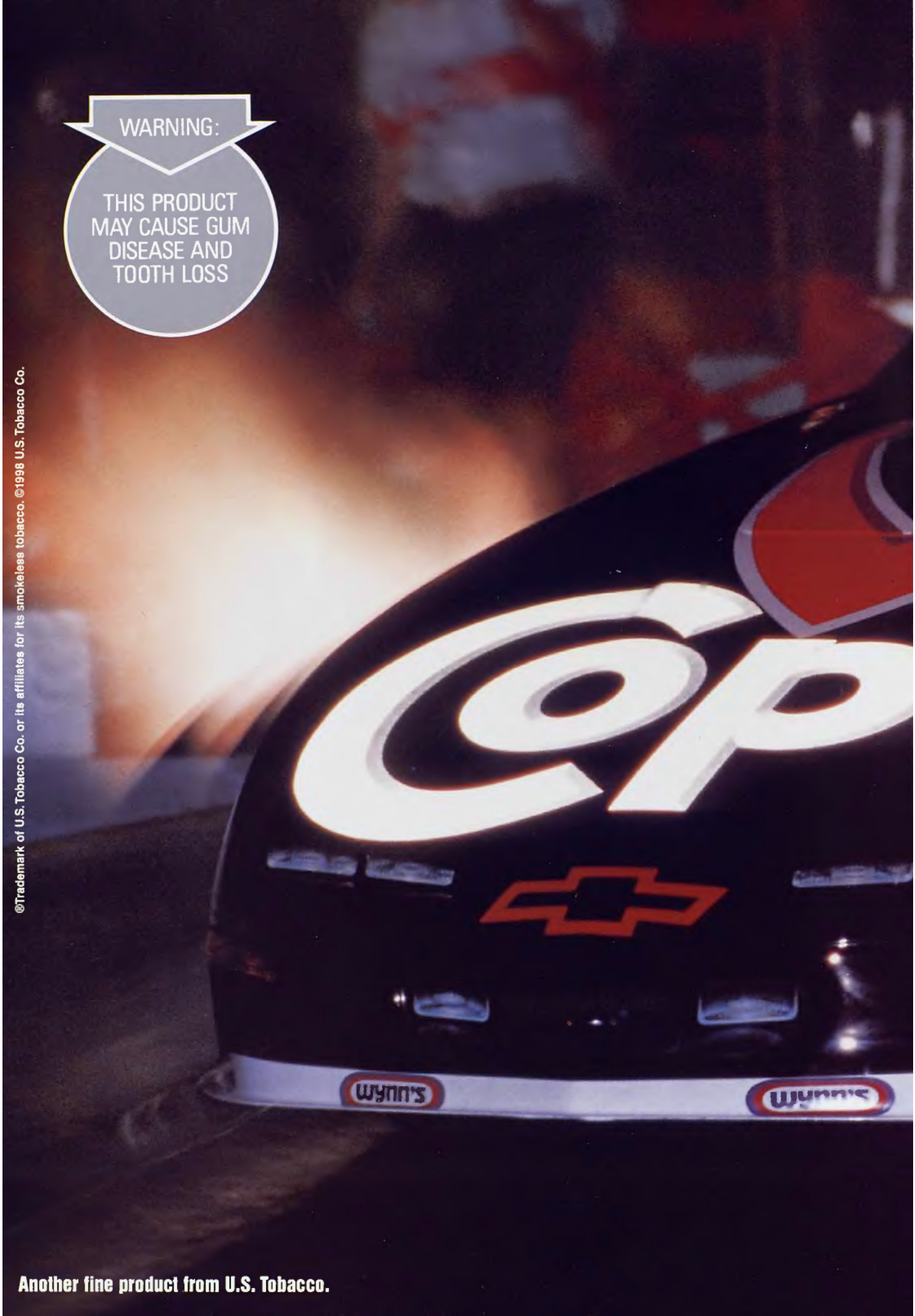

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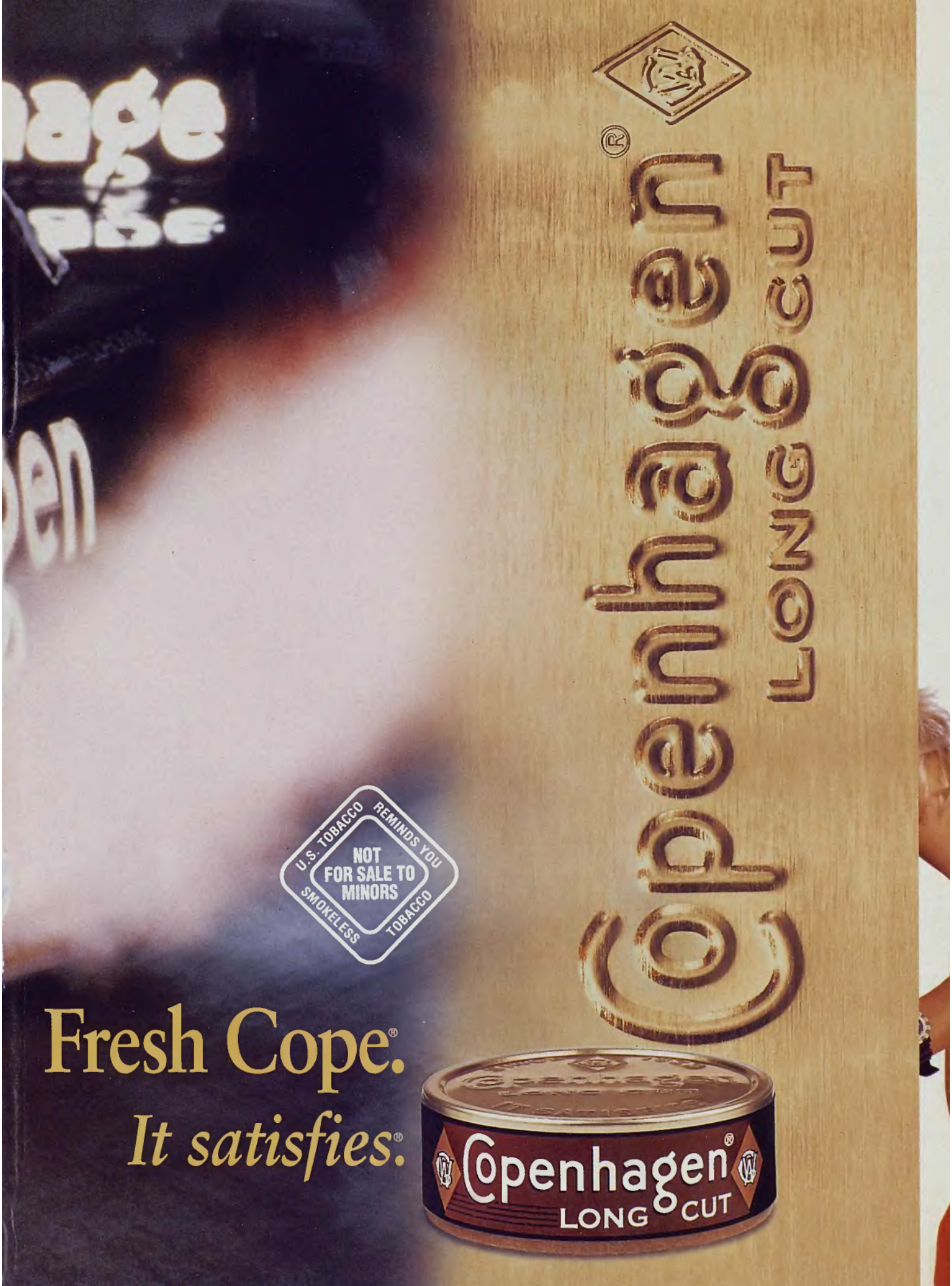
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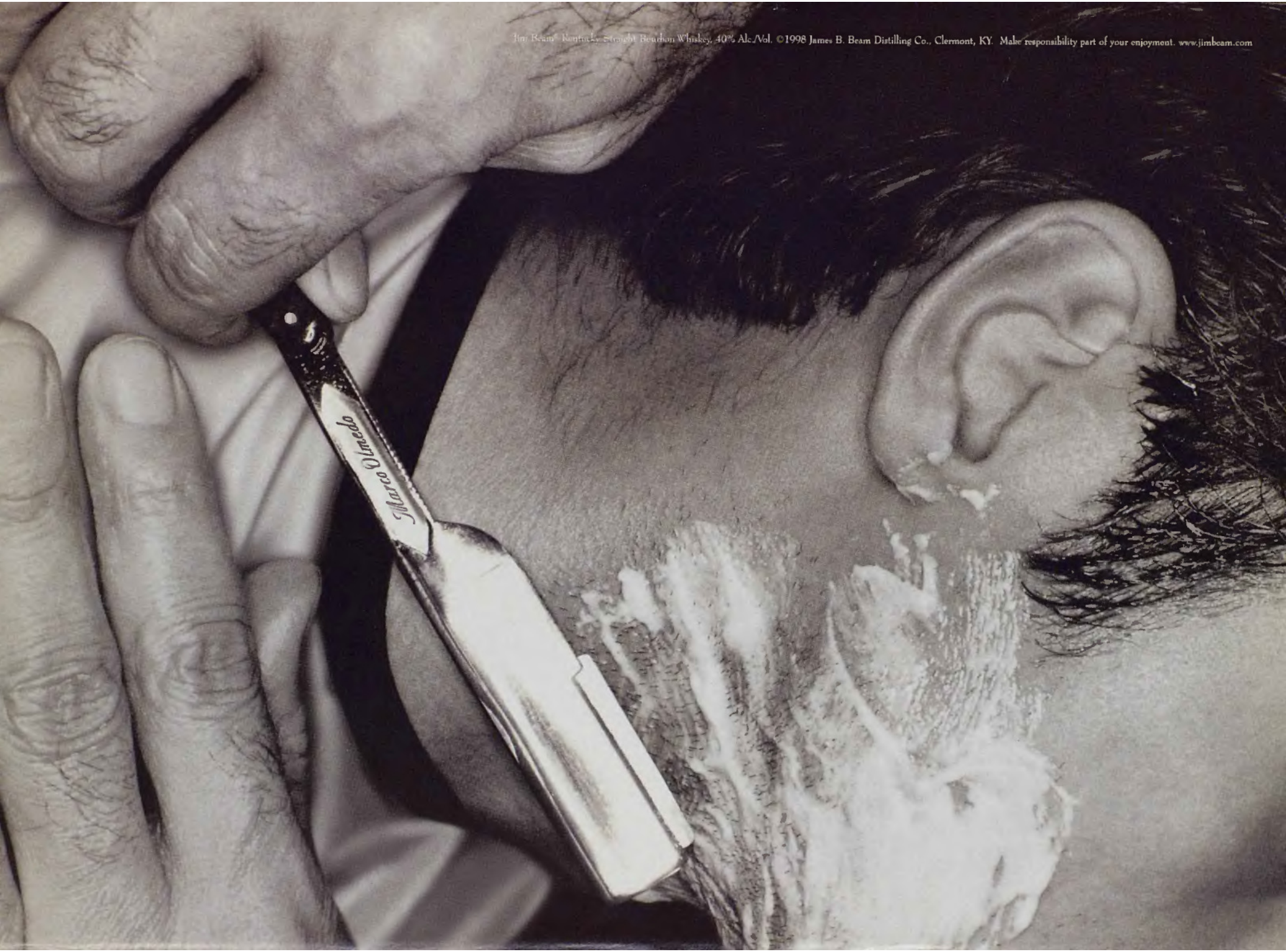

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PLAYBILL

FAITHFUL SORTS will notice that June 1998 is not our Playmate of the Year issue, making it both a collectible and the answer to a future trivia question. The PMOY is headed your way in July, and we're making up for the big tease with a beachload of super Playmates in our best *Baywatch* pictorial ever. When we realized the show was about to air its 200th episode—that's almost 200 nights of PLAYBOY models on TV—we decided it was high tide for a celebration. Join our global cabana in *Babes of Baywatch*, as **Pamela Anderson Lee, Marliece Andrada, Carmen Electra** and other tanning beauties take to the shoreline and leave our hearts—and their swimsuits—in knots.

For six years *Mad About You* has lived up to its title by capturing the joy and frustration of love. And for six years the series' creator and star, **Paul Reiser,** has had to deal with comparisons to his show's juvenile big brother, *Seinfeld*. No more—maybe. With Jerry and Co.'s departure, NBC is set to make *Mad* the undisputed champ of literate prime-time comedy. In a *Playboy Interview* with **David Sheff,** Reiser is tough on himself for getting gooey with Kathie Lee over diapers, feels proud to hang with Bill and Hillary and says he would rather marry Helen Hunt than wrestle an alligator. Meanwhile, over at the *Saturday Night Live* snake pit, a trio of female comics grapple their way onto not-so-prime time. They are the funniest *SNL* women since Gilda Radner, Laraine Newman and Jane Curtin. In *Funny Girls* writer **Lu Hanessian** gets personal with **Ana Gasteyer, Molly Shannon** and **Cheri Oteri,** the wild and crazy gals whose impersonations include an erotic-cake-eating Martha Stewart, an armpit-sniffing schoolgirl and a bird-brained cheerleader. (**Edie Baskin** took the photo.)

We can change the world. In fact, Palestine National Authority leader **Yasir Arafat** believes PLAYBOY played a part in the Middle East peace process. Arafat's aides say his 1988 *Playboy Interview* with **Morgan Strong** attracted the goodwill of the Reagan administration and the Israeli public. Now, at another critical juncture for Palestine, Arafat chooses again to speak with Strong, the only guy who can bring PLAYBOY magazines and videos through Arab customs. This month's *20 Questions* with Arafat is an open letter from the world's hot spot.

PLAYBOY has been a force in social politics, but never was its presence felt more than in the Sixties. It was then that the magazine fostered the flowering of sexual liberation. The new installment of *The History of the Sexual Revolution* by **James R. Petersen** deals with the Pill, topless bars, the killer Bs (Bond, Beatles and Bunnies), feminism, acid, Vietnam, Masters and Johnson, gay rights, rock and roll and *The Playboy Philosophy*.

Shifting gears, Nascar is racing through its 50th year with two asphalt cowboys vying for glory. The man in the black hat, **Dale Earnhardt,** is the old intimidator, and **Jeff Gordon** is the clean-cut kid in white. Grit versus chamois, kerosene versus milk. In *Nascar Rules* **Geoffrey Norman** tracks Earnhardt as he wins his first Daytona 500. The story is not about machines—it's about the men who drive them. The art is by **Arnold Roth.**

Sharing fantasies with a lover is a fact of life and the subject of a new piece of fiction by the Peruvian master **Mario Vargas Llosa.** *The Notebooks of Don Rigoberto* is an excerpt from the book of the same title published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. (It's illustrated by **Kent Williams.**) June is the month to fantasize about gifts, and our *Dads & Grads* feature is full of ideas. (The photos are by **James Imbrogno.**) The real treats, as always, are in our pictorials. **Frederica Spilman,** a Navy air jock, spreads her wings in *Fly Girl*, and Playmate **Maria Luisa Gil** bids farewell to her homeland in *Cuba Libre!*

SHEFF

HANESSIAN

STRONG, ARAFAT

BASKIN

PETERSEN

NORMAN

ROTH

VARGAS LLOSA

WILLIAMS

IMBROGNO

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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		13
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		17
MUSIC		20
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	22
VIDEO		25
TRAVEL		26
WIRED		28
BOOKS		30
MONEY MATTERS	CHRISTOPHER BYRON	32
MEN	ASA BABER	36
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		39
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		41
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL REISER—candid conversation		51
NASCAR RULES—article	GEOFFREY NORMAN	66
FLY GIRL—pictorial		70
DADS & GRADS—gifts		78
FUNNY GIRLS—personalities	LU HANESSIAN	82
PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION		
PART VII (1960–1969): MAKE LOVE NOT WAR—article	JAMES R. PETERSEN	86
THE UNDERGROUND COMICS		152
THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE PILL		168
CUBA LIBRE!—playboy's playmate of the manth		94
PARTY JOKES—humor		106
SHAQ'S TRACKS—electronics	BETH TOMKIW	108
PLAYMATE REVISITED: ANNE RANDALL		113
THE NOTEBOOKS OF DON RIGOBERTO—fiction	MARIO VARGAS LLOSA	116
20 QUESTIONS: YASIR ARAFAT		118
THE BABES OF *BAYWATCH*—pictorial		122
PLAYMATE NEWS		179
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		183

Baywatch Forever P. 122

Sixties Party P. 86

Havana's Hottest P. 94

Racing's Rudest P. 66

COVER STORY

Help—we're drowning in a bevy of beautiful lifeguards. There's always been a strong connection between PLAYBOY and *Baywatch*. This month we celebrate that magical link in a pictorial that will send you overboard. Our caver goddesses are (clockwise from left) Danna D'Errico, Traci Bingham, Pam Anderson Lee, Yasmine Bleeth, Carmen Electra, Marliece Andrada, Erika Eleniak and Gena Lee Nolin. Our Rabbit stands at the ready. Mauth-ta-mouth, anyone?

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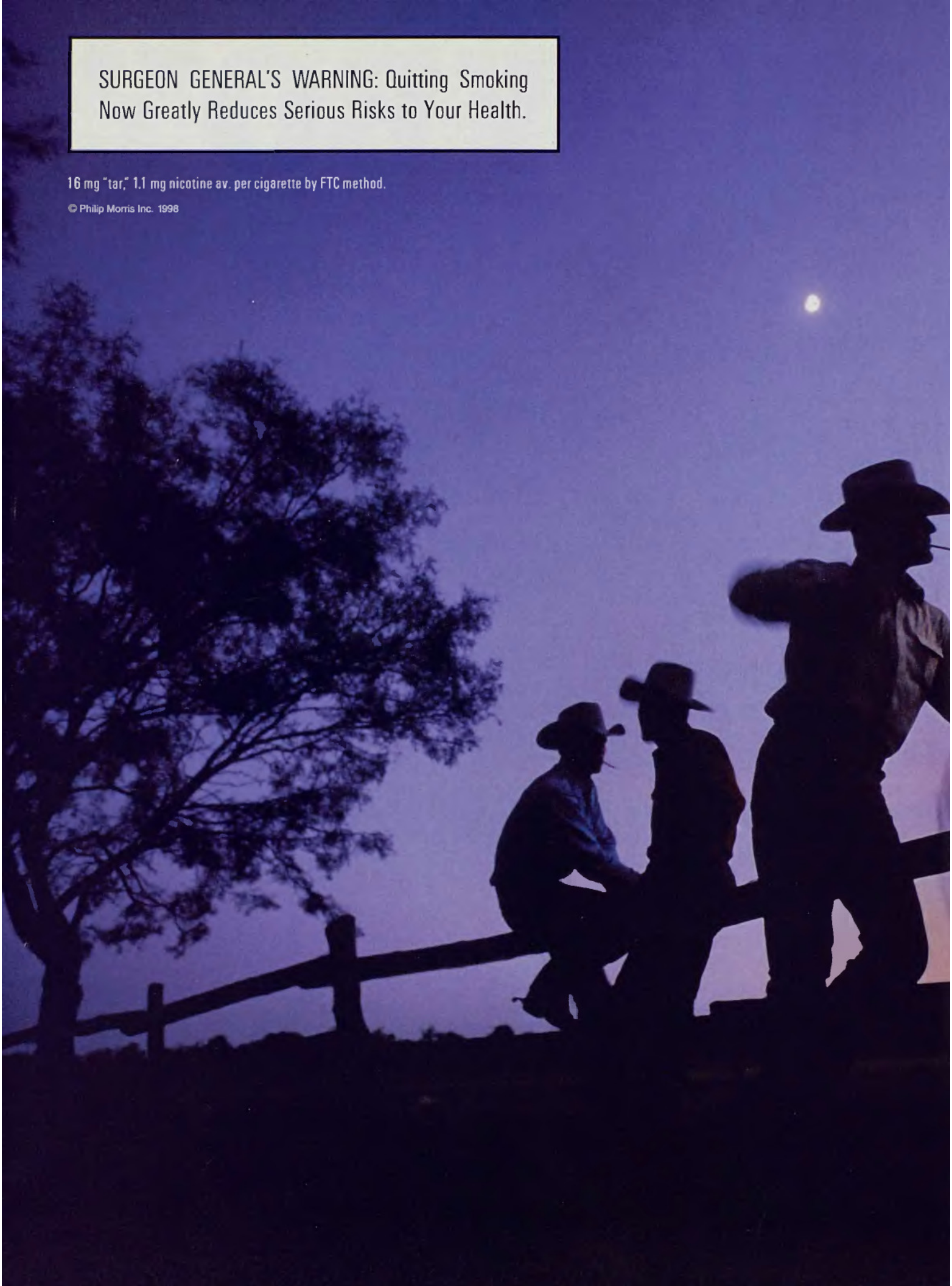
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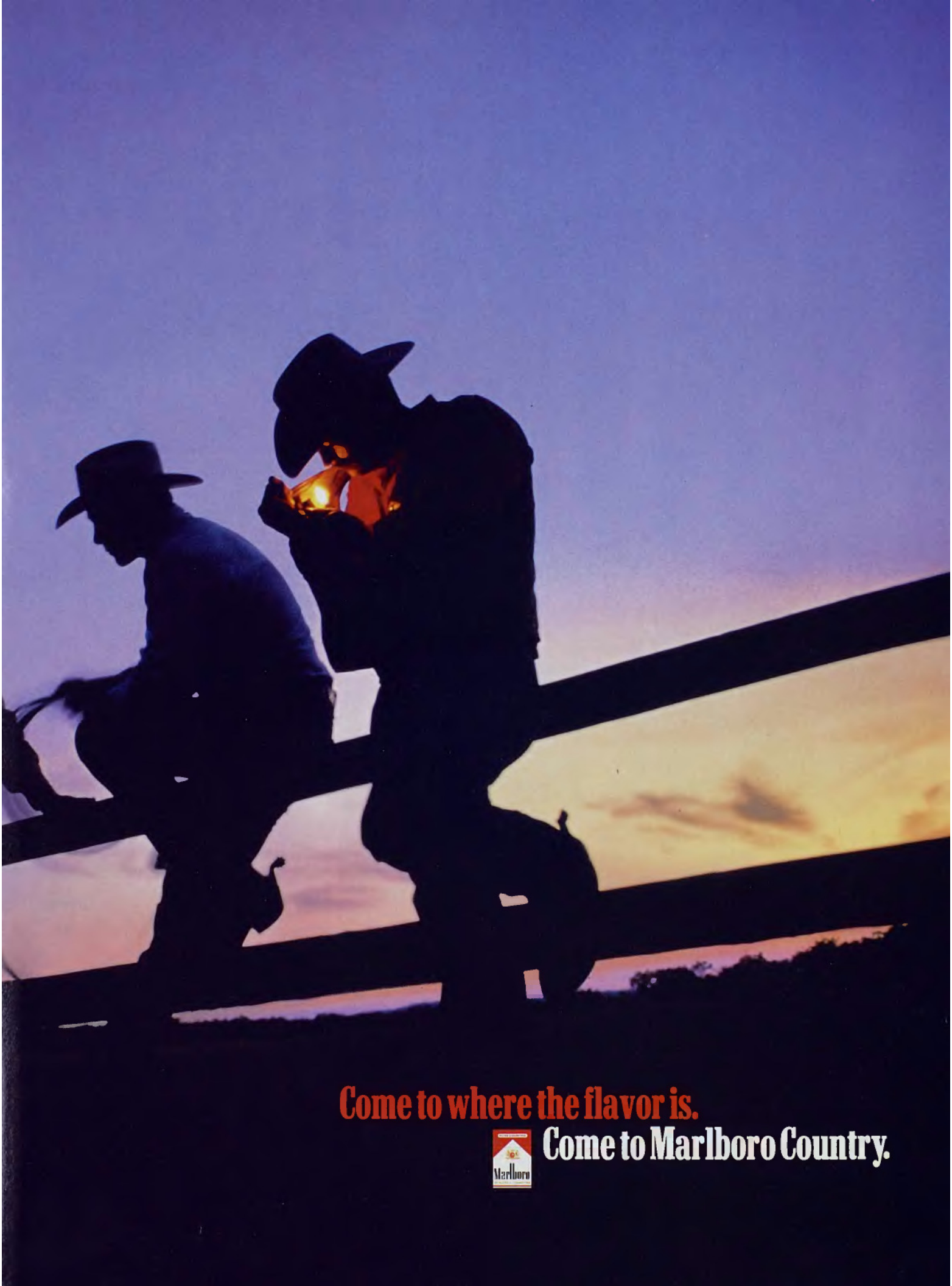
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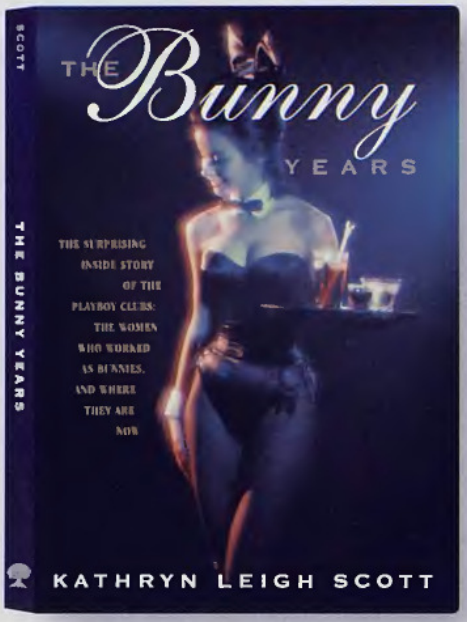
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ACTING UP

Kevin Kline (*Playboy Interview*, March) is a legend in his own mind and a blowhard. He whines about the bad breeding and crude manners of audience members who dare eat Tic Tacs while he emotes onstage. Yet he doesn't care about filling the air with cigarette smoke in a nonsmoking hotel room.

Jackie Ellering
Cleveland, Ohio

Kline comments on the general populace's obsession with seeing celebrities become "real," which translates into learning about their alcoholism, failed marriages and other woes. How delightful to discover that Kevin is a down-to-earth, normal guy.

Gina Johnson
Madison, Wisconsin

Kline comes across as a fine, intelligent man who has little need to fill every sentence with four-letter words, unlike some of your recent *Playboy Interview* subjects. Although I applaud George Carlin's breakthrough in the use of prohibited words in the media, I'm tired of his trying to pass it off as hip humor. Thanks, Kevin, for not subjecting us to that.

Richard Miller
Ridgefield, Washington

YOU CAN'T GO HOLMES AGAIN

Congratulations to Craig Vetter for his insightful profile of John Holmes (*The Real Dirk Diggler*, March). One item that warrants correction, however, is the statement that Holmes made a single "gay movie," 1983's *The Private Pleasures of John C. Holmes*. Over his career, he made others.

Mike Larsen
Palm Springs, California

I want to thank Craig Vetter for the inspiring article. The Eighties weren't kind to John Holmes, but a decade after his death, at least people know he wasn't a demon.

Rocky Hanrahan
Wilmington, Massachusetts

PETERED OUT

In his interview (*20 Questions*, March), John Peterman says that "about 70 percent of *Seinfeld* viewers don't know we're a real company." I don't buy that figure. More people recognize him than he realizes. The problem is that nobody cares what this catalog cowboy has to say.

Sara Cunningham
Los Angeles, California

I enjoyed *20 Questions* with John Peterman. Recently, my wife and I stumbled across the Auburn Cord Duesenburg Museum in Auburn, Indiana. From the glow of the showroom chandeliers on waxed panels to the subdued neon aura of the vintage gas pumps, the museum captures the romance of America's fascination with the automobile. My congratulations to Peterman on his choice of car, and a big thank-you to PLAYBOY for featuring the man and the car (in the accompanying photograph).

Kevin Tessner
Kitchener, Ontario

I nearly died laughing when I read Peterman's quote "Every guy should have a winter coat with a cape on it." A cape, for God's sake. It's even funnier when you say it out loud.

Andrew Rapoport
Washington, D.C.

FINE DINING

I've been a reader since 1985, when I started college, and have been tempted to write to PLAYBOY many times. What compelled me to finally do it was your listing of the Herb Farm under "Regional Favorites" in *Critics' Choice: The 25 Best Restaurants in America* (March). You should know that the Herb Farm burned to the ground in a tragic fire last winter,

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but I have heard that the owners have vowed to reopen it.

Dan Schwartz
Marysville, Washington

I have dined at the Inn at Little Washington, and while I was impressed, I compare that experience with one I had at Virginia's only other five-star restaurant—the Dining Room at Ford's Colony in Williamsburg. While the Dining Room doesn't have the Inn's history, the food is delicious, the portions are large and two people can dine for under $150 (compared with $315 for dinner at the Inn). Those of us who are in the know will continue to enjoy this fabulous dining experience.

Steve Guzizza
Alexandria, Virginia

You listed Coyote Café but forgot to include Santa Café in Santa Fe, New Mexico. I've been traveling to the Southwest for more than ten years, and I can tell you that though the menus at these two restaurants are entirely different, Santa Café's food is superb, the crowd is always interesting and the decor is out of this world. The best part is that you can dine outside, which is a real treat for a New Englander.

Dave Millstein
Boxford, Massachusetts

THE DATING GAME

Brendan Baber and Eric Spitznagel miss the mark on two counts in *A Guy's Guide to Dating* (March). First of all, women detest listening to a man we've just met ramble on and on about himself. Every woman I know has dropped a guy for doing this. Second, nothing is a bigger turn-on than debating with a guy on the first date. Controversial subjects make the juices flow.

Buck Johnston
Dallas, Texas

LOVE AND HAPPINESS

I have been a subscriber for more than 25 years, and this is my first letter. Cynthia Heimel's "Fear and Loathing in the Bedroom" (*Women*, March) made me sad. I would like her to know that there are millions of men in the world who love and respect women and don't physically or mentally abuse them. I'd also like to remind Cynthia that there are women who break the hearts of decent, caring men and fall for dangerous guys with dubious backgrounds. Love, pain and happiness are always present in life, but every day should be an adventure. I wish Cynthia the best.

Dr. A.C. Laguerre
East Lansing, Michigan

Heimel needs a real-life cure-all: communication. She is an example of paralysis by analysis. It's no wonder she's estranged from her husband.

Nick Sabatini
Feasterville, Pennsylvania

DREAM WEAVER

Thank you for the photo of Sigourney Weaver in the March *Grapevine*. I also like your caption about designers encouraging beautiful women to wear see-through fabrics. Sigourney gets better looking every year. *Grapevine* is the first place I look when I receive each issue, so please keep those sexy shots coming.

Glenn Porter
San Antonio, Texas

IT'S IN THE STARS

Under the heading "Playmate 101: Birthday Bashes" in *Playmate News* (March), you note that six Playmates share a birthday on May 28 and another six on December 13. I simulated the Playmate sample on my computer by running 64,800 trials and found a 70.3 percent probability that six Playmates would share a common birthday. That corresponds to a probability of 49.4 percent that another six Playmates would share a different birthday. My conclusion is that we don't need astrology to explain this coincidence. The answer is based on statistics.

Harry Murphy
Albuquerque, New Mexico

FIRST GO SKYDIVING. THEN JUMP ON YOUR MOUNTAIN BIKE. TOP IT OFF WITH A LITTLE WHITEWATER KAYAKING. OR YOU COULD JUST DO THIS.

PRESSING ON

Jaime Pressly (March) can hitchhike on my street anytime. I was happy to read that she has a three-picture deal with New Line Cinema. Even if all she does in movies is hitchhike in the nude, hey, I'm there.

Scott Forbes
Reisterstown, Maryland

WORTH THE WAIT

I'm a 22-year-old student. I had always wanted to subscribe to PLAYBOY but was never able to because I lived with my parents. I have moved out and now subscribe. I thought I wanted it only for the beautiful women, but I've realized that the articles are an attraction, too. My only problem is that I finish reading the magazine in two days and can't wait for the next issue.

Mark Jones
Jackson, Mississippi

LISSOME LIFEGUARD

I'm a freshman at Creighton University in Nebraska, but I wish I were drowning in the *Baywatch* waters so that Marliece Andrada (*Baywatch Rookie*, March) could rescue me. This is the first issue of my subscription. If every issue is this good, I'd like to know the cost of a lifetime subscription.

Dion Adanich
Omaha, Nebraska

How do you top the March cover of Marliece Andrada, unless you plan to publish new photos of her indefinitely?

Ted Webb
Fanning Springs, Florida

When I read in the February issue that Marliece Andrada would appear in March, I knew I was in for a long month. Thanks for making it worthwhile.

Brian Lombard
Gaithersburg, Maryland

Marliece is the hottest lifeguard on any beach.

Phillip Williams
Charlotte, North Carolina

SEX IN THE FIFTIES

James R. Petersen's *History of the Sexual Revolution Part VI: Something Cool (1950–1959)* in the February issue describes perfectly the silliness and the repressiveness of that era, as well as how Jack Kerouac's prose and Elvis' music set the stage for the explosion of the Sixties. He is also right about how important PLAYBOY is in the cultural history of that time.

Michael Carson
Sacramento, California

Beats, blues clubs, bobby-soxers and baby boomers—it almost makes you forget the ugly stuff. But not quite, thanks to PLAYBOY.

Marilyn Ward
Buffalo, New York

SCHOOL DAZE

We thought you should know that the male students at the University of East Carolina are huge PLAYBOY fans. After the long, cold walks to our dorms, your pictorials keep us warm.

T.J. Nelson
Greenville, North Carolina

XL 1200

GP™ 1200

If you're agonizing over how to get your adrenaline fix, weekends can seem painfully limiting. On the other hand, weekends seem remarkably liberating, if you choose to spend them skimming across the open water atop a machine with as much horsepower as a small sports car.

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GET W.E.T.

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ROUTE 3 – WEIRS BEACH (NEXT TO THE LOBSTER POUND)

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LIVE BANDS · CAMEL CASH & SOUVENIR SALES

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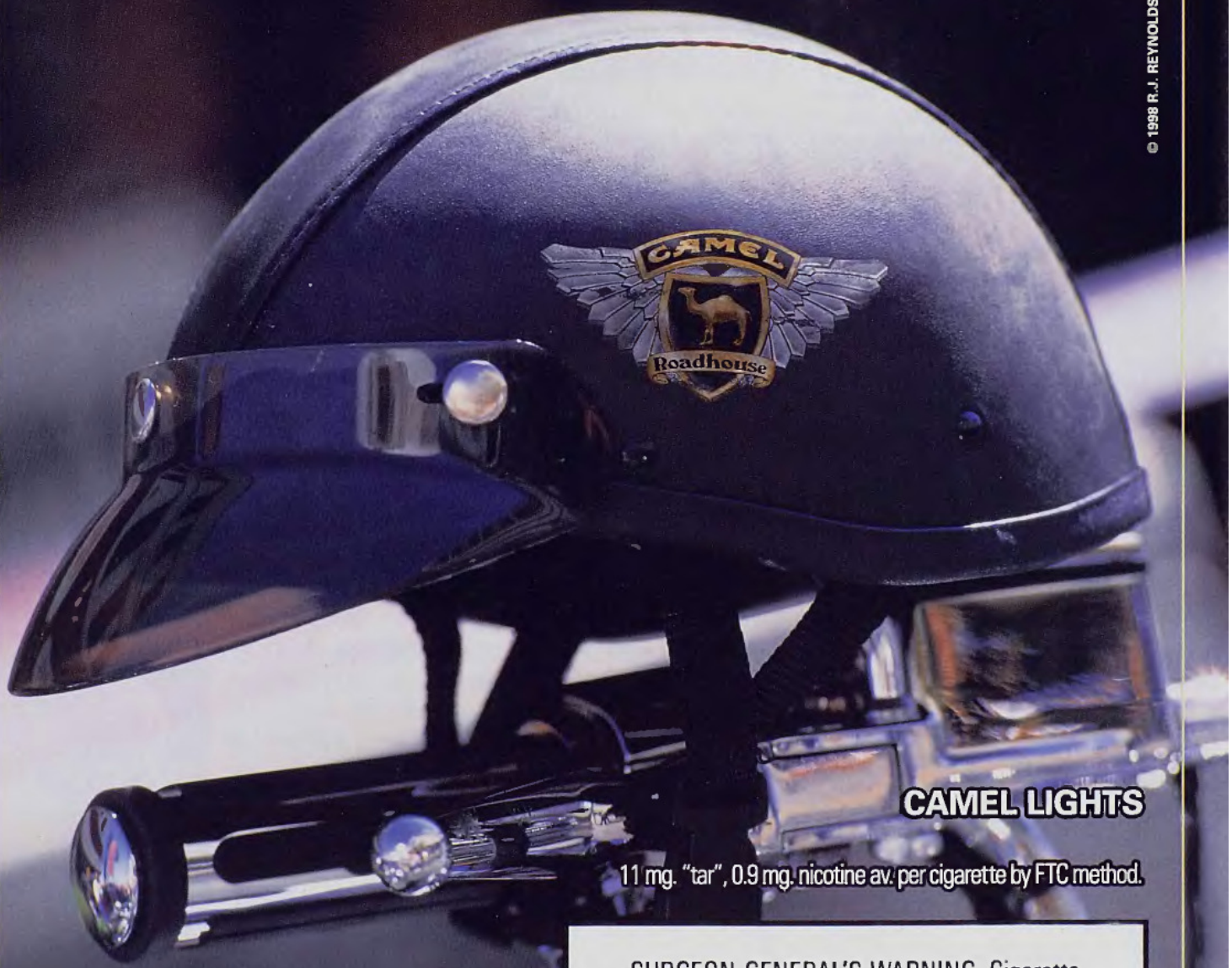

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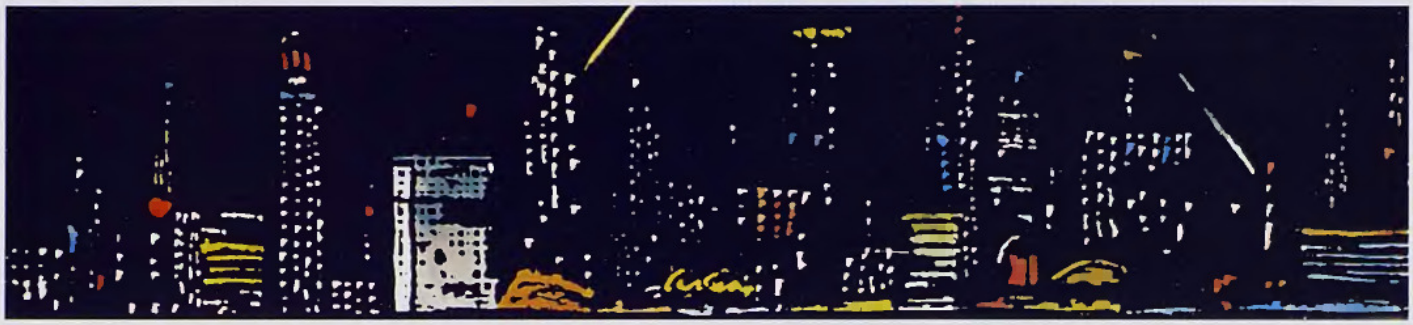
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



VAULT OF THE LIVING DEAD

Now more a corporation than a band, the Grateful Dead has announced plans for a Deadhead theme park in San Francisco, complete with amusement rides, concert hall and museum. Bob Grossweiner, senior editor of the concert industry magazine *Performance*, speculates that the Terrapin Station complex will outdraw the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. "Hopefully they'll have smoke alarms in the bathrooms and the staircases," Grossweiner told *The New York Times*. Apparently, mere smoke alarms are inadequate for the band's needs. The Dead has a tape archive (2300 concerts plus studio sessions) protected in a warehouse. In the event of a fire, air will be sucked out of the vault. Anyone inside will suffocate, but the music will go on—sort of like a typical Dead show.

COLOMBIAN BLEND

Thanks to new legislation from the Colombian senate, jailed drug kingpins and corrupt cops in stir are eligible for up to 60 days of vacation a year. In a not-so-unrelated story, it was reported that Colombia's president Ernesto Samper has been accused of accepting around $6 million in campaign contributions from jailed Cali cartel bosses.

SUPER SOAKER

According to *New Scientist* magazine, "the long search for a fire-fighting chemical that does not damage the ozone layer has finally led to water." After more than 100 tests at the Norwegian Fire Research Laboratory in 1996, good old H_2O was found to be a "suitable substitute for ozone-destroying halons." However, the findings haven't deterred chemical companies in their search for new artificial extinguishers. Water, it seems, has one small problem: It's hard to sell.

THE ARGOTNAUTS

Coming to a dictionary near you: *Booklist*, a publication of the American Library Association, collected phrases that have entered the vernacular of office workers. Among them: *Blamestorming*—when a group gathers to discuss why a project failed and who was at fault. *Ego surfing*—when you scan the Net or Nexis for references to your name. *Mouse potato*—a wired couch potato. *Keyboard plaque*—the gunk, crumbs and dust that build up on and in your computer's keyboard. *Gray matter*—older managers hired by start-up companies that need to establish responsible business practices. Workers of all ages can relate to the best new entry: *Salmon day*—when you spend a long, hard day swimming upstream only to get screwed in the end.

MALPRACTICE MALAPROPISMS

Our friend Richard Lederer, a linguist with an ear for tangled language, is at it again. This time he's selected statements from the testimony of doctors and published them in the *Journal of Court Reporting*. We quote: "By the time he was admitted, his rapid heart had stopped and he was feeling better." "Patient states there is a burning pain in his penis, which goes to his feet." "On the second day the knee was better and on the third day it had completely disappeared." "Patient has been depressed ever since she began seeing me in 1983." "Patient refused an autopsy." "Patient has left his white blood cells at another hospital." The kicker: "She slipped on the ice and apparently her legs went in separate directions in early December."

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

ER?

During her rotation at a clinic for sexually transmitted diseases, New Jersey medical student Samantha Leib noticed something unusual in the waiting room. "There were five good-looking guys sitting together," writes Leib in the British journal *Sexual and Marital Therapy*. Curious, she asked the clinic receptionist for details. Turns out the five had been at a bachelor party a few nights earlier and all had contracted oral gonorrhea after performing cunnilingus on a stripper. (The lucky groom had abstained.) "It was at this moment that I was reminded of the cardinal rule," observed Leib. "An STD clinic is not the ideal location to meet men."

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN STATE JAIL

Although it is by definition a narrow-market publication, we expect healthy sales for the new book by convicted embezzler Ronald TerMeer, *Doing Federal Time: A Handbook for Businessmen Who Are Facing Federal White Collar Criminal Charges*. After all, its target audience is literate, affluent and has no intention of becoming a trophy wife.

BANANAGRAM

At the height of the Tailgate scandal, a loyal reader of the *San Francisco Chronicle* came up with the following anagram for Monica Lewinsky: I lick man: News! Oy!

WINDOWS FOR DUMMIES

The trustees of Amherst, Ohio want Matthew Bailey to do something about the naked mannequins in his store window. Never mind that the mannequins, which are department store castoffs, are

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I am the most qualified person to host a talk show. I've got five kids by three men. I came from a trailer park where I was a Jew passing as a Mormon in Salt Lake City. My brother and sister are homosexuals and my younger sister is a recovering anorexic. I was reunited with my long-lost daughter, whom I gave up for adoption and who was found by *The National Enquirer*. I am a woman who has multiple personalities, several of whom don't even know they're famous!"—ROSEANNE

KONSTANTIN VALOV

FACT OF THE MONTH

At any given time during the day, there are an average of 150,000 people airborne over the U.S.

CALLING MARCIA CLARK

According to a study at Georgia State University, percentage by which testosterone levels among trial lawyers exceed levels in nontrial lawyers: 30.

SLASH AND EARN

Number of permanent staff cuts announced by U.S. companies in 1996: 477,147. Number of people laid off in 1989: 111,285. Total number of employees laid off at three companies by Al "Chainsaw" Dunlap, chief executive of Sunbeam: 22,000.

TOKEN SUPPORT

Percentage of college freshmen who supported the legalization of marijuana in 1989: 17. Percentage in 1997: 35.

RINGING UP BABY

According to the Department of Agriculture, the cost of raising a child until the age of 17: $149,820.

BANK ON IT

Number of bank robberies in the U.S. in 1996: 7562. Percentage of bank robbers arrested: 75. Of those arrested, percentage who were convicted: 99. Percentage of bank robbers who are women: 4.

ALL BETS ARE ONLINE

Number of gambling companies on the Internet: 100. Number of people who use Internet gambling sites: 56 million.

FAIR GAME

Number of deer in Ohio: 500,000. Number of hunting licenses issued in Ohio: 500,000.

FAIR GAME, PART II

Total number of votes cast in balloting for the National Basketball Association All-Star game: 3.3 million. Number of votes cast for Ken Griffey Jr. in balloting for Major League Baseball's All-Star game last year: 3.5 million.

POUND FOR POUND

Pounds of beef consumed per American in 1976: 89. Pounds of beef consumed per person in 1996: 64. Per capita consumption of chicken in 1976, in pounds: 29. In 1996: 51. Pounds of pork consumed by average American in 1976: 40. In 1996: 46.

GENERAL PATENT

Number of patents received in 1997 by IBM, the company with the most patents granted last year: 1742. Number of consecutive years IBM has held the title: 5. Number of patents received by runner-up Canon: 1381. Number received by NEC: 1101. By Motorola: 1065.

CAR WARS

Proportion of U.S. car sales accounted for by Big Three carmakers: 7 of 10. Proportion accounted for by Japanese carmakers: 1 in 4. By European carmakers: 1 in 25. Percentage of new car transactions that were leases in 1984: 3. Percentage leased in 1997: 33. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

what the store sells. "One trustee asked me to dress them," Bailey says. "People will think this is a clothing store." The mannequins are anatomically sanitized and have no genitalia. Same goes for Amherst trustees.

HOOSEGOW HOPS

The first new beer to be produced by Big House Brewing in Walla Walla, Washington in 50 years will pay homage to the city's leading industry, the state prison. The label on Penitentiary Porter will depict prison walls, a guard tower and guard and the motto THE ESCAPE YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

Used to be that an unfaithful guy could take refuge in the polygamous animal kingdom. No more, if prudish animal rights protesters in Thailand have their way. The Sa Kae Zoo recently announced that an orangutan who has been sexually neglected by the mother of his first offspring will not be permitted to impregnate another female on the grounds that it would be adultery.

THE ART OF THE HEEL

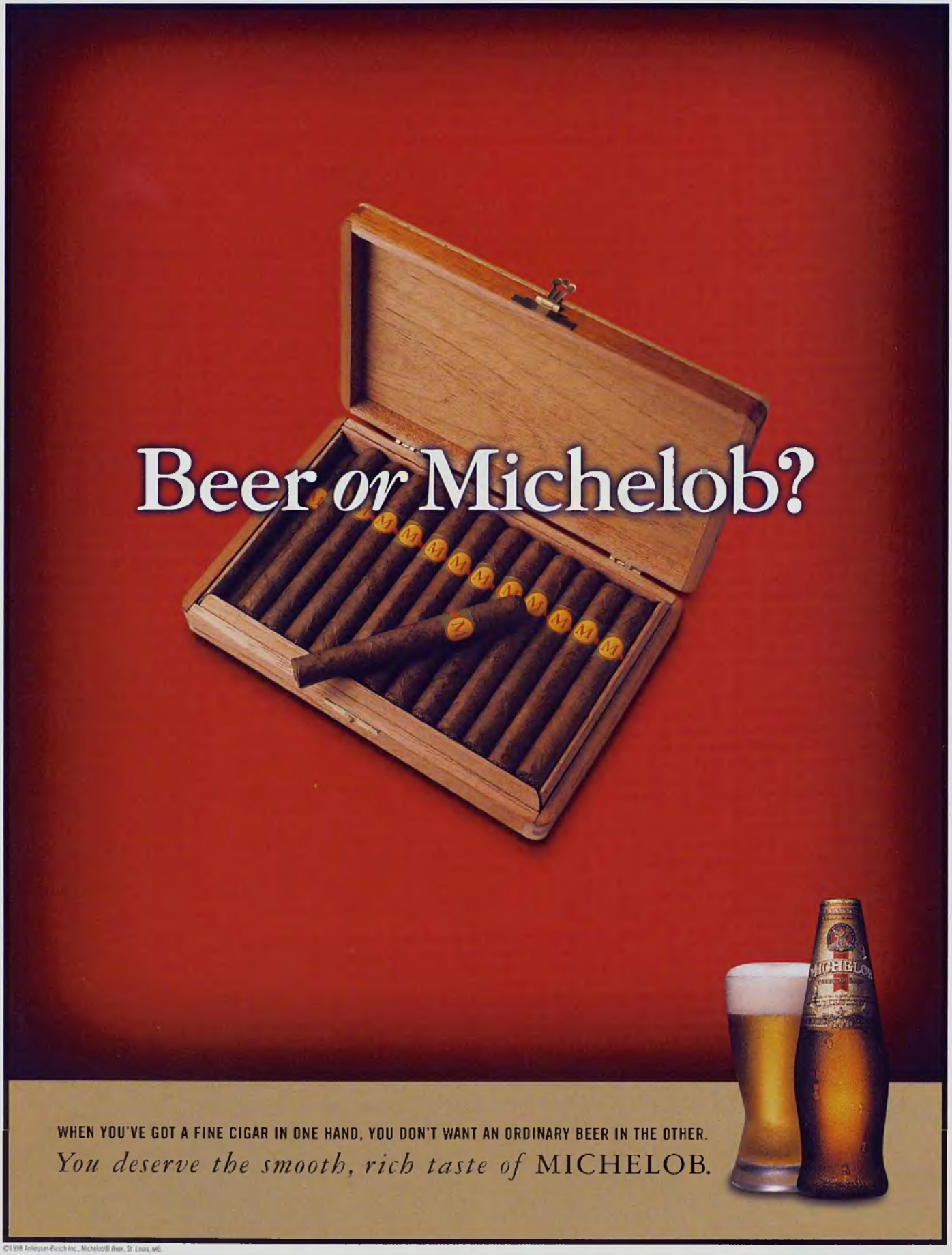
Artist Vanessa Beecroft kept a diary for eight years of everything she ate. However, it's her work with live models that has the English art scene buzzing and which led to commissions for projects this year in the States. *Dazed*, a U.K. art magazine, warns that Vanessa "hates being associated with performance art because of its demonstrative and exhibitionist tendencies." Oh, so that's why, at a recent event, she had a group of bare-assed women walk around clad only in short gray sweaters, extralong false nails and gray Prada heels. Be that as it may, we think it's always an event when you take your sweater puppies out for a walk.

LOGROLLING, THAMES STYLE

According to *Outside* magazine, a London canoeing club has defied authorities who recently banned the group from paddling a portion of the Thames. In protest, the 30 members of Canoeists With Attitude have taken to cruising sections of the city's 19th century sewer system at night. Apparently that's when Londoners who are flushing the remains of the day are done.

SNOW FLAKES

An Englewood, Colorado sportsman was recently charged with beating a fellow mountain climber over the head with an ice ax. He even bit the other man. The assault occurred at the top of a frozen waterfall the duo had just summited. What was the fight about? Climbing etiquette, of course.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MUSIC

ROCK

INDIE ROCKER Mary Lou Lord has moved from an alterna-rock label to a major and made a folk-rock album with tunes primarily written by other writers. That's a long reach for someone who started out singing in the Boston subway. But ***Got No Shadow*** (Work) is an artistic coup. Lord sings sweet but thinks tough, and this album is a personal statement even though she wrote only half the songs. She sounds fragile and reedy, but her producers treat her like a funky Celine Dion.

What is it about heavy metal's transgressions against good taste that delight me so? The 16 tracks on ***The Best of Judas Priest: Living After Midnight*** (Columbia/Legacy) make plain why this is one of the most revered metal bands. The bottom line is K.K. Downing's and Glenn Tipton's twin guitar leads and the shrieking lead vocals of Rob Halford, but there's more. The songs have unusual melodic structures and powerful rhythmic propulsion. Priest explores the boundaries where metal meets punk and thrash, and even the murky alley where it engages the blues.

I can't think of two young writer-performers I admire more than Alejandro Escovedo and Dan Bern. Bern seems like a complete jokester. His second album, ***Fifty Eggs*** (Work), opens with *Tiger Woods*. The lyrics to that song declare, "I've got balls, big balls," which is funny—especially when you realize his producer is Ani DiFranco. The title track of Escovedo's ***More Miles Than Money: Live 1994–96*** (Bloodshot) features his voice and a cello, which set the mournful tone. But Escovedo is capable of being musically mercurial, and does a razor-wire version of the Stooges' *I Wanna Be Your Dog*. Similarly, Bern, on *Oh Sister*, can't stop himself from mentioning his sister's tits. Still, it's a heartfelt tribute to sibling fidelity. —DAVE MARSH

Acoustic versus electric, electric versus techno, analog versus digital, guitar versus synthesizer—you can debate them all. But the musicians who make good music are the ones who stick forks in their eyes. And that's how members of Rammstein depict themselves on the cover of ***Sehnsucht*** (Slash). On the album itself, singer Till Lindemann reveals the lowest voice in rock and roll since that guy who sang bass in the Coasters. Lindemann also sings in German, and he sounds so incredibly sinister, you might assume he's singing about invading Poland. Based on the two songs that Lindemann sings in English, I can say such an assumption would be wrong. He sings about death and metaphysical distress. If you think that sounds like American metal bands, I say *nein*! Rammstein makes Metallica look like pussies. With its insane unison riffing, relentless rhythm-section drive and spare but bizarre sampling, Rammstein is also a lot more musical and imaginative than Metallica. Just hide the forks. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

JENNIFER JANESKO

Lord's *Got No Shadow*.

Sweet Lord, Izzy swaggers and swings and the Queen of Soul still reigns.

Axl Rose and Slash were the flashy front men of Guns n' Roses, but rhythm guitarist Izzy Stradlin was the heartbeat. His second solo album, ***117°*** (Geffen), with ex–Georgia Satellites guitarist Rick Richards, is the closest you'll get to the Gunners' original ragged, punk-metal glory. Both Izzy and Rick are disciples of the Keith Richards school of swagger and swing. *Ain't It a Bitch* is the song you desperately wanted to hear on the latest Stones album. But like Keith, Izzy's weakness is his vocals. His weathered voice lacks force. If he can beef it up, he could turn a damned good band into a great one. —VIC GARBARINI

In these days of novelty one-shots, the many casual fans who grew to love *Tubthumping* and *Walkin' on the Sun* might not expect much from Chumbawamba's ***Tubthumper*** (Republic/Universal) and Smash Mouth's ***Fush Yu Mang*** (Interscope). But they'd be wrong. In their dissimilar ways, both albums are brash and busy, tuneful and verbal with surprises as much fun as the singles but less addictive. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

R&B

Aretha Franklin's ***A Rose Is Still a Rose*** (Arista) shows that the Queen of Soul's voice still soars. A crew of current hitmakers (including Puffy Combs and the Fugees' Lauryn Hill) take turns working with her majestic voice. For the most part, Aretha 1998 works. My favorites are the midtempo love song *In Case You Forgot*, on which she gives a wonderful performance, and the slick dance track *Here We Go Again*. —NELSON GEORGE

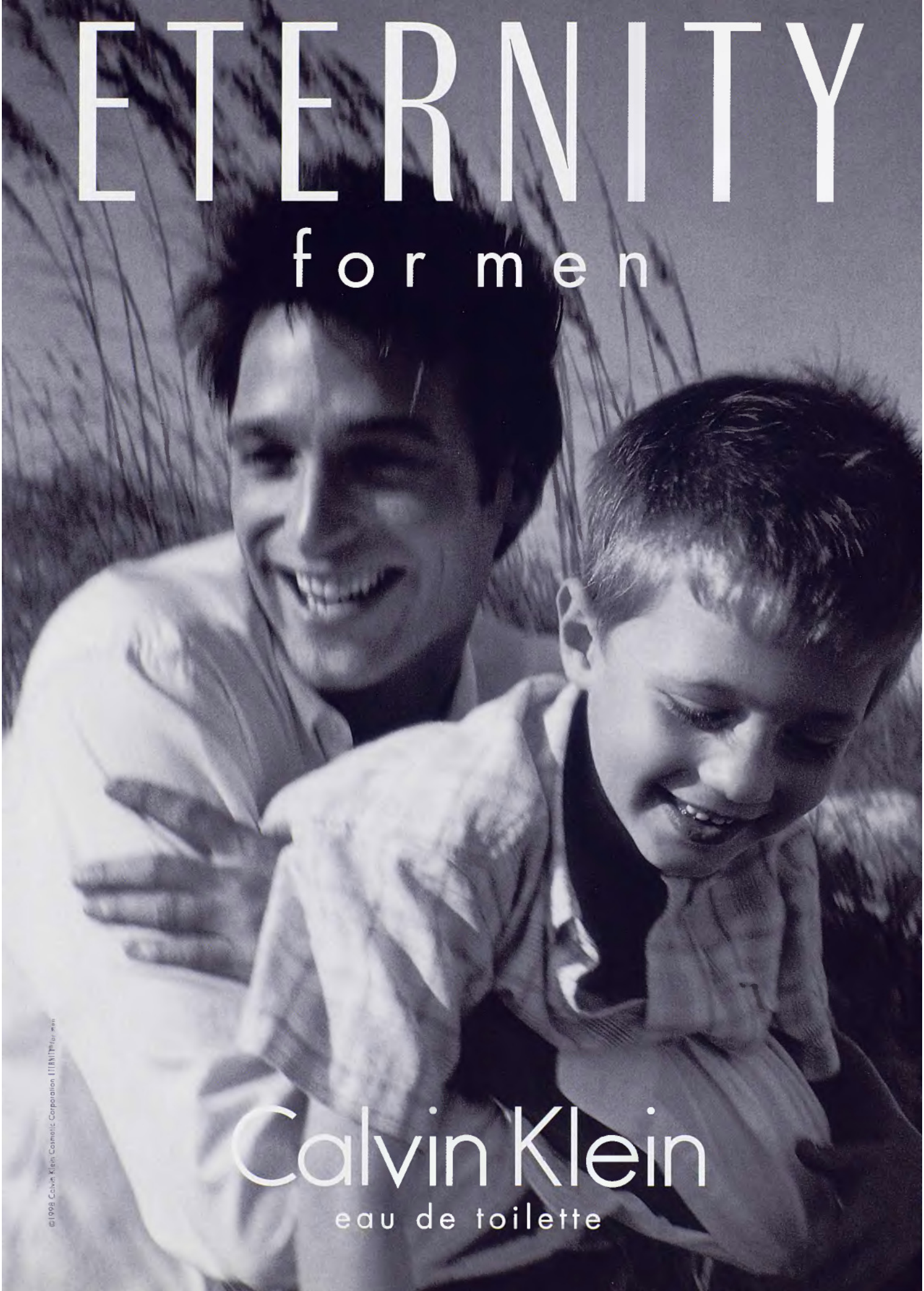
POP

The most exciting new producer in black pop is Timbaland, who in the last two years has crafted innovative hits for Ginuwine, Aaliyah and Total. Missy Elliott is his Virginia neighbor and collaborator who adds her humor to a production sound heavily influenced by Britain's drum-and-bass music. By fusing fresh rhythms onto a hip-hop sensibility, Timbaland has made a distinctive contribution to Nineties music. His ***Welcome to Our World*** (Atlantic), recorded with rapper Magoo, is vibrant, playful and surprisingly complex. Voices, keyboards and, of course, beats are cleverly arranged throughout the album's 18 cuts. I highly recommend *Up Jumps Da' Boogie*, *15 After Da' Hour* and both versions of *Luv 2 Luv U*. —NELSON GEORGE

In 1993, when a bunch of famous artists underwrote Victoria Williams' medical treatments with the tribute album *Sweet Relief*, the results of their support transformed an eccentric singer-songwriter into a full-service musician. On 1994's *Loose* and the new ***Musings of a Creekdipper*** (Atlantic), Williams' quavery voice and song structures are as fragile as ever. While *Loose* has the more forthright tunes, the melodies on *Creekdipper* are quieter, and the subtlety of the latter project renders its pleasures deeper in the end. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

COUNTRY

The music of Johnny Dowd comes from a dark corner of the heart. At the age of 49, the singer-songwriter has released his first record, ***Wrong Side of Memphis*** (Checkered Past Records, 3940 N. Francisco, Chicago, IL 60618). It's a chilling, get-right-with-God collection of 15 songs about murder, sin and salvation. He mixes a rural blues drawl with stark Hank Williams idioms and doesn't mince words. Dowd also has a deep appreciation of the absurd, as in *First There Was*, a song about an unemployed man who wears a ski mask and Beatle boots, then blows away everyone in a feed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store. This is superb stuff, but not for the squeamish. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

JAZZ

Giant Steps shows the most influential tenor player of all time—John Coltrane—at the height of his power. The new deluxe edition by Rhino includes fascinating outtakes and pristine remastering. Coltrane plays ferociously and tenderly on the seven original tracks. On *Naima* he constructs the most transcendent ballad of his career over a series of pedal tones. This is the album on which Coltrane combines Thelonious Monk's sense of harmonic adventure with Charlie Parker's quicksilver runs, adding his own incredibly sweet, otherworldly tone. *Giant Steps* contains eight full outtakes from these sessions, including three dynamic extra versions of the title tune and two additional renditions of *Naima* that are in the same ballpark as the originals. —VIC GARBARINI

With the addition of sax player Wayne Shorter in 1964, Miles Davis finished assembling the greatest jazz band of the Sixties. On such classic albums as *Miles Smiles* and *Nefertiti*, the band epitomized the leading edge of progressive jazz. After that, Davis began experimenting with electric instruments, looser song structures and contemporary rhythms in what would soon erupt as fusion. ***The Miles Davis Quintet's Complete Columbia Studio Recordings*** (Columbia/Legacy), a six-CD set, pulls together all the music from seven LPs made between 1965 and 1968, plus 13 newly released tracks. These CDs present a detailed picture of jazz' radical transition and a glowing testament to Miles' genius. —NEIL TESSER

CLASSICAL

One of the great tenors of this century didn't come from the Mediterranean. Born to a musical family in Sweden in 1911, Jussi Björling achieved extraordinary acclaim for his remarkably pure but expressive voice. ***Jussi Björling Edition: Studio Recordings 1930–1959*** (EMI Classics) is a flawlessly remastered four-CD set of arias, songs and *lieder*. In this age of overblown tenors, Björling's intelligence and control remind us that vocal power isn't incompatible with style or taste.

Ruth Crawford Seeger (1901–1953) was a ruthless modernist. One of the first female composers to influence American music, she was decades ahead of her time. With ***Portrait*** (Deutsche Grammophon), we finally have a compelling collection of this original composer's oeuvre. During the Thirties, Crawford Seeger (who was Pete Seeger's stepmother) compiled folk songs. But her earlier, atonal work still sounds brilliantly taut and vibrant today. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
John Coltrane *Giant Steps*	9	10	9	10	9
Mary Lou Lord *Got No Shadow*	8	7	7	8	7
Rommstein *Sehnsucht*	3	4	5	4	9
Timbolond *Welcome to Our World*	9	4	8	6	4
Victorio Williams *Creekdipper*	9	7	7	5	7

IT'S SEPTEMBER IN GERMANY DEPARTMENT: Far better than Elvis soap-on-a-rope is the King's Germany. September 25–27, for $1989 a person, fans will get a guided tour of the two towns where Elvis was stationed, plus a cruise and visits to his barracks and the location for his movie *G.I. Blues*. Load up on some fried banana–and–peanut butter box lunches.

REELING AND ROCKING: *Soul Food* director **George Tillman** is trying to get the rights to the **Marvin Gaye** story, which he plans to direct. . . . **Garth Brooks** and **Babyface** are talking about doing a movie and soundtrack together. . . . **Lisa Stansfield** plays a singer in a swing band in *Swing*, her first movie. . . . **Madonna** reportedly has another film lined up. In *The Red Door*, she'll play a woman who reconciles with her estranged brother after he is told he has AIDS. . . . The West Coast punk scene is examined in another documentary, *Rage 78:98*, which will feature archival and new footage of **X**, the **Circle Jerks, Black Flag** and the **Dead Kennedys**, among others. . . . *Do You Wanna Funk?*, a documentary about disco singer **Sylvester**, is in the works.

NEWSBREAKS: The Guinness Fleadh was so successful last summer at New York's Randalls Island that the two-day festival with an Irish twist will repeat in New York June 13 and 14, then go on the road to Chicago and the Bay Area later in the month. Some of the acts expected to perform at one site or another include **Van Morrison, Sinéad O'Connor, Nanci Griffith, John Lee Hooker, Los Lobos** and **Richard Thompson**. . . . **Ray Davies** has overseen the remastering and reissue of 15 **Kinks** albums and released the first two in April. *Preservation Act I* and *Act II* will be out in June, with bonus tracks, expanded liner notes and archival photos, on your choice of vinyl, cassette or CD. . . . Right about now Las Vegas' first international music conference, Eat 'M, is taking place. Aside from the usual conference fare—panels, lectures, mentoring sessions—there will be 150 showcase performances. **Gladys Knight** will receive a lifetime achievement award. . . . The CD from last summer's Lilith Fair was just released. It features performances by the **Indigo Girls, Suzanne Vega, Paula Cole, Tracy Chapman** and **Sarah McLachlan**. . . . **Cher** will host a CBS TV special about her career and life with **Sonny Bono**. . . . The largest free-admission blues fest in the world, the Chicago Blues Festival, will take place June 4–7 along Lake Michigan in Grant Park. . . . The 20th Annual Playboy Jazz Festival dates are June 13 and 14, at the Hollywood Bowl. Performers include **Wynton Marsalis, Dee Dee Bridgewater, King Sunny Ade** and **Arturo Sandoval**, with **Bill Cosby** as MC again. . . . **Ray Charles** received the Polar Music Prize and $125,000 from Swedish king Carl Gustaf XVI. The prize was established by **Abba's** manager **Stig Anderson**. . . . **David Bowie** is working on two new albums in New York. He plans to throw himself another big birthday bash outdoors this summer to benefit Save the Children. . . . **Jonny Lang** is recording a follow-up to *Lie to Me* that will include more original tunes. . . . A Lou Harris poll asked the first college class of the millennium who will be around, like the **Stones** are now, in 30 years. The **Dave Matthews Band** and **Boyz II Men** tied for first place. . . . Lastly, what would **Jerry** say? **Grateful Dead** plates with certificates of authenticity are now available from the Hamilton Collection. Everyone knows that hippies used paper plates.

—BARBARA NELLIS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ENGLAND'S Stephen Fry brings a kind of defensive bravura to his title role in ***Wilde*** (Sony Classics). Already a hit in London, the movie depicts the decline and fall of the 19th century playwright accused of homosexual conduct. An unsuccessful libel suit against the Marquess of Queensberry (Tom Wilkinson) starts the wheels of justice grinding when Queensberry publicly insults Oscar Wilde to thwart his son Alfred Douglas' relationship with the author. Jude Law all but steals the movie as young Douglas, a handsome, Oxford-educated homosexual whose hatred for his father turns out to be Wilde's undoing. Vanessa Redgrave, as Wilde's doting mother, and Jennifer Ehle as his inordinately patient wife (also the mother of his two children) are the distaff side of a splendid supporting cast. Michael Sheen also scores as Ross, the houseguest who first seduces Wilde and makes him aware of his sexual orientation. Director Brian Gilbert spells it all out, using Julian Mitchell's compassionate screenplay adapted from the Wilde biography by Richard Ellmann. The movie covers events leading up to the trial that exposed Wilde and Douglas' encounters with "rent boys" hired for their illicit pleasure. The movie is a telling portrait of a flamboyant, unapologetic genius destroyed by social hypocrisy. ¥¥¥

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The troubled heroine of ***A Price Above Rubies*** (Miramax) is an Orthodox Jewish girl named Sonia (Renée Zellweger) who is married to Mendel (Glenn Fitzgerald), a devout religious scholar and teacher. Sonia has no outlet for her sexuality or individuality and can't play the part of an acceptable Jewish wife (the gem of orthodoxy to which the title refers). Her rebellion drives her into a clandestine affair with her brother-in-law (Christopher Eccleston). She ultimately loses her child and control of her future before she drifts into another sexual escapade in a desperate effort to figure out who she is. After director Boaz Yakin (whose first film was a 1994 sleeper called *Fresh*) lets Sonia's struggle veer into schmaltz, he pulls the movie back on track as a poignant portrait of a woman's soul-searching journey. ¥¥¥

•

Loyal fans of Woody Allen should relish ***Wild Man Blues*** (Fine Line) by Barbara Kopple, who directed two Oscar-winning documentaries (*Harlan County, U.S.A.* in 1976 and *American Dream* in 1990). Here, Kopple's camera crew accompanies Allen on an 18-city European tour with his New Orleans jazz band. In Paris, Rome, Venice, Madrid and London, Allen is applauded for his music and wry humor. He introduces Italian well-wishers to "the notorious Soon-Yi," who is a constant fixture between gigs—at breakfast, at press conferences or taking five in a swimming pool. The movie might have seemed shorter with less music and more wit, but under Kopple's discerning eye, *Wild Man Blues* becomes a different kind of star watch—with Allen both basking in and resisting his celebrity. Only back in New York do we see him as a world-class prodigal son. In a hilarious sequence, his aged parents suggest he might have done more with his talents and should have married a nice Jewish girl. ¥¥½

Zellweger: un-Orthodox.

Rebels defying social codes, politicians squashing scandals and Woody making music.

•

Hats off to ***Land Girls*** (Gramercy Pictures), an engaging period piece about three young women who take up farm chores in the English countryside while the lads in uniform are fighting in World War Two. Catherine McCormack, Rachel Weisz and Anna Friel are inexperienced field hands, who sooner or later have intimate relations with the farmer's strapping son Joe (Steven Mackintosh). While Joe hankers to be a fighter pilot, his heart condition dooms him to stay home and keep the land girls happy. Among them, Prue (Friel) is a man-chaser, Ag (Weisz) is a virgin ready for love and Stella (McCormack) is a beauty engaged to a naval officer. Director David Leland accurately captures the look and feel of wartime England. His fond portrait of women on the home front is romantic and as heady as a pint of good British lager. ¥¥¥

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Well into filmmaker Henry Jaglom's ***Déjà Vu*** (Rainbow Film), someone asks, "Darling, is this the male menopause or something?" That might be an appropriate question for Jaglom himself, whose movies often star the woman in his life (in this case it's Victoria Foyt, Mrs. Jaglom off screen) and smack of home-movie self-indulgence. The aptly titled *Déjà Vu* is a soppy romantic drama "about love and destiny," if you believe its publicity blurbs. Actually the heroine (Foyt) is a married woman who picks up a mysterious ruby pin in Israel, meets an artist named Sean (Stephen Dillane) in Paris and again in England and ultimately finds that all the puzzling pieces of her life just fit. Well, that's pushing things. Jaglom also stretches his plot to include lots of prestigious players who manage to do their idiosyncratic bits without visible embarrassment. Besides Dillane, a hot young actor in London, there are Vanessa Redgrave, her mother Rachel Kempson, Noel Harrison (son of Rex), Michael Brandon and Anna Massey (daughter of Raymond). The entire picture plays like a party hosted by Jaglom, who persuades the most interesting people in town to drop by and act a little. ¥¥

•

As an Anglo-American team of con artists who yearn to own one of England's stately homes, Stuart Townsend and Dan Futterman scheme to rob the rich in ***Shooting Fish*** (Fox Searchlight). Director Stefan Schwartz works some droll shenanigans about a bogus supercomputer into this likable comic romp. Brightening up the lads' misadventures is Kate Beckinsale, who was a sunny presence in *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Cold Comfort Farm*. Cast as the crafty assistant hired to abet all the mischief afoot, Beckinsale has a smile that Julia Roberts might envy. Even in its least buoyant moments, she keeps *Shooting Fish* afloat. ¥¥¥

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Director Mike Nichols and screenwriter Elaine May may be the ideal comic team to bring ***Primary Colors*** (Universal) to the big screen. This sharp adaptation of the novel by Anonymous (later identified as Joe Klein) is handicapped only by the fact that the Clintonesque roman à clef about the presidential hopes of a womanizing Southern governor might

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McCormack: Gibson girl makes good.

OFF CAMERA

You may remember **Catherine McCormack,** 25, as Mel Gibson's doomed mate in *Braveheart*. That role was "fantastic for me," McCormack recalls, "but kind of scary. There's always a buzz about a new girl in a big film. Of course, it's nice when you have a good part and get killed early. Then people miss you." After her recent stint as a madly desirable Italian courtesan in *Dangerous Beauty*, she will light up movie screens again in *Land Girls* (see review).

McCormack attended the Oxford School of Drama before acquiring an agent and the TV and movie parts that got her where she is today. Already shot is a featured role with Meryl Streep in *Dancing at Lughnasa*. "Meryl is an inspiration to me. She is amazing."

McCormack calls home a small flat in London and describes herself as "single, without child or famous boyfriends." Among the few movie credits she'd rather forget is a clinker called *North Star* with James Caan and Christopher Lambert. "I played the screaming girl—one reason I don't do any Hollywood action movies." McCormack insists she yearns to do a comedy such as *The Philadelphia Story* and would like to work with John Turturro, a performer she "absolutely adores." She'd give up sexier roles in a second to be thought of as a character actress. "I feel more comfortable doing the quirky things I did in drama school. My aim is to portray a 90-year-old woman with huge warts. But so far, nobody has let me."

be overshadowed by headlines about our current leader's troubles. The film still works as a timely political comedy, with John Travolta and Emma Thompson on the money as the would-be president and first lady. As Jack and Susan Stanton, they capture the essence of the shrewd, loyal wife and her lustful mate, whose tragic flaw is that his compassion for people seems to be out of sync with his sex drive. Matching the fictional characters with the real ones is fun, but there are some surprises. Billy Bob Thornton is clearly a stand-in for James Carville, while Adrian Lester (as the idealistic young black on the team) and Kathy Bates (as a raucous lesbian troubleshooter) are scene-stealers in a grand company of untamed political animals. ¥¥¥½

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A famous painting of Judith beheading Holofernes is the centerpiece of ***Artemisia*** (Miramax Zöe), directed by Agnès Merlet. The movie dramatizes the story behind that classic work by Artemisia Gentileschi, who became one of the first women to paint male nudes and win a place in a profession dominated by men. Few lessons in art history are more loaded with sex and nudity. ¥¥½

•

The flood of lively new movies from Ireland hits a crest with ***I Went Down*** (Shooting Gallery). Fresh from this year's Sundance Film Festival, director Paddy Breathnach's deft, darkly comic thriller takes full advantage of playwright Conor McPherson's bright screenplay about two ex-cons on a misguided car trip into real trouble. Git (wry newcomer Peter McDonald) is the younger of the pair, just out of jail and straight into the net of a Dublin crime boss who insists he accompany Bunny (Brendan Gleeson) to pick up a hostage in Cork. The hostage is Frank Grogan (Peter Caffrey), a nonstop talker marked for death and spewing anecdotes to save his skin. Tied to a bed while his captors are boozing and womanizing, Grogan manages to escape, gets caught again and eventually leads the lads to a counterfeiting scheme and a pot of cash. The Irish gift of gab, along with a coolly inventive plot, keeps *I Went Down* funny and impudent. ¥¥¥

•

Jobless in Kiev and his marriage a failure, a depressed Ukrainian named Anatoli (Alexandre Lazarev) decides to commit suicide by hiring a killer to do the deed. After consoling himself with a breezy prostitute (Tatiana Krivitska), Anatoli changes his mind. ***A Friend of the Deceased*** (Sony Classics), directed by Vyacheslav Krishtofovich, is a quirky deadpan comedy and precisely the kind of offbeat movie that Hollywood may want to remake with an all-American cast. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Artemisia (See review) The first Italian woman to invade the macho art world. ¥¥½

The Big Lebowski (Reviewed 4/98) Low jinx courtesy of the perplexing Coen brothers. ¥¥¥¥

The Big One (5/98) More corporate monkey business from Michael Moore. ¥¥¥½

The Butcher Boy (5/98) He's incorrigible, dangerous and then some. ¥¥¥

Clockwatchers (Listed only) Trauma of temps is largely a waste of time. ¥

Déjà Vu (See review) Director Henry Jaglom mounts a self-indulgent moonstruck romance. ¥¥

A Friend of the Deceased (See review) A hit man misses his mark. ¥¥½

Insomnia (5/98) Sleepless Norwegian detective on a murder case. ¥¥½

I Think I Do (5/98) Former college roommates finally admit they're gay. ¥¥

I Went Down (See review) Droll crime duo's misadventures in Ireland. ¥¥¥

Land Girls (See review) While the lads fight in World War Two, three English lasses pitch hay and woo. ¥¥¥

Love and Death on Long Island (4/98) John Hurt as a widowed writer in love with a male movie star. ¥¥½

Nil by Mouth (4/98) Actor Gary Oldman directs a movie about England's seamy side. ¥¥

Post Coitum (5/98) Young lover unhinges a mature French wife. ¥¥½

A Price Above Rubies (See review) How a woman outgrows her Orthodox Jewish roots. ¥¥¥

Primary Colors (See review) Nichols and May take on that thinly disguised tale of a sex-driven presidential hopeful. ¥¥¥½

The Proposition (5/98) Murder of a misguided sperm donor. ¥¥¥

Shooting Fish (See review) English shenanigans to help finance a stately home. ¥¥¥

Sliding Doors (4/98) Gwyneth Paltrow experiences parallel lives. ¥¥¥½

The Spanish Prisoner (5/98) Mamet's able, intricate suspense drama. ¥¥¥½

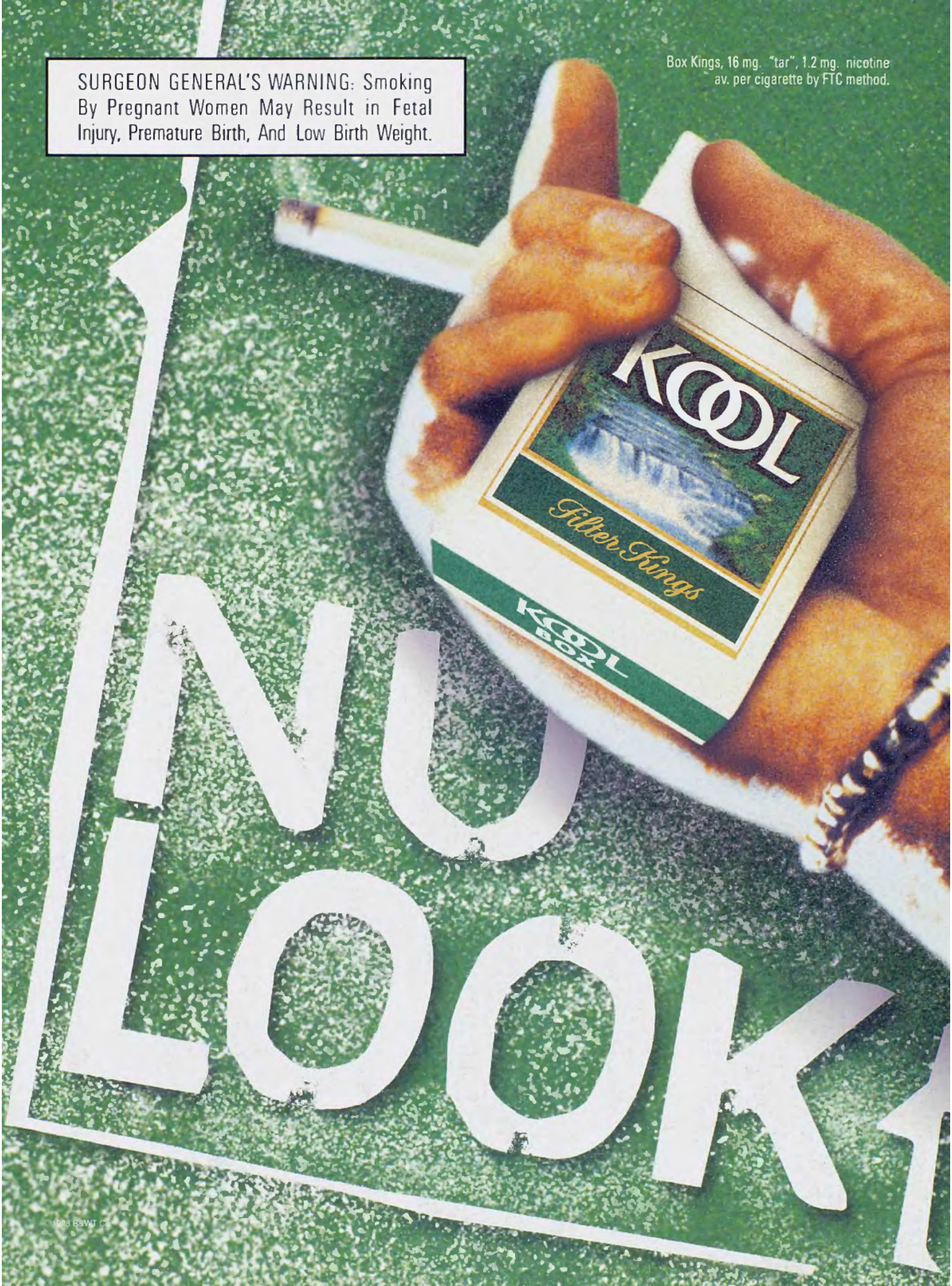
The Truce (5/98) Turturro plays an Italian Jew freed from Auschwitz. ¥¥

Welcome to Woop Woop (5/98) You can skip this visit to the Australian outback. ¥½

Wilde (See review) Wilde's trials and conviction as a homosexual. ¥¥¥

Wild Man Blues (See review) Jazz and one-liners from Woody Allen, with Soon-Yi on his European tour. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"It's all a matter of mood," says TV darling and PLAYBOY veteran **Jenny McCarthy**. "For example, if I'm feeling in need of something sensitive, I will put on *Forrest Gump*, which I could watch a million times. If I'm feeling low, I definitely have to watch a comedy. I especially love Goldie Hawn movies—*Private Benjamin*, *Protocol* and my favorite, *The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox*. And *The Jerk* has the most amazing physical comedy." But for Miss October 1993, vid viewing is also about making up for lost time. "Growing up, we couldn't afford to go to the movies and we didn't have a VCR, so I never got to see a lot of films. In fact, I just saw *The Godfather* for the very first time last week. I mean, hello? Am I a little behind or what?" —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDBITS

First Run Features has released two erotic classics from the Audubon Film Collection. ***I, a Woman*** (1966) stars knockout Essy Persson as an amorous nurse who specializes in her own torrid brand of TLC. ***The Libertine*** (1969) tells the tale of a young widow (Catherine Spaak) who discovers her late hubby's secret sex hideaway and, feeling cheated, moves in herself. Initially banned in the U.S., *The Libertine* went on to spark—and then win—a Supreme Court censorship case. Each tape is $29.95.

THE BRUCE–DEMI FACE-OFF

Bruce Willis and Demi Moore, married since November 1987, duke it out for box-office supremacy a couple of times each year. But who has the edge on video? Let's go to the tapes (Bruce's titles appear first).

1982: ***The Verdict*** vs. ***Young Doctors in Love.*** Both newcomers were uncredited in walk-ons, with Bruce as a courtroom spectator and Demi as a medical intern. With four Oscar noms (to none) and a Mamet script, the verdict is: *The Verdict*.

1985: ***Moonlighting*** vs. ***St. Elmo's Fire.*** Smarmily smiling at Cybill in a TV movie will get you only so far; meanwhile, Demi's drama-junkie Brat Packer launched her career (despite problems on the set). Demi's round.

1986 and 1987: ***Blind Date*** vs. ***About Last Night.*** He dates tipsy Kim Basinger; she mates with Rob Lowe. For nudity and sex scenes alone, Demi scores.

1988: ***Die Hard*** vs. ***The Seventh Sign.*** Bruce saves a high-rise from a gang of terrorists, while Demi saves the world from the devil. Big bangs beat brimstone—and it's all Brucie's.

1990: ***The Bonfire of the Vanities*** vs. ***Ghost.*** Demi easily wins this bout as a widow with her hands in clay, while Bruce has feet of clay in the landmark bomb based on Tom Wolfe's novel.

1992: ***Death Becomes Her*** vs. ***A Few Good Men.*** Bruce copes with decaying Goldie and Meryl in a creepy black comedy; military lawyer Demi keeps up with the likes of Cruise and Nicholson. Salute Demi.

1993: ***Striking Distance*** vs. ***Indecent Proposal.*** Bruce sinks quick as a cop with a fast boat, while Demi beds Redford after hubby Harrelson loses her in Vegas. Another critical dud, another Demi win.

1994: ***Nobody's Fool*** vs. ***Disclosure.*** Bruce clashes with Paul Newman in a small-town slice-of-lifer, while randy exec Demi harasses Michael Douglas on the job. Her blow job scene seals the deal.

1995: ***Twelve Monkeys*** vs. ***The Scarlet Letter.*** He's a futuristic prisoner surfing on a time warp; she's Hawthorne's Puritan adulteress scorned for being horny. Take it, Bruce.

1996: ***Last Man Standing*** vs. ***Striptease.*** He dons a fedora and an attitude in Walter Hill's brutal spin on Hammett; she gets delightfully naked as a bumping-and-grinding mom. Bruce who?

1997: ***The Fifth Element*** vs. ***G.I. Jane.*** Bruce battles vagina-like aliens in expensive French flick; Demi dives deep into muck to become a Navy Seal. It's Demi, by a mudslide. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

Cool Decade of the Month

Any era that can boast the arrival of *Sputnik*, the Hula Hoop, Willie Mays and the female orgasm cannot be all bad. ***The Fifties*** ($100), the History Channel's six-volume flashback based on David Halberstam's book, tracks the decade from the postwar baby boom through the Beat movement, the Cold War, Elvismania and the first bursts of Sixties fervor. The program features interviews, newsreel footage, print ads and loads of treasured TV clips. Our favorite segment: part four—all about Kinsey, the pill, a guy named Hef and his daring new magazine.

LASER FARE

Lumivision's DVD release of ***Africa: The Serengeti*** ($29.95) features narration in eight languages. The breathtaking travelog trails 2 million wildebeests, zebras and antelope across the plains, and includes spoken French, Japanese, Korean, Bavarian, Spanish, Catalan and Mandarin. James Earl Jones booms out the English track. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***Good Will Hunting*** (shrink Robin Williams uncorks genius janitor Matt Damon; sharp script, sharper acting), ***Alien Resurrection*** (dopey science guys dig into Sigourney's death-bug DNA; a rare worthy sequel).
COMEDY	***Critical Care*** (Spader is a lustful doc duped by sexed-up model Sedgwick; wicked polemic from Sidney Lumet), ***The Man Who Knew Too Little*** (vacationing vid-store stooge Bill Murray caught up in London spy war; an uneven hoot).
DRAMA	***Mad City*** (Travolta takes hostages, Hoffman turns it into a TV spectacle; pladding but passable Dog Day knockoff), ***The Jackal*** (Brits spring IRA's Gere to bag überterrorist Willis; breakout performance: Willis' hair).
BRITISH	***The Wings of the Dove*** (young lovers hatch scam to bilk dying heiress pal; Banham Carter soars in lush Henry James saga), ***Bean*** (Anglo goofball Rowan Atkinson's manic mime runs wild in Los Angeles' modern-art scene; slapsticky shtick).
FROM THE BOOK	***The Sweet Hereafter*** (Russell Banks' novel becomes a savory meditation on death by moody Atom Egoyan), ***Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*** (Eastwood's spin on John Berendt's true-crimer feels flat but still holds you).

TRAVEL

THE COURIER CONNECTION

Air courier travel is one way for you to see the world cheaply, providing you're adventurous and have time to spare. In exchange for accompanying time-sensitive business cargo (which usually takes the place of your checked luggage), you fly overseas in coach class for 50 percent to 80 percent less than the lowest book-in-advance fares, depending on the season. You may even fly free if a courier company hires you only a day or so before departure. And so long as the company hasn't booked you to return immediately with other cargo, you're free to stay at your destination for up to a month. Each year, about 40,000 courier-carrying flights leave major gateway cities (New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Miami, Detroit and San Francisco) for Europe, Asia, South America and the Pacific. And 30,000 more outbound flights leave from overseas airports, so you can hop connecting flights to Africa, Israel or the Gulf. (You may even get to log frequent-flier miles.)

Air couriers usually must be at least 21 years old (with a valid passport) and be willing to travel alone with minimal luggage. (Neatness also counts. Most companies have a dress code that stresses no torn or dirty jeans.) For a $64 sign-up fee (membership dues are $39 annually after that), the Air Courier Association (www.aircourier.org or 800-693-8333) will give you useful information, including flight schedules, travel tips and discount hotel and rental car benefits. The International Association of Air Travel Couriers has a Web site at www.courier.org. You can also read *Air Courier Bargains: How to Travel Worldwide for Next to Nothing* by Kelly Monaghan, which is available in bookstores. —NADINE EKREK

GREAT ESCAPE

HELI-HIKING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

If you're a mountain man by day but like your creature comforts at night, heli-hiking is the way to go. Sign on to Canadian Mountain Holiday's six-night wilderness adventure and a chopper will transport you, fellow trekkers and guides high onto British Columbia's Selkirk range for hours of wandering over some of the world's most beautiful terrain. Then it's back to the remote Adamant Lodge

(pictured here) for wonderful food and wine—or more rock hugging on an indoor climbing wall. The six-night package goes for about $1780 per person, double occupancy, and includes round-trip transportation from Calgary to the lodge (about 300 miles), food, wine and equipment (boots, day pack, insulated jacket, etc.). Call 800-661-0252 to book or for additional information. Three- and four-night trips are also offered. —DAVID STEVENS

NIGHT MOVES: SAVANNAH

Savannah, Georgia's easygoing pace affords plenty of time for sipping mint juleps—and for exploring the region's bustling nightlife. Begin your evening with waterside drinks and appetizers at the Chart House (202 West Bay Street) in the popular riverfront area (where River Street meets the Savannah River). Then head over to Elizabeth on 37th (105 East 37th Street) where chef Elizabeth Terry offers an ever-changing menu that has featured roasted quail with mustard-and-pepper sauce and a sensational sesame-crusted grouper. If you are unable to find what you're looking for on the restaurant's impressive wine list, ask about the cellar's more extensive selection. Johnny Harris (1651 East Victory Drive), which has been in business since 1924, is where locals congregate for serious barbecue. Or try the Crystal Beer Parlor (301 West Jones Street) for mugs of draft and fried-oyster sandwiches. For some of the best jazz in the city, Hannah's East (20 East Broad Street) features Emma Kelly, the "Lady of 6000 Songs" made famous in John Berendt's *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*. Kevin Barry's Irish Pub (117 West River Street) is a great place to hear traditional Irish music. After midnight, the Zoo (121 West Congress Street), a four-level dance club, offers live music, industrial and Top 40 hits in a video-charged atmosphere. If you're in a retro sort of mood, Hip Huggers (9 West Bay Street) will take you back with the disco sounds of the Seventies and Eighties. Then give your feet a rest. In the morning you'll be standing in line to refuel at Mrs. Wilkes' Dining Room (107 West Jones Street) with down-home biscuits and grits. —N.E.

ROAD STUFF

Whether tossed into the back of your Porsche or carried aboard a 747, the Bounty Hunter's "ultimate satchel–briefcase–wine bag" is a great tote. Two bottles of wine fit perfectly into the padded saddle leather Courier ($360) pictured below, rear. In front of it is the six-bottle Freighter ($400), made of saddle leather and canvas. Not shown is a four-bottle Satchel model that's also saddle leather and canvas and features two gusseted pockets ($370). (The padding can be removed from all three items.) Call 800-943-WINE to order or to obtain a free catalog. • Jao is an antibacterial hand refresher that combines essential oils (lavender, geranium, eucalyptus, cedar leaf and tea tree) with ethyl alcohol. The result is a hand sanitizer that smells like fine French soap. A four-ounce bottle costs $8. Call 888-296-8685. —D.S.

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We thought Pioneer's announcement of a 50-disc CD changer for the car was big news. But Alpine, Audiovox, Jensen and Kenwood are just a few of the companies that plan to turn automobiles into veritable theaters on wheels. (The industry term for the trend is "car multimedia.") TV monitors are installed on the backs of seats or suspended airline-style from overhead consoles. Video sources such as VCRs and DVD players are also built in. Plus there are connections for video game machines and sound systems (such as Alpine's DDDrive speakers and subwoofer) that pump theater-quality Dolby

A.J. GARCES

Digital audio throughout the car. Obviously, this video entertainment is designed to keep passengers occupied. For the driver, Clarion offers AutoPC. This stereo-sized computer uses voice recognition to tune the radio, dial the cellular phone, give directions and read e-mail. Saying "Start radio," for example, brings the tuner to life. And a navigation feature will guide you through unfamiliar territory turn by turn in a calm computer voice. Prices start at about $1000.

—DAWN CHMIELEWSKI

THE WORD ON DO-IT-YOURSELF CDS

Before you replace your tape deck with a compact disc recorder, consider the following. Rewritable CDs (the kind that you can record over multiple times) combine the crisp sound quality of digital audio with the recording properties of cassette, but there's one major limitation: The finished product can be played only on the machine that recorded it. In other words, you can't pop your dance mix into your car stereo or take it to the gym. At least not yet. Pioneer and Philips, both of which make rewritable CD recorders for home stereo, say the problem is myopia. Today's CD players can't read the discs because they're not as reflective as standard, silver-plated CDs. The player's laser just can't see the grooves burned onto the rewritable disc. Ditto for the next generation of optical technology, the DVD player. If you want to be able to play your disc anywhere, you'll have to resort to the old write-once method of recording. The Philips CDR870 and the Pioneer PDR-555RW offer dual recording capabilities. One last caveat for those who love to share music mixes with friends: An antipiracy feature called the serial-copy management system prevents you from making a duplicate disc of a duplicate. So you can make one compilation of your favorite Sublime cuts—but only one.—D.C.

FRIGGED NEWTON

Apple didn't have much faith in the Newton Messagepad. It pulled the plug on the handheld computer earlier this year. However, Newton seems to have at least one supporter—the U.S. military. A spokesperson for Apple confirmed that all four branches of the armed services have purchased Newtons, apparently for use in combat simulations. As *Wired* magazine reports, the devices have proved their

JOHN O'LEARY

worth. In an exercise called Hunter Warrior, 1500 marines equipped with land-mobile radios and Newtons were able to overcome their opponents (a low-tech force of 4500) repeatedly. According to Navy commander Ron Henderson, using technology with new organizational strategies enabled his tech troops to better coordinate their attack efforts. Newton as lethal weapon? A spin on General Douglas MacArthur's World War Two prophecy: It shall not return.

—BETH TOMKIW

WILD THINGS

Talk about maximizing juice. You could jog for almost two days straight without having to replace the single AA battery that powers Panasonic's Shock Wave RQ-SW45V (about $100, pictured). Other cool features of this sports-model personal cassette stereo include an AM/FM tuner with 20 station presets and a five-mode lap function that allows you to keep track of the distance you're running (or walking) by way of footprints that travel around the unit's LCD. For those who like their bass on the heavy side, the RQ-SW45V also offers Panasonic's exclusive Brainshaker Virtual Motion Sound System. With VMSS, you actually feel the music vibrating through the headphones as you listen. A switch allows you to turn off the VMSS—our preferred position. • If you want to jump on the e-mail bandwagon but have zero PC knowledge, check out Ultradata's Easy Mail. This na-brainer gadget plugs into any phone line and has a small keyboard for punching in quick messages. It also functions as a calculator, calendar and address book—all for $180. For $20 more you can opt for Ultradata's PalmNet, a more sophisticated device that accepts e-mail forwarded from other accounts (such as AOL). —B.T.

MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

Webcasting, the broadcasting of live performances on the Internet, is one of the hottest things going on in cyberspace. There are at least half a dozen sites devoted exclusively to webcast airing free concerts. Aside from showcasing a variety of musical styles—from smooth jazz and symphonic arrangements to raucous neopunk and hip-hop—many of these concerts provide a peek into the country's hippest venues. Webcast sites also give fans an opportunity to interact by running chats simultaneously with the shows.

So far, most big-name bands (e.g., U2, the Smashing Pumpkins, Aerosmith) have shied away from webcasts (they would rather have you pay at the stadium, thank you). But some impressive acts have been making a splash on the Net, including Cheap Trick, Beck, Los Lobos, Porno for Pyros, Jewel and Primus.

Be forewarned: Webcasting is still in its infancy, which means that many of the performances may seem more like AM radio with crackling, freeze-frame video. Undoubtedly that will change as Net influencers (including Microsoft) continue to devote major cash to improving the quality of online audio and video. In the meantime, keep your expectations in check and be sure your computer is up to the challenge. We would rather lock lips with Marilyn Manson than view a webcast with anything less than a Power Mac or Pentium PC. You need a fast system and an equally fast modem to enjoy this technology. You also need audio and video plug-ins such as RealPlayer or Microsoft's NetShow, as well as iChat for dishing during the concerts. Each of the music sites that follow includes links to free downloads.

No Doubt rocks the Web.

CYBER SCOOP

Jurassic racker turned Net-entrepreneur Mick Jagger has created a company called Jagged Internetworks to broadcast major cricket tournaments on the Web. If you're in need of a cricket fix, check out www-uk.cricket.org/link_to_database/SUPPORT/JAGGED.

Next time you're shopping online, you may want to see if the site has earned a CPA WebTrust seal. Issued by the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants, this commercial seal of approval indicates that the online vendor has passed a strict set of business guidelines—including the protection of your privacy and credit card numbers.

WHERE TO GO

Jam TV (www.jamtv.com) is a flashy site and its Virtual Venue hosts a daily lineup of live acts. Look for a mix of alternative music—such as Chumbawamba or Bush—webcast from the Metro or Park West in Chicago, Jam TV's hometown. The site also serves as a great music reference spot, with band profiles and discographies. There's a search engine that lets you plug in band names to see when and where they'll be playing next, as well as a link to Ticketmaster.

LiveConcerts (www.liveconcerts.com) has tie-ins with the House of Blues and covers a broad range of musical genres, from the guitar rock of the Black Crowes to the synth pop of Erasure. The site also hosts special events (a *Jackie Brown* soundtrack listening party was happening when we tuned in). Video interviews with Cheap Trick, Depeche Mode and others are great time-wasters. And to ensure you don't miss a beat, the creators of LiveConcerts will send you e-mail to remind you of upcoming events.

Jamming on Jam TV.

For webcasts of music, as well as sports, business and news from around the world, point your browser to ***AudioNet*** (www.audionet.com). Porno for Pyros, Travis Tritt and Beck are a few of the artists whose concerts have aired here. If you miss a live event, AudioNet offers plenty of archived materials. Particularly cool are the site's audio-only shows from New York's Blue Note Club and the Art Institute of Houston. Jazz performances at the former sound great, thanks to the club's "quiet policy." Herbie Hancock and Ray Barretto have played stirring sets at the Blue Note, which we listened to in the background while surfing to other sites.

LA Live (www.lalive.com) offers more than just a look at the Los Angeles rock scene. The site has a burgeoning archive of big-name acts (including Sarah McLachlan and No Doubt) performing at clubs such as the Viper Room and Whisky A-Go-Go. But intimate dives aren't the only spots from which LA Live webcasts. Concerts that are held at the 35,000-capacity Blockbuster Pavillion and the 15,400-capacity Irvine Meadows are aired here, along with performances at the Joint, a 1400-seat theater at the Hard Rock Hotel in Las Vegas.

To keep up with the world of online music, check out ***Live Online*** (www.live-online.com), which has a huge archive of webcasts categorized by genre and searchable by artist. It also includes reviews of various regional and local sites. MTV and Yahoo teamed up to create ***UnfURLed*** (www.unfurled.com), an online-music reference site. You can search for your favorite band or scan listings of the week's concert webcasts, interviews and celeb chat appearances. There also are links to music news and gossip, as well as to an amusing section called Totally Wack, which features goofy games titled *Sugar Ray Pinball*, *Electric Clay Drum Solo* and *Madonna Slugfest*. —MARK GLASER

DIGITAL DUDS

Waterworld: This PC CD-ROM sinks, with pitiful actian and graphics that are as dated as the Kevin Costner movie.

Clay Fighter 63⅓: The poar controls and slow gameplay of this Nintendo 64 title are bad enough. But a fighting game without blood, guts and violence? What's the point?

Fantastic Four: The Boring Four would be a better title for this PlayStation game. Stick with the comic boak.

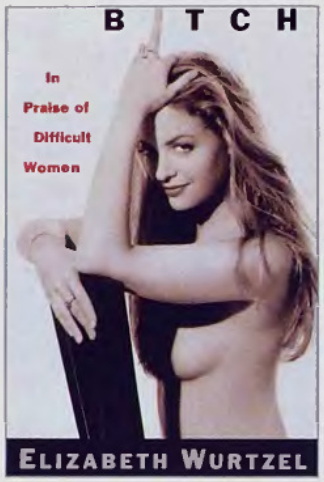
Meat Puppet: Another adult CD-ROM that attempts to stir the libida yet leaves it limp.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

BOOKS

GIRL POWER

Elizabeth Wurtzel wants you to see she has nice tits. So she appears topless on the cover of her latest offering, ***Bitch*** (Doubleday), a book "in praise of difficult women." She also wants you to see she's manipulating her own marketing, so she's flipping the bird. This fuck me–fuck you dust-jacket dichotomy gets to the point. Wurtzel's mission is to make the world accept female misbehavior. She's a talented stylist with an aggravating personality. This stuff is cloaked in a litany of pop-culture case studies about women who've been screwed for acting out: Amy Fisher, Courtney Love, Hillary Clinton, Nicole Brown Simpson and herself. But Wurtzel is still young. You get the sense that with time her prose will lose its melodrama and distinguish itself. Or maybe she'll write an unexpectedly humble book such as Lisa Palac's ***Edge of the Bed*** (Little, Brown), a sexual autobiography that addresses many of Elizabeth Wurtzel's themes, yet manages to come off without aggrandizing the author's evolution from Catholic schoolgirl to boundary-breaking cybersex queen. —SHANE DUBOW



MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Postwar American culture expressed itself in strange ways, many of them centered on cars. What other epoch cauld bring us the Edsel and the drive-in church? ***The American Drive-in Movie Theater*** (Motorbooks Internatianal), by Dan and Susan Sanders, follows drive-ins fram their invention in 1933 to their baby-boam glary days. Through great photos of jukes from 1937 to 1948, Vincent Lynch's ***American Jukebox: The Classic Years*** (Chronicle) details the machine that defined the course of papular music. ***Car Hops and Curb Service: A History of American Drive-in Restaurants 1920–1969*** (Chronicle), by Jim Heimann, explares oddball eateries, carhops and drive-in taverns. Quentin Willsan's ***Classic American Cars*** (DK Publishing) offers a gallery of 60 great autos, from the 1943 Willys Jeep to the 1978 Cadillac Seville. ***Patio Daddy-O: Fifties Recipes With a Nineties Twist*** (Chronicle), by Gidean 8osker and Karen 8raoks, presents time-warp classics such as barbecued meat loaf and hot-iran grilled cheese sandwiches (white bread and American cheese, of course). ***Hi-Fi's & Hi-Balls: The Golden Age of the American Bachelor*** (Chranicle), by Steven Guarnaccia and 8ob Sloan, laoks at swinging bachelor pads, clathes, tunes and jakes. If all this modernity makes yau weary, check aut ***Out on the Porch*** (Alganquin), which beautifully evakes a genteel American tradition laid law by air-conditianing and TV. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

BOOK BAG

Roger Simon's ***Show Time: The American Political Circus and the Race for the White House*** (Times Books) goes behind the scenes for an intriguing look at the pols and pundits who steered 1996's presidential election. Bill Clinton's flesh-pressing, Harold Ickes' tirades, Larry King's belching—it's all here. Simon's humorous take is a catalog of Bob Dole's political shortcomings. While Bob plays the fool and falls on his face, Bill's cool spin clinches the race. Those who resort to watching *Melrose Place* for their regular dose of postadolescent psychodrama need suffer no more. Daniel Lyons' ***Dog Days*** (Simon & Schuster), which grew out of his short story that won our College Fiction Award in 1992, will fit the bill. Set in Boston's North End, it's a well-crafted tale rife with all the requisite ingredients: lost love, deception, Mafiosi, purloined pets. OK, so it's really not an ordinary tale of addled youth, but it's one of self-discovery. This is an unpretentious, engaging story. J.G. Ballard, whose novel *Crash* added new meaning to the term autoerotica, has written ***Cocaine Nights*** (Counterpoint), an untraditional murder mystery with a darkly philosophical soul. The book's epicenter is Estrella de Mar, a secluded Spanish resort of "Arab princes, retired gangsters and Eurotrash." Estrella appears to be a model of tranquility, but the drone of cicadas and the scent of honeysuckle mask an underworld of illicit sex, drugs and death. ***The Muhammad Ali Reader*** (Ecco Press), edited by Gerald Early, contains four decades of the best-known writings on Ali by A.J. Liebling, Norman Mailer, Murray Kempton, Ishmael Reed, Gay Talese and George Plimpton, among others. These pieces poignantly and poetically capture the exquisite essence of the Greatest. —MIKE THOMAS

MIKHAIL ONANOV

POP-UP
WAS A ROLLING STONE

Pop racks—at least it does in the interactive pop-up books ***Rock Pack*** (Universe Publishing) and ***Elvis Remembered*** (Pop-Up Press). James Henke, chief curator at the Rock and Rall Hall of Fame and Museum, and designer Ron van der Meer create a rock-from-its-raots visual salute in *Rack Pack*, with 3D images of Jimi jamming, Alice Caaper's guillotine, 8ootsy Collins funked up and Elvis recording in Memphis. The King is alsa hip-swinging in *Elvis Remembered*, with rare photos from the Graceland archives. He shakes, rattles and jailhouse racks fram Tupelo to Memphis to Hallywood. —HELEN FRANGOULIS

Glove worn by first baseman Lou Gehrig during his record-breaking streak of 2,130 consecutive games.

Watch worn by Tommy Credidio the day he swam 6 consecutive laps in his neighbor's pool without coming up for air once.

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MONEY MATTERS

By CHRISTOPHER BYRON

After 16 years of a bull market, are there any underpriced stocks left? This month I'll tell you how to find stocks that have fallen out of favor with institutional investors but that still possess strong financials and good growth prospects. Our strategy will make use of a statistical concept that will accomplish the seemingly impossible: buying unloved stocks in a bull market and still getting a good night's sleep.

Regression to the mean sounds like a room-emptying topic if ever there was one. Actually the concept is quite simple—and instructive. It is based on the notion that in any given population—from people to goats to the price-to-earnings ratios of common stocks—most of the group tend to cluster around an average, with fewer nonaverage members of the population sloping toward the sides. In other words, far more people are 5′10″ than are 10′5″. Far more women wear a B cup than a D cup.

The implication for investors is significant because it holds that, given enough time, overpriced and underpriced stocks will return to the mean, or average, price in the market. It doesn't matter whether you measure price by the dollar value of stocks or by price-to-earnings ratios—the classic measure of investment value for common stocks.

This concept already underpins an impressively profitable strategy that involves buying the bottom ten stocks of the Dow Jones industrial average at the start of each calendar year. You can find the strategy spelled out in detail at www.dogsofthedow.com. The concept can also be applied to all common stocks, not just the Dow 30. Lucky for us, the very dominance of institutional investors on Wall Street gives the little guys (that's you and me) plenty of room to do so. The reason? Institutional investors and money managers tend to move in packs.

This herd instinct among institutional investors creates some real distortions in the market. By investing in groups of stocks that are institutional favorites, fund managers almost guarantee that their darlings will become overpriced.

Our first rule of thumb to finding undervalued stocks is to stay away from institutional favorites (let's say, arbitrarily, those stocks that have half or more of their shares held by institutions). Though it is not always the case, the chances are good that such stocks are overpriced.

STALKING THE UNLOVED STOCK

Nearly any broker's investment report on a company will include information regarding the percentage of that company's shares that are held by institutional investors. But for $9.95 per month you can get that, plus a whole lot more of such information—on any number of companies you want—from the Microsoft Investor Web site (www.investor.msn.com). It's easily one of the best investment buys to be found anywhere.

Next step: Within the universe of stocks that institutions don't dominate, we need to zero in on those selling for less than the average of their industries as a whole. We do that by focusing on a measurement known as the forward P/E ratio—the company's price per share divided by Wall Street's consensus forecast of its likely earnings per share in the year ahead. If a stock is so obscure that few analysts follow it (and no forecasts are available), we'll use the most recent full year's earnings as a fallback, creating a so-called trailing P/E.

For $675 per year, Morningstar research house in Chicago will sell you a software package, updated monthly, that lets you screen more than 7000 stocks in 72 different industries for such ratios. On the other hand, for $9.95 per month you can get the same information via the Microsoft Investor Web site.

Over the past five years the five stocks in the obscure technology niche known as precision measurement devices have been selling, on average, for about 17.4 times earnings. That's just about 30 percent cheaper than the average annual P/E ratio of the Standard & Poor's 500 index—a Wall Street benchmark for stock valuations—during the same period. In other words, the entire sector is unloved and selling for cheap. It's a good place to search for an investment.

In that sector, one company stands out: Irvine, California–based Newport Corp., which designs, produces and markets instruments and electronic devices used by scientists. At a recent price of around $18, Newport sold at 23 times earnings. That's more expensive than others in its field, as measured by the Microsoft Investor research service, but no more expensive than the S&P 500 as a whole. What's more, the company is little known on Wall Street, so only a handful of mutual funds own any of its shares, and few analysts follow its fortunes. As a result, investors don't seem to have noticed that the company's financials not only are strong but are dramatically improving. Sales have climbed by nearly 55 percent since 1994 to $133 million and earnings have more than doubled to $7.1 million. Its growth rates are more than twice those of its rivals. The company's balance sheet is strong. The doubling in price that occurred in 1997 could well repeat itself, especially if mutual funds and other institutions become interested in the stock.

Obviously, one stock cannot build a portfolio. Newport Corp. is a small operation with only 750 employees and barely 9 million shares of stock outstanding. On some days fewer than 25,000 of those shares are traded, suggesting that the price could jump around quite a bit if a lot of buy (or sell) pressure develops. In other words, a whiff of bad news could wipe out the gains from months (or even more) of good news. So there's risk here, to be sure. But according to regression to the mean theory, Newport Corp. has a much better chance of going up in value during the year ahead than it does of going down.

You can reach Christopher Byron by e-mail at cbscoop@aol.com.

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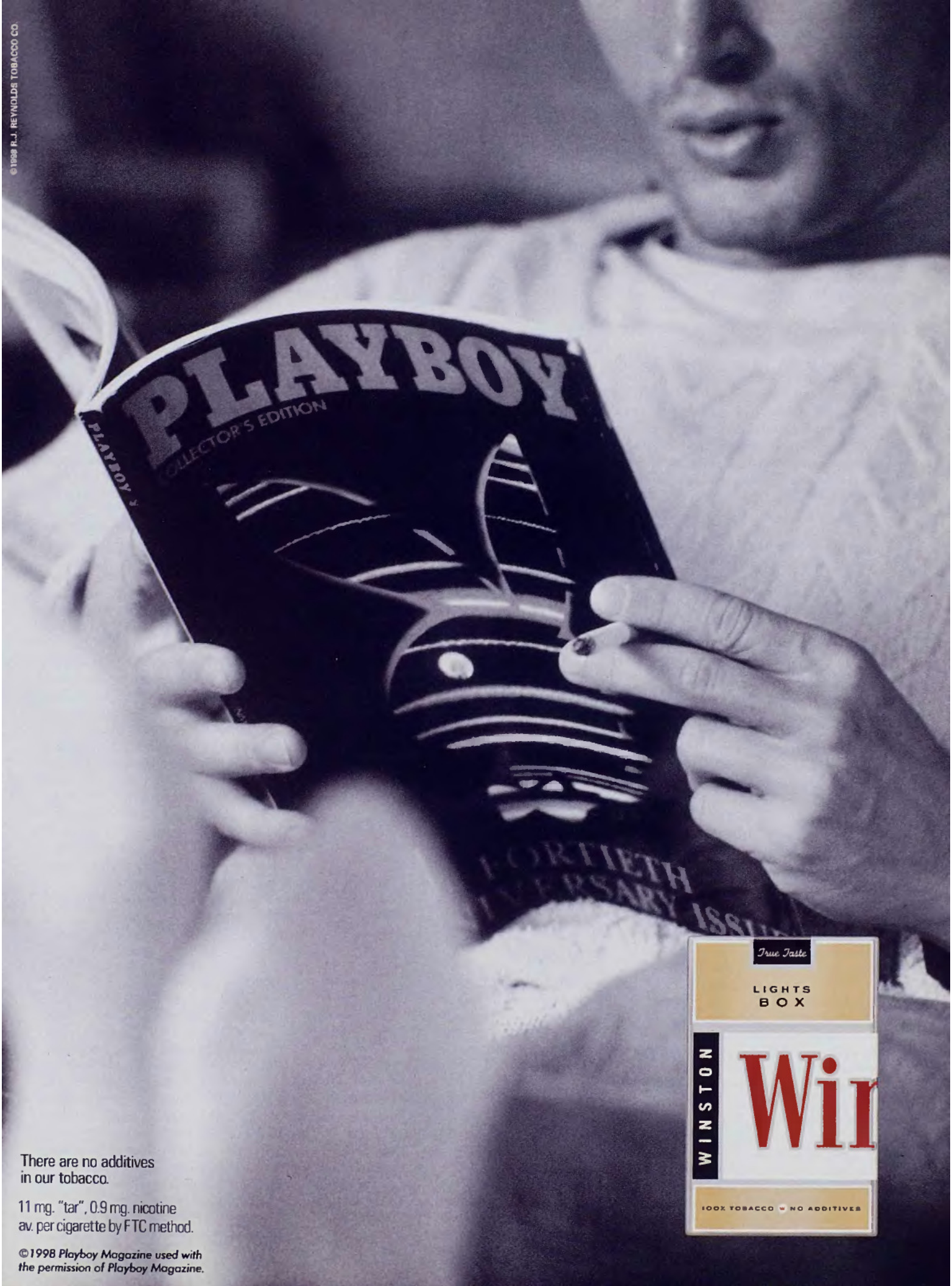

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MEN

By ASA BABER

HEADSTRONG PRESIDENT

What would I have done in President Clinton's place and how would I have behaved if I had his job?" That is the kind of question that has not been asked a lot since the Sex Scandal of 1998 engulfed us. But before we judge others, should we not examine ourselves? Last week, by sheer coincidence, I received an important call from the National Commission on Presidential Lust (in De Queen, Arkansas). I am proud to report that the commission has chosen me to prepare a mandatory quiz for future presidential candidates, and I have humbly accepted the assignment. (Please note: This quiz is intended only for male candidates, since women running for political office in the U.S. are seen as being above reproach sexually.)

What follows is the quiz I have prepared for the commission. Read the hypothetical scenarios carefully and answer the question at the end of each case.

Scenario 1: You are president of the U.S. and are sitting alone in the Oval Office late one night when Veronica Vamp, a gorgeous, long-limbed, big-busted, red-haired Secret Service agent quietly opens the door and slips into the room. "Mr. President," Veronica says breathily through her lip gloss, "I just want you to know that I'd take a bullet for you any time, you big hunk. So why don't you slip me some lead from your pencil right now?" You can't help but notice that Veronica is putting on knee pads and a lobster bib as she says this. Her green eyes gaze at you with adoration.

Question: Do you cover your hog or pull out that log?

Scenario 2: As president, you make many important trips to foreign capitals. Paris is one of your favorite places, so you try to visit with the French as often as you can. On this particular trip (your third this month) you are napping in your hotel room after the long flight from Washington, when you hear a tapping on your window overlooking the courtyard. You open the drapes to find two lovely Frenchwomen posing as window-washers on a scaffold. They look like twins with their long blonde hair and cute faces and well-shaped bodies in tight Levi's shorts and bikini tops. Flexible as ballerinas, they glide through the open French doors and settle themselves on their knees around you, giggling and begging you in broken English to expose yourself. You find four hands—OK, make it six—fumbling for your schlong.

Question: Do you wag your dog or reject the Frogs?

Scenario 3: To assuage the Brits on this same trip, you are forced to make a stopover in London to celebrate the queen's birthday. At a formal dinner in Buckingham Palace, the infamous Clarissa Fortitude, duchess of Sodom (and former high-fashion model), is seated to your immediate right. She looks great in her diamond tiara with her peachy skin, and during the interminable speeches, you feel the duchess stroking your woody through your tuxedo trousers. Without a word, she takes your hand and places it on her tender, mossy love tunnel. Then, as the lights go out and the birthday cake is carried in and *God Save the Queen* is sung, the duchess grabs you by the nape of your neck and pushes your face toward her quivering hips and sweet nether lips.

Question: Do you kiss her bog or go hide in the fog?

Scenario 4: You've scheduled an hour's massage by the White House pool every Friday with Rocco Petrone, your physical therapist, so imagine your surprise this Friday when you climb onto the massage table and out walks a brown-skinned beauty in a nurse's outfit. She is lean and tall and classically shaped. She says her name is Frannie Fellatio and that she will be your masseuse. Before you can say anything, she is spreading warm oil on your chest, shoulders and stomach. As her hands move south, you are trying to make a presidential decision under difficult conditions. Yes, it feels wonderful, but who is this woman, and why do her lips interest you so much? "Oh, Mr. President," she says with a smile, "you may speak softly, but you certainly carry a big stick!"

Question: Do you run from the room or let your tool bloom?

Scenario 5: Although it's unknown to the rest of the world (outside of a few special leaders), you participate frequently in an Intergalactic Space Conference. Meeting in a shaft 6000 feet under the Mojave Desert, seated with some discomfort around a huge conference table, you and your advisors confer with strange-looking aliens from distant planets who are here to take over earth as peacefully as possible. Yours is an awesome task that unsettles you psychologically, especially since one of the aliens, Rhonda X-49, seems to have your number. Aside from two small horns growing out of her skull, Rhonda X-49 is the spitting image of Sigourney Weaver. Like Weaver, she knows without your saying it that you yearn to be disciplined for all your transgressions. "You've been a bad boy and you want me to spank you, don't you?" Rhonda X-49 asks you telepathically. You feel a burning sensation all over your butt. This is incredible! Sex and pain, discipline and bondage, and all applied silently from a distance.

Question: Do you get your kicks or expose her tricks?

Scenario 6: A dark-haired young intern at the White House responds with favor to your general flirtatiousness. She hangs around the West Wing and makes herself available to you when you have the time. The two of you share humor, warmth, small gifts and a love of sexuality. She makes you feel young and handsome and you make her feel powerful and loved. It is an intergenerational, high-risk affair with all the excitement such a venture implies. You are using her and she is using you, but it doesn't seem to matter as long as things are kept private, between two consenting adults.

Question: Can you pop your knob and still keep your job?

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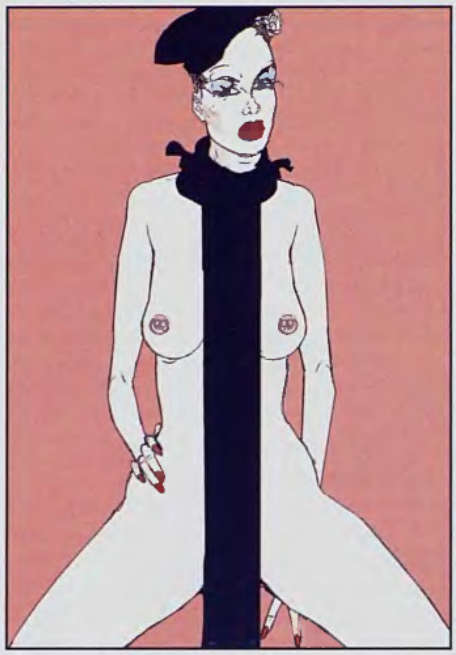
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I love to perform oral sex on my wife, but she seems to be losing enthusiasm for it. I have a feeling she's bored with my technique. Do you have any suggestions? Also, how do I know when she's ready for penetration?—R.T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

There's no harm in asking questions—that's the quickest way to learn and an easy method to turn up the heat with some dirty banter. As porn star Nina Hartley says, "Good pussy eating is a team effort." No man is born an expert, so it's crucial that women participate and instruct. That said, there are basic techniques that men can use to get things started. First, prepare your wife for pleasure. Caress the insides of her thighs, talk to her softly, massage the muscles around her vulva. Demonstrating on her video "Nina Hartley's Guide to Better Cunnilingus" (800-765-2326), Nina gently squeezes and kneads the muscles around her partner's vulva like a baker. These muscles are stronger and more pliant than most people realize—and who thinks to massage them? She reminds guys that the clitoris is not a doorbell. Don't attack it. Instead, be indirect. The clit is extremely sensitive, so when you caress, kiss, lick, suck and tug on her labia and other parts of her vulva, the clitoris feels the tremors and responds. (Nina claims she once produced an orgasm by tugging on her lover's pubic hairs.) As for penetration, wait for your wife to invite you inside. Nina's husband, Dave, makes a cameo on her video to offer this rule of thumb: "If her hips rise, she's ready. The hips never lie." If your lover asks for your fingers, don't shove them in deep. Most nerve endings are within two inches of the vaginal opening, so gently but firmly caress that area. If she wants more than your fingers, well, you don't need us for that.

My girlfriend cheated on me with a friend of mine. She says she did it to make sure I'm the only one she could ever love. I want to believe she just made a mistake, but I play the event over and over in my head, and then I want to hit something. When I'm with her I insist she stick by my side. I don't like living like this—I want to trust her again. She knows that without this control I won't be part of a relationship with anyone. That's not going to change, so please don't tell me it's a problem I need to resolve. I'm writing for advice on how to trust her again and to find out if you think that I should give her another chance.—T.W., Peoria, Illinois

Let her go, for her own sake. Your girlfriend went out for air because you have her in a chokehold. Do you read her mail too? You can't build trust if you don't contribute, and you can't do that unless you relinquish control. Since you're not prepared to do that,



we declare this relationship doomed. You trust our advice enough to write, so take it and get help before you hurt someone.

My employer is sending me to work in Europe for a year or so. I'm hoping to get lucky, but none of the phrase books I've seen offer translations that have to do with meeting women, or taking them to bed. Any suggestions?—R.T., New York, New York

We can't imagine many situations in which you would need an interpreter during sex—body language is universal. But a well-placed "You're wild in bed!" spoken in your lover's native language could score points. "Hot! International," a seven-language phrase book published by Babelcom (800-468-9673), provides help with hundreds of unorthodox but useful questions and phrases. Try your hand mangling translations for "Got a light?" "Is he your boyfriend?" "Want to go for a walk?" "Let's go to my place," "You have beautiful breasts," "Watch your nails!" "Doggy style?" "That was the best sex I've ever had," "Can we try again?" and finally, "Are you sure I'm the father?" Don't forget to spend some of your time with the German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Czech negotiations for safer sex.

PLAYBOY is my husband's favorite magazine. That's not a problem—I have my own collection of reading pleasures. The problem is that he hides them all over the house. For example, I was painting the basement and found some in the ductwork. When I say something he gets upset and says he won't buy them anymore. I tell him, "Keep buying them, but how about sharing?" I keep all my books, videos and toys on my nightstand, within easy reach, so there's no need for him to feel ashamed about what he reads. This has been going on for ten years. Should I give up or fight for him to open up? He's so anal he doesn't even talk or moan during sex. What can I do? I want a full, open sex life with my husband.—D.S., Iowa City, Iowa

Many men read PLAYBOY *as an escape. It represents their "space." If a guy's wife shares all his interests—sports, vintage cars, naked women—how can he ever sneak away? We don't condone hoarding the magazine—we love women who love* PLAYBOY*—but we understand it. Your husband's stash has little to do with your real problem, which is that you want him to be more expressive. We assume you've told him this. Have you shared your toys? Many men are pleasantly surprised to learn that vibrators are unisex. Perhaps you could persuade him to read erotic stories aloud with you, or simply describe what you're doing, or what he likes. But don't take it personally if your husband doesn't become a talker or moaner overnight. That's fine. Not everyone enjoys chatter during sex, and there are other ways to express yourself in bed.*

In 1993 you said the original ben-wa balls contained a dollop of mercury, which kept them in motion in the vagina. I read somewhere that the original balls were made of dissimilar metals. When inserted into the moist environment of the vagina, these metals set up an electrochemical reaction (as occurs when you touch a tinfoil gum wrapper to a silver amalgam tooth filling). The resulting reaction kept the vagina lubricated and left the woman feeling aroused. The original ben-wa balls certainly sound more inspiring than the ones offered today. What do you think?—B.R., Omaha, Nebraska

The history of ben-wa balls is murky. Legend has it that they began as hollow balls made of ivory that were placed in the vagina for pleasure or to provide a sense of fullness. Some say they contained mercury; others disagree. One source places them in Japan as long as 2500 years ago. Another, Fischer's Erotic Encyclopedia (on CD-ROM, 888-611-9999), claims the Dutch introduced "rinno-tama" to the Japanese in the 17th century. "The balls were paired, one gold and hollow, the other silver and solid," the encyclopedia explains. "Tiny blades were fitted inside the hollow ball, which produced a musical chime with movement." Whatever their origin, ben-wa balls are no sexual marvels. For starters, nothing is going to move around much in the unaroused vagina (it's not a cavern), so the sensations are subtle at best. However, the folks at Good Vibrations say that some female motorcyclists and bus

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

drivers who wear ben-wa balls on the road report satisfying results.

Is there such a thing as male menopause? If so, what can I do about it?—T.L., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

While women's hormone levels drop dramatically, usually in their early 50s, men experience a more gradual shift. One study found that men's testosterone levels drop about one percent annually from age 39 to 70. As men age, their bodies sag. They take longer to heal from illnesses or injuries. They have less physical endurance. They may feel depressed, anxious, irritable or indecisive. They have less interest in sex, less forceful ejaculations and difficulty achieving and maintaining erections. What role testosterone or other hormones play in this remains unclear. That's one reason to be cautious about testosterone therapy, which can increase your risk of prostate cancer and may not cure erectile dysfunction if the problem is high blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, diabetes, depression or another illness. Scientists are studying the effects of various hormones on the symptoms of middle age. In the meantime, exercise, good nutrition and regular medical exams are always a good idea.

During the past seven years my wife has never made a spontaneous sexual gesture. I ask and she gives, but I'm tired of asking. It isn't the same if you have to ask. What can I do?—A.B., Middletown, Connecticut

This is a common complaint, and it stems from the fact that men and women view sex from different perspectives. The man often takes a "let's get it on" approach. The woman usually sees sex as part of a larger experience. Help your wife set up a sensual situation that leads to sex, rather than asking her to shove you onto the bed. Suggest that she initiate a romantic evening—she plans it, and you take care of the logistics. If you pay attention to what she does to set the mood, you'll learn a lot about how she approaches sex. For most people, sex is more than action—it's interaction. If you need a gentle push in the right direction, pick up a copy of "101 Great Quickies" or "101 Nights of Great Sex" (800-611-2665) by Laura Corn. Each book contains sealed pages perforated at the spine. You and your wife each remove pages, which offer instructions for quickies or seductions. "The recipes are kept secret, so your bedmate will never know which ideas came from the book and which you invented," Corn says. "The sense of expectancy is what elevates sex from mundane to magnificent." The value of these books, besides the creative sex, is that they require couples to take turns taking charge.

Does the gene for penis size come from the father's side or the mother's side?—R.T., Morristown, New Jersey

You can thank or blame both parents, though your father probably had more influence. As Charles Panati writes in "Sexy Origins & Intimate Things": "Penile size, as with many male characteristics, is largely a matter of heredity. If Dad is hung, there's a good probability his sons will be too." While we're on the topic, the length of a man's penis has nothing to do with his height or the size of his nose, feet or hands. There is an inverse correlation, however, to the price of his automobile.

I'm getting married this fall. We're wondering if we should get separate or joint bank accounts. What does the Advisor recommend?—B.D., Omaha, Nebraska

We recommend a joint account with someone who's rich. If you can't work that out, stick with separate accounts. They offer more independence, better protection from creditors and an easier break if the relationship sours. Since many couples say their fights center on money, separate accounts may help ease tensions about who's paying his or her fair share. A joint account has some advantages, such as lower fees and easier accounting, but not enough for our tastes. Consider your personalities. Is one of you a spendthrift and the other frugal? Go with separate accounts. Are you both CPAs? You may be able to manage his, hers and ours accounts. It's great that you're thinking about this now, before you get married. As Ken Kurson writes in "Green Magazine's Guide to Personal Finance," his new money book for people in their 20s and 30s: "Finances have a way of bringing out the worst in a couple. But remember: No matter how outrageous your mate's spending patterns, you haven't glimpsed expensive until you've been divorced."

About a month ago, right before exams, my girlfriend dumped me. After a week of calling her, I learned what was wrong. She left because of my religious beliefs, or lack of them. She decided that any guy she dates has to be a Christian, and that qualities such as loyalty and honesty come second. I was shocked. I treated her well and never judged her. She believes she settled for someone inferior to what her church has set as a standard. I feel totally rejected. She now says she's a sinner for having gone out with me because we had sex a few times and aren't getting married. What is the best way to deal with people who allow religion to dictate their lives?—P.R., Cedar Falls, Iowa

We try not to. Don't feel too bad—it's hard for anyone to compete with the son of God. Better you find a doubting Thomasine who doesn't have all the answers.

Can a person claim membership in the mile high club if there is an orgasm involved but no penetration? In other words, does a hand job count?—M.G., Denver, Colorado

A hand job counts, barely. A hand job from the flight attendant definitely counts. A wet dream about the flight attendant does not count. If you're after penetration, book a redeye, grab a blanket and an empty row and wait for the movie to start. The lavatory might work too, but you should skip the cigarettes afterward.

My buddies and I are wondering: Has anyone figured out how to cure a hangover?—T.R., East Lansing, Michigan

The party animals at "New Scientist" magazine recently surveyed toxicologists for their advice, and they found that traditional remedies often work best. That means drinking plenty of water before you hit the sack (to keep your brain from shrinking), eating before and while you drink (to slow the absorption of alcohol), consuming sweetened tea in the morning (to replace depleted blood sugars) and drinking more booze when you get up. Some researchers say the last method—"the hair of the dog"—works only because ethanol (i.e., the intoxicating agent in liquor) doesn't cause hangovers. Instead, it's another substance present in booze—methanol—that packs the punch. (Cheap red wine, cognac, fruit brandy and whiskey have the most methanol.) A morning nip keeps the liver busy processing ethanol, so methanol is broken down more gradually. That, in turn, eases hangover symptoms. You might also find relief with N-acetyl-cysteine, sold in health food stores. It helps cleanse the body of booze's toxic debris. The best advice, of course, is to know your limit.

One of the things I love to do with my girlfriend is to use paintbrushes on her back, neck, legs and genitals. I use a variety of sizes—small for delicate areas and larger ones on her back. Last spring I bought a vibrator. I was doing my routine with the brushes and decided to hold them against the vibrator, using both to massage her. The result was a long night with a very aroused girlfriend. Have you heard of this combination?—J.W., Auburn, Alabama

It's new to us, but we're never surprised by the ingenuity of our readers. You couldn't have chosen a better canvas.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or ad visor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.

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THE SAINTLY ABORTIONIST

one man's story

This year marks the 25th anniversary of *Roe vs. Wade*, the U.S. Supreme Court decision that legalized abortion. It is an appropriate time to remember the late Dr. Robert Spencer.

When Spencer was in high school, his father, a district attorney, had a case brought to him by a renowned minister whose daughter had been receiving bizarre, threatening letters. An investigation brought out the fact that the girl was pregnant and didn't want to be, and that she had written the letters to herself. The minister blew his brains out. Spencer eventually went to medical school and, decades later, recalled his reaction to that case:

"I thought, Good gracious, to think a person could feel that way, and look what a few little cells removed at a time like that could have saved. I could have saved, certainly, the life of the father. Whatever became of the girl after that, I don't know."

And so it came to pass that Dr. Spencer began performing illegal abortions. His reputation spread, and he became known as the Saint. He had originally served as an Army doctor during World War One, then as a pathologist at a hospital in Ashland, Pennsylvania.

At a time when 5000 women were killed each year by criminal abortionists who charged as much as $1500, Dr. Spencer performed safe operations for as little as $5 and never more than $100. He built living facilities at his clinic for black patients, who were not allowed to obtain overnight lodgings elsewhere in Ashland. Although Ashland was a small, Catholic town, Dr. Spencer's work was tolerated.

The walls of his office were decorated with those wooden signs tourists like to buy. One, on the ceiling over his operating table, read KEEP CALM. He was the cheerful personification of an old-fashioned physician. He used folksy expressions such as "by golly," and rarely said the word pregnant. Rather, he would say, "She was that way."

In 1962 I interviewed him for *The Realist*, promising that I would go to prison rather than reveal his identity.

After the interview was published, I began to get phone calls from women in desperate search of a safe abortionist. It was preposterous that they should have to seek help from the editor of an offbeat satirical magazine, but they simply didn't know where else to turn.

With Dr. Spencer's permission, I referred those callers to him, several

every day. I had never intended to become an underground abortion referral service, but the alternative was to turn away those asking for help.

In January 1966, I flew to San Francisco for a conference on abortion and human rights, sponsored by the Society for Humane Abortion. There had never been such an event, except for an unofficial convention a few years earlier in Atlantic City attended by three retired doctors. While I was in San Francisco, Pennsylvania state police raided Dr. Spencer's clinic and arrested him.

Political pressure kept him out of jail, but he was finally forced to retire from his practice. I continued, however, referring women to physicians Dr. Spencer had recommended. Occasionally a patient would offer me money, but I never accepted. Whenever a doctor offered me a kickback, I refused, but I also insisted that he give a discount for the same amount to those patients referred by me.

Dr. Spencer died in January 1969. He would have been 80 that March. In September of that year I was subpoenaed to appear before a grand jury investigating criminal charges against abortionists. I refused to testify. Bronx District Attorney (now Judge) Burton Roberts threatened me with prison if I didn't reveal the names of doctors who performed abortions. I still refused.

Then Roberts promised me immunity from prosecution if I cooperated. He warned me that investigators had uncovered one abortionist's financial records, which revealed that I had received money, thus proving that I had been engaged in a criminal conspiracy for profit. "That's not true," I said with confidence.

At that point my attorney Gerald Lefcourt filed suit on my behalf, challenging the constitutionality of the abortion laws. He pointed out that the D.A. had no power to investigate the violation of an unconstitutional law and therefore could not force me to testify. I became the only plaintiff in the first lawsuit to declare the abortion laws unconstitutional in New York.

Later, various women's groups joined the suit, and ultimately the New York legislature repealed the criminal sanctions against abortion, prior to the Supreme Court decision in *Roe vs. Wade*. Had Dr. Spencer lived to see that day, he would have been extremely gratified.

By PAUL KRASSNER

WHY WE CARE

playboy's position on abortion

The 25th anniversary of *Roe vs. Wade*, the 1973 Supreme Court decision that legalized abortion, prompted a torrent of editorials on the history of the pro-choice movement. Many cast the battle for abortion rights as one between the sexes: A harsh patriarchal society insists on keeping women barefoot and pregnant while fundamentalists trumpet the message "Be fruitful and multiply." Opposing that view are women who used *Roe vs. Wade* to establish the right to choose when or if they will reproduce.

A *New York Times*/CBS poll released on the anniversary of *Roe vs. Wade* revealed that 32 percent of women wanted abortion to remain generally available, 44 percent thought it should be placed under stricter limits and 21 percent said it should be prohibited. The figures for men were almost identical: Thirty-one percent wanted abortion to be generally available, 45 percent thought there should be stricter limits and 23 percent wanted it outlawed.

Reporting on the poll, *Chicago Tribune* columnist Stephen Chapman thought he knew why some men had joined the pro-choice movement over the years: "PLAYBOY has always vocally endorsed abortion rights," he wrote. "You don't have to be a genius to understand why."

A cheap shot.

Chapman implies that PLAYBOY's position on abortion derives from self-interest—that we defend a man's desire not to "be held hostage by anyone he happens to impregnate." Of course we are motivated by self-interest. But not the kind that Chapman blithely offers.

The *Tribune* columnist needs to do his homework. In the Sixties both men and women welcomed technological advances (the pill, the IUD) that separated sex from procreation, that allowed adults to explore pleasure and intimacy before marriage, within marriage or after marriage without the fear of pregnancy.

Still, none of these methods is foolproof. Men and women demanded the right "not to be held hostage" to failures of contraception. No one wanted to play reproductive roulette. The morality that Americans created in the Sixties was simple: All children should be wanted. Shotgun weddings do not benefit women, children or men.

PLAYBOY opposed those who thought the wages of sin should be disease, disgrace and death. Even today there are those who want a girl who "gets into trouble" to endure pregnancy as punishment, or redemption.

When PLAYBOY first mentioned abortion rights, it was estimated that 5000 women a year died from botched abortions. We did not want any woman—girlfriend, sister, daughter, friend or wife—to fall victim to butchery.

PLAYBOY reached its position from a level of discourse that defined freedom for both sexes as "the right to be let alone." Years before the Supreme Court carved out the right to privacy, in *Griswold vs. Connecticut*, *Stanley vs. Georgia*, *Eisenstadt vs. Baird* and *Roe vs. Wade*, Hugh Hefner was arguing for just that in *The Playboy Philosophy*.

"No human act between two people is more intimate, more private, more personal than sex," wrote Hefner, "and one would assume that a democratic society that prided itself on freedom of the individual would be deeply concerned with any attempted infringement of liberty in this most private act."

He was outraged that "our democratic government, dedicated to the doctrine of individual freedom and the establishment of a permissive society, nevertheless invades our most private domain and dictates the details of our most personal behavior. The government asserts that our very bodies do not belong to us—that we cannot use them in our own way, and at our own discretion, but only when and how the state permits."

In December 1965 PLAYBOY became the first national magazine to advocate legal abortion—on the grounds that women have the same rights as men to control their own bodies, and should be able to choose whether or not to bear children. The magazine's support for the right of privacy was more than vocal: The Playboy Foundation funded early test cases in both abortion rights and gay rights. The Foundation funded the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws and other organizations that to this day fight efforts to restrict reproductive rights.

Why gay rights? (See if Chapman can weave a conspiracy of self-interest out of that position.) Hefner saw that the right of privacy extends to all adults, regardless of gender or sexual orientation. An essential liberty cannot apply to one segment of the country's citizens and not another.

PLAYBOY became increasingly vocal in the late Eighties, when the religious right launched a major assault. When one side of this debate resorts to bombings, abortion ceases to be solely a woman's issue. Just ask the policeman who took his slain partner's place outside the Birmingham clinic. We want to protect rights. It doesn't take a genius to understand why.

"Playboy has always vocally endorsed abortion rights," Chapman wrote. "You don't have to be a genius to understand why."

THE BACKLASH BEGINS

what happens when men accused of date rape or sexual harassment fight back?

By TED C. FISHMAN

In March 1997 we covered the story of Adam Lack, the Brown University undergraduate who had the misfortune of having sex with Sara Klein. It seems that she, having gotten soused at a fraternity party, urged him on, first with kisses and then by taking off her clothes. He took that as a sign of sexual interest and obliged. Klein later charged that Lack sexually assaulted her because he yielded to her advances while she was drunk. Her complaint argued, in essence, that a responsible man would have waited to see if her randiness persisted once she sobered up. Lack said the woman never struck him as being out of her senses.

In a long succession of disciplinary hearings—accompanied by press coverage and protests against Lack on campus—Lack was put on probation, forced into counseling and eventually suspended from the university. One female student at Brown reflected, "In ten years I won't remember the names of a lot of people I know now. But I'll always remember Adam Lack's name." So will others. Seeking redress, Lack sued Brown University for gender discrimination and negligence. He sued Klein for libel. In December Lack finally earned some justice. He settled his suits with the university and Klein, and Lack's campus status was restored to "good standing." Officially, that reversed all actions against him. Yet he still lives with the stigma of the charge.

In a less enlightened time, female victims of sexual assault feared that word of their plight would leave them branded as wanton, slutty or immoral. Today, any suggestion on campus or in the workplace that a woman is a sexual being is verboten. Absurd sexual harassment charges against men do at least as much damage, labeling them miscreant and predatory. It is interesting to note that Brown's muddled sexual harassment policy was forged after a campaign by campus feminists to out men on campus who, through gossip and innuendo, had been branded rapists. The feminists' modus operandi was to post lists of men's names in bathrooms—the men would be tried and convicted from the impartial distance of the crapper. Some accusers might see this haphazard branding as a form of payback, or justice for collective guilt. Pure spite puts it better. Brown administrators had been brainwashed; almost all campus codes say "believe the victim." The Adam Lack case was a step toward restoring balance, if not toward restoring justice.

PETER PALOMBI

In the world of business, sexual harassment policies have forced cautious executives to "believe the victim." Lawsuits have punished companies that did not react to charges, or reacted too slowly. But now, a jury in Milwaukee has told the world that things have gone too far. Last summer it awarded Jerold Mackenzie $26.6 million after finding, among other things, that a female co-worker's charges against him were groundless and that company executives overreacted in firing him. Recently, a Wisconsin judge upheld all but $1.9 million of the award.

The charges against Mackenzie were filed in 1993, after he recapped part of a *Seinfeld* episode to a colleague, Patricia Best. In the show Jerry forgets the name of the woman he is dating but knows it rhymes with a female body part. The girlfriend's name is Dolores. When Mackenzie mentioned that he was surprised NBC censors had allowed the show to air, Best wondered what he was talking about. He asked her several times if she had figured out the rhyming word. She said that she hadn't. Eventually, Mackenzie showed Best the entry for "clitoris" in a dictionary. Best complained to company administrators about the incident, saying that Mackenzie had leered at her crotch when he brought her the dictionary. After a series of meetings, Mackenzie was fired from his $95,000-a-year job. After two years and 71 attempts to find a new job, Mackenzie concluded that Best's charges had made him unemployable. "This case was not about sexual harassment," he told *The Washington Post*. "This case was about their actions costing me my job, my good name and my future." Following a three-week trial, the jury sided with Mackenzie in a big way.

Although he sought $9.2 million as compensation for lost wages and benefits, the panel of ten women and two men came back with the $26.6 million award, most of it for punitive damages. It was the largest dollar judgment by a jury in Wisconsin history. One factor weighing in Mackenzie's favor was that Best herself had been the subject of complaints at work, where she often used salty language. In a deposition Best admitted that she said "fuck" a lot around the office. Was she a victim? The jury thought not.

We're heartened to see the return of some common sense.

READER

RATINGS AND FILTERS

Some of the solutions proposed for problems with adult content on the Internet in public settings are a bit simplistic in Chip Rowe's article "How Do You Rate?" (*The Playboy Forum*, March). People who suggest that parents should always supervise their children's computer use aren't familiar with the realities of single parenting. Those who suggest that there isn't much raw stuff on the Net haven't spent much time on Yahoo or using a basic search engine (where once, while looking for the definition of the phrase *Erin go bragh*, I found a link to a Web site called Erin Go Braghlass—funny to me but probably not to caregivers who feel this is inappropriate for children).

With respect to Rowe's article concerning Internet content filters ("Filtering Out 'Bad' Ideas," *The Playboy Forum*, March), you will probably hear from people who tell you that all you need to do is "tweak" filtering software to make it work better. This is like saying it's OK to drive a Pinto if you wear an asbestos suit. We know from experience that filters never work perfectly, and to many information professionals, that's not OK. Tweaked so they don't block a lot of other information—which in some filters includes categories such as "activist groups," "homosexuality" and "sports"—they will always let through some pornography. Give an enterprising kid half an hour, and he or she will show you what the filters let through. More disturbing is that regardless of how carefully they are tweaked, filters always block material you wouldn't block yourself. These are mechanical tools wrapped around subjective judgment—what's little for thee may be much for me.

Consider the message sent to a gay teenager when all information about homosexuality is blocked. We started the Internet Filter Assessment Project not, as you suggest, because the Boston Public Library was filtering computers, but because I had become curious about the impact of filters after doing a search on the effect of estrogenic disrupters on the genitalia of aquatic animals. Sure enough, many filters block resources related to genitalia, as if there were no other than a salacious use for this information.

As for the question of public good, let's look at the nature of filters. Since their lists of targeted sites are not available to the public, you never know what's being blocked. In a library that means librarians aren't in charge of making those decisions. You place a lot of trust in our hands under other circumstances: We put books on the shelves and decide when to take them off; you trust us with your kids for hours on end; you call us from the local bar with $20 riding on a bet and ask us to provide the winning answer. In short, you let us do our job—providing reading and information services to the public. But with content filters, we're letting some third-party company with who knows what agenda make these choices for us. I'm uncomfortable with that, and I hope you are, too.

Increasingly, you will see filters in libraries because the conservative right is so well organized and focused on this issue. However, many library systems have chosen to filter selectively by providing some filtered and some unfiltered access to the Internet. My book, *A Practical Guide to Internet Filters*, talks about how filters work, how to select them and alternatives to their use. In your community, encourage librarians to go slowly and to consider alternatives, and support them as they make their decisions. The religious right would love to make decisions for librarians, because they know we almost always side with the First Amendment. Find out more at http://www.ala.org.

Karen Schneider
Councilor-at-Large
American Library Association
Brunswick, New York

I was puzzled by your attack on the rating system of the Recreational Software Advisory Council. The last time I checked, PLAYBOY rated its Web site with the RSAC and even included a link to the RSAC's home page. So you are against ratings but you use them. How does that work?

David Green
Dallas, Texas

We rate to help parents who don't want their children to access the adult material on our site. That's far different from being compelled by government officials or industry leaders to rate or risk having our site shut down. The RSAC's system has the same flaws as any censorship tool, but those flaws become dangerous only if ratings become mandatory.

The Anti-Defamation League has joined with Cyber Patrol to develop a

FOR THE RECORD

SAGE WISDOM

"Pot is easy to grow, but if the cops find your crop, they'll seize your house and land and throw your behind in the slammer for decades, so you'll want to plan accordingly. One solution is to grow your pot on land that isn't yours so they can't seize it. If you plant it in the guy next door's yard and the cops get it, they'll seize his house instead of yours, even if he didn't know anything about it. That's not fair, of course, but don't feel bad; you didn't make that asinine law, did you?"

—*Grandpa's Marijuana Handbook: A User Guide for Ages 50 & Up* BY EVAN KELIHER (PEDAGOGUE PRESS, www.grandpaspotbook.com)

RESPONSE

filter that blocks sites the organization considers hateful. Last spring, the ADL made an unsuccessful attempt to pressure America Online to eliminate a Web page endorsing the Ku Klux Klan, so its collaboration with Cyber Patrol comes as no surprise.

But the ADL took filtering a step further: If a surfer attempts to reach a site on the filter's hit list, he or she is automatically sent to the ADL home page. That's one way to increase your Web site's visitor count.

Roger Brown
New York, New York

"Filtering Out 'Bad' Ideas" is both misleading and inaccurate in its characterization of the use of Internet pornography–filtering software in libraries. The author spends much of his time retelling the hoary tale that filters used in libraries rely on word blocking, and thereby prevent innocent users from accessing Web sites that contain a certain word, such as breast or penis. Despite the author's claim, this type of Net blocking is rarely used in public libraries.

Those libraries, like nearly all that filter, rely exclusively on address blocking, which targets a select list of Web site addresses. Admittedly, these blacklists are not without problems. Many companies do not want to give away their trade secrets, but those with the better filters spell out the criteria they use to censor pornographic sites. Many of these companies have strict editorial policies, appeals processes and advisory boards.

It is also true that these companies make mistakes. There are many colorful anecdotes about sites maintained by the Quakers and the White House that have been mistakenly blocked by filters. But the number of such bad blocks is small.

Recently I surveyed 24 library administrators to determine how often they receive complaints about Web sites that have been inappropriately blocked. The average number of complaints received per month was 1.6, with 71 percent receiving one or no complaints per month. Seven of the libraries reported that they have never received a complaint.

Rowe uses an unfortunate statistic quoted from The Internet Filter Assessment Project "study" conducted by a group of antifiltering librarians whose leader compared librarians who use filters to "the firemen in *Fahrenheit 451*. Over 35 percent of the time, the filters blocked some information librarians needed to answer a question." This statement seems to imply that during normal use by a librarian, the filter will interfere with Web site access 35 percent of the time. In fact, this figure refers to situations in which words were entered deliberately to trip word-blocking filters.

While PLAYBOY can be found in many public libraries, *Hustler*, *Deep Throat* and *Debbie Does Dallas* cannot. Yet the free-speech absolutists who oppose filtering insist that all libraries be compelled to carry this type of material in online form, and even be forced to offer it to children. Proponents of filtering software ask that libraries be allowed to make the content of their online offerings consistent with the books on their shelves. What's so unreasonable about that?

David Burt
President
Filtering Facts
Lake Oswego, Oregon

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).

FORUM F.Y.I.

FEDERAL SENTENCING FACT SHEET

In 1987 Congress enacted federal sentencing guidelines as a remedy for escalating crime rates nationwide. In the ten years since, the guidelines have been criticized for being too rigid, complex and unwieldy, with federal judges voicing the most-strenuous objections. The Coalition for Federal Sentencing Reform keeps tabs on whether or not the guidelines meet their original goals (they do not) and recommend modifications. The coalition's findings:

Number of prisoners in 1987: **41,000**
Number of prisoners in 1997: **106,000**

Number of pages in the 1987 *Federal Sentencing Guidelines Manual*: **325**
Number of pages in the 1997 *Federal Sentencing Guidelines Manual*: **1137**

Number of sentencing appeals in 1988: **225**
Number of sentencing appeals in 1995: **8731**

Percentage of federal trial judges who say guidelines should be modified so they can impose fair sentences: **86**

Number of prisons built from 1900 to 1980: **41**
Number of prisons built from 1980 to 1995: **38**

Capacity at which the prisons are currently operating: **125 percent**

Percentage of prisoners in 1994 who were sentenced for nonviolent crimes: **92**

Number of prisoners in 1992 with nonviolent records, no involvement in sophisticated criminal activity and no prior jail time: **16,316**
Average length of time those prisoners serve: **5.75 years**

(Contact the Coalition at 703-684-0373, hcia@igc.apc.org or www.sentencing.org.)

The Unnatural Disaster

how windfalls weaken america

By JAMES BOVARD

The Federal Emergency Management Agency wants you to believe it is a noble public-service organization. The motto "People helping people" is plastered on its publications and on the walls of its headquarters. A more accurate slogan would be "People helping people to other people's money." Yours, to be exact.

FEMA's popularity is one more sign of the decline of individual responsibility in American political culture.

FEMA shovels out cash when bad things happen—be they floods, earthquakes or fires. In the early years of this century, the federal government offered aid only for disasters of monumental scale, such as the Mississippi floods of 1927. But after President Jimmy Carter created FEMA in 1979, the number of disasters increased dramatically—on paper, if not in reality. From 1983 to 1988, the number of declared disasters averaged 25 a year. From 1989 through 1993, the average rose to 41 disasters a year. In Clinton's first year of office, the actual number of disasters was 58. In 1996 the total reached 75. Last year the nation was less scathed, with a mere 43 cash-invoking calamities. Prior to the Monica Lewinsky incident, which so far has claimed no FEMA money, Clinton was averaging one "major" disaster a week.

The Clinton administration has delivered more than $25 billion in disaster aid, $7 billion of it from FEMA alone. That's a lot of money for a photo op: President comes to the rescue.

After the earthquake in Northridge, California in January 1994 FEMA sent thousands of unsolicited checks for up to $3450 to homeowners simply because they lived in zip codes that had been hit hard. FEMA issued more than 47,000 checks—totaling $142 million—to individuals under a "fast-track" procedure that requires no preliminary inspection.

After FEMA's generosity was exposed by the *Los Angeles Times*, the agency's chief spokesman, Morrie Goodman, denied any mistakes had been made in the big giveaway: "Anyone who says an error was made doesn't know what he is talking about. We received very few calls from people who felt they didn't need the aid." An audit later found that FEMA made no attempt to recover payments to individuals that exceeded what it cost them to rent alternative housing or repair their homes.

Like ambulance-chasing lawyers, FEMA officials often recruit victims, convincing people that their aches and pains qualify them for financial relief. After a one-day flood in the Milwaukee area, a FEMA regional director "urged residents who had damage to call the FEMA number, even if they thought they didn't qualify for help." A few months after floods in North Dakota subsided last spring, the state coordinating officer for flood relief moaned, "We are particularly concerned that senior citizens whose homes were flooded may not register for assistance because they do not feel the damage is serious." Maybe they're simply honest or have been through this before.

> "IF A CEILING TILE FELL FROM A CLASSROOM, THE ENTIRE CAMPUS COULD QUALIFY FOR MORE-QUAKE-PROOF CEILINGS."

Disaster relief isn't just about helping victims, as FEMA director James Witt acknowledged to a Senate Appropriations Committee in 1996. "As we all are aware, disasters are very political events," he testified. Accordingly, the Clinton administration has stretched the definition of major disaster to include routine events almost never covered before, such as snowfall.

Last winter's ice storm that toppled powerlines and left parts of the Northeast without electricity might qualify as a major disaster. But what about ordinary snowfalls? Prior to Clinton's taking office few blizzards earned disaster ratings. Snow accounts for a large portion of the skyrocketing number of federal emergencies. In 1996 Clinton shoveled federal aid to 16 states hit by old man winter, empowering FEMA to reimburse local governments for the cost of plowing. FEMA implicitly assumes that any local or state government is incapable of plowing the snow on a main highway after a big storm.

FEMA's snow bonuses can undermine sound government policies at the local level. Consider what happened in Vernon, Connecticut. In 1996 this town of 30,000 received a FEMA emergency relief grant of $40,023 to help the city cope with damage caused by the preceding winter's storms. Yet a cursory examination of the town's budget makes a mockery of the pretenses of federal intervention. The total cost for snow removal in the winter of 1995–1996 was $258,000, or $8.60 per person. That's probably less than the average homeowner would pay a 12-year-old to shovel his driveway. The town had budgeted $104,516 for snow removal, and thus claimed to be overwhelmed by the heavy costs. What did the town managers learn from FEMA's generosity? As *The Hartford Courant* reported, an "optimistic town council has already set the proposed 1996–1997 snow-removal budget at $69,383, the lowest level in 15 years." Some local officials may believe that setting a low budget for snow removal—which is then exceeded—will make it easier for them to shake their tin cup at FEMA.

Almost any local government expense is now considered by some bureaucrat to be worthy of federal disaster assistance. After violent storms hit Chicago last summer, the *Chicago Tribune* reported that the city was seeking federal aid to cover, among other emergency burdens, "the expense of such things as extra garbage pickup. City Streets and Sanitation Department crews worked 12-hour days for most of last week as they picked up ruined furniture and other debris from flood-stricken neighborhoods."

Flash floods now count as national major disasters. Last July 15 the river town of Montgomery Center, Vermont was hit by a flash flood. Only a few people in town had flood insurance, and damage for a handful of families was substantial (though no one was injured and no pets were washed away). The scant impact did not deter the White

House from declaring that "a major disaster exists in the state of Vermont."

John McClaughry, a former state senator from Concord, Vermont, observed that some FEMA officials "made the flood sound like Pearl Harbor." McClaughry claimed Clinton's labeling the local flood a major disaster was an example of "defining disaster down." President Clinton evidently likes to "feel your pain" even when you do not.

Federal law authorizes FEMA to make grants for home repairs (from $10,000 to $20,000) to individuals in residentially designated disaster areas whose homes are damaged severely enough to be uninhabitable. With the proliferation of disasters—and the habit of labeling every outburst by mother nature a major disaster—FEMA faces a problem: There often is not enough home damage at disaster sites for the agency to maximize the gifts that it bestows upon would-be voters. So FEMA liberalized that standard by allowing anyone whose home has suffered more than $100 in damage and is deemed eligible to apply for a federal handout.

A report by the inspector general found that 89 percent of the recipients of federal home repair allotments said their homes were habitable. But with FEMA, where there's a handout, there's a way.

While the original program limited the use of federal grants to making homes habitable, FEMA now gives money to people to buy new carpets, cabinets and other accoutrements of a comfortable life—all at other people's expense.

The inspector general concluded that more than a third of the home repair money FEMA doled out in recent disasters went to pay for items that should not have been covered under federal law.

FEMA now routinely bankrolls lavish new buildings to replace those buildings that have received a trivial amount of damage. After the Northridge earthquake, the *Los Angeles Times* reported: "If a single ceiling tile fell from a classroom, or a single light fixture was jarred loose, the entire [school or college] campus could qualify for more quakeproof ceilings or lights, courtesy of FEMA's mitigation fund. In Los Angeles, many schools fit that bill."

FEMA also donated $5.6 million to fix the scoreboard at Anaheim Stadium (home of the Disney-owned Anaheim Angels) and $88 million for repairs and upgrades to the Los Angeles Coliseum, former home of the NFL Raiders. After flash floods in the Palms Springs area in 1993 (in what is perhaps an example of Clinton's compassion for his big Democratic donors out West), FEMA paid "$871,977 to repair erosion, cart paths and sprinklers at the Indian Wells Golf Resort in California and $246,102 to fix the fairways, greens and cart paths at the Palm Springs Golf Course."

FEMA apparently sees itself as national therapist. Lest you think the agency only pampers the well-to-do, consider this: After one earthquake, FEMA gave $152,137 to the Los Angeles Alliance for a Drug Free Community, $152,137 to the Community Coalition for Substance Abuse Prevention and Treatment and $365,354 to the Asian American Drug Abuse Program. Were drug addicts unduly shaken by the quake's bad vibes? The money was intended for crisis counseling. In fact, FEMA doused southern California with a total of $36 million for crisis counseling in 1994.

MICHAEL DEAN

One recent study showed that after a natural disaster, suicide rates go up and stay up for several months. Does that represent a pressing need? The heightened rate boils down to about two additional suicides for every 100,000 survivors.

Now the agency routinely funds crisis counseling after a disaster. After North Dakota was hit by floods in early 1997, FEMA awarded a $712,000 crisis-counseling grant, which paid 200 "paraprofessionals" to counsel trauma victims. A writer for a FEMA tabloid bragged that the crisis counselors visited elderly women at a nursing hospital and "let the women reminisce for hours about earlier, more peaceful years in Grand Forks."

While crisis counseling is a popular way to shed money, the National Flood Insurance Program is FEMA's crown jewel. Unfortunately, the heavily subsidized flood insurance bribes people to ignore common sense.

A March 19, 1997 report in *The Idaho Statesman* on the recent deluge by the Boise River concluded that the NFIP "has backfired, putting more people in harm's way" and has made risky development "look not only possible but attractive." Doug Hardman, coordinator for Boise–Ada County Emergency Services, says subsidized flood insurance "has done the opposite of what it was designed to do. It has encouraged people to move here and developers to develop here." Scott Faber of American Rivers, a conservation organization, observes, "Prior to the Sixties, you didn't have much development in floodprone areas because you couldn't find an insurer crazy enough to underwrite it. But the federal government came along and said it would cover any damage, making it financially possible for people to live in a floodplain."

Now when floods occur, far more property is damaged. That's one way to create clients. In some cases private insurance companies would charge a $10,000 annual premium for an insurance policy that FEMA gives away for a few hundred dollars a year. Should we have 40 days of rain (or even fewer), American taxpayers face more than $400 billion in liability.

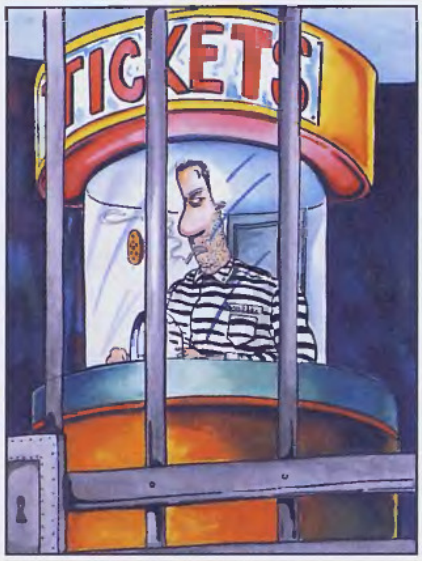
When disaster strikes, FEMA makes sure everyone gets soaked.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FINAL SHOW

MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA—*A month before his death, Robert Allen Smith said he wanted to sell tickets to his execution for $1000 each and donate the money to charity. (Indiana allows death-row inmates to invite up to ten witnesses.) Allen, who murdered a fellow prisoner, said the money could memorialize the two-year-old girl murdered by his victim. But officials were sour on the idea, citing a state law that prohibits inmates from soliciting money.*



JUDGMENT CALL

OCALA, FLORIDA—*A jury acquitted a record store clerk accused of wearing an "obscene" T-shirt. The shirt depicted a topless nun masturbating and bore the legend* JESUS IS A CUNT. *The clerk said he realized the shirt, designed to promote the band Cradle of Filth, might offend people. But he asked, "Since when is it against the law to be offensive?"*

EARNING POINTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund asked 13 airlines to transfer frequent-flier miles earned by Randall Terry to its staff and clients. Terry, the former head of Operation Rescue, owes the fund more than $500,000 in court-ordered fines. "These NOW people are child killers," he ranted to "The New York Times." "Let them use my frequent-flier miles for their train ride to Hades." Terry appears to be on a quicker path to hell—he's running for Congress in New York State.*

SPOOKS AMONG US

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The CIA has always insisted that it spies only on foreigners. So it came as a surprise to the founder of "Gay Insurgent" magazine when he discovered that the agency had kept track of his activities. He sued, and the CIA agreed to pay his legal costs and expunge his file. The agency has also updated its Web site. It now acknowledges that the agency spies on Americans, but only if there is "an authorized intelligence purpose."*

HARASSMENT BEEF

BISHOP, CALIFORNIA—*A supermarket butcher sued for slander after a female stock clerk accused him of cutting lamb shoulders to resemble vulvae. She said she felt sexually harassed. The butcher said he had made the same cut for at least two decades without complaints and that it was not meant to resemble anything. Nevertheless, managers transferred him to another store in the chain.*

DOUBLE TROUBLE

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—*The state senate passed a bill that would require doctors to notify parents if their underage son gets a minor pregnant and she seeks an abortion. The bill would also require doctors to notify the girl's parents, which is less unusual. According to the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League, 17 states require minor girls to notify at least one parent or guardian before getting an abortion, and another 22 states require parental consent.*

REAL SEX, REAL PAY

LOS ANGELES—*The Screen Actors Guild rejected an application from an adult-film performer, saying her work is too far outside the mainstream. Dalny Marga says the only thing that distinguishes her from other actors is that her sex scenes aren't simulated.*

HIV ALERT

ORLANDO—*A judge ordered a 20-year-old man to have potential sex partners sign a consent form acknowledging he's HIV-positive. Jerrime Day slept with a 16-year-old girl in 1996 but didn't tell her he was infected. When the girl tested positive, she went to authorities. Day's lawyer said his client's current girlfriend will be the first to sign the form.*

WARNING SHOT

FARMINGTON HILLS, MICHIGAN—*To play it safe, professor Joel Cohen of Oakland Community College hands out a disclaimer at the beginning of his introductory psychology course. It informs students that some lectures contain explicit language. Nursing student Anita Lee read the disclaimer, then walked out of class. Soon after, she filed a sexual harassment complaint with the U.S. Department of Education. The professor said only ten percent of his class deals with sexuality, but that it's hard to avoid when you're discussing Freud.*

NAKED BUST

PORT ST. LUCIE, FLORIDA—*The television show "America's Most Wanted" captured its 500th fugitive after being tipped off by people who knew she'd been staying at a nudist camp. Police suspect that the fugitive helped kill a wealthy gambler in 1996. She had been eluding authorities since then, most recently by staying at the Sunnier Palms Nudist Park. When the popular program broadcast her photograph, the phones started ringing.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

RUMPLE MINZE "MISS RUMPLE MINZE" CONTEST OFFICIAL RULES NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Open to legal residents of the US. Both entrants and people submitting entrants must be 21 years or older as of May 15, 1998. To enter, send a 5"x 7" or 8"x 10" recent color photograph (taken within the last 3 months), one-page biography and include a 3"x5 " card with entrants name, address, daytime phone and date of birth of person nominated. If other than entrant, person nominating entrant must also include their name, address, daytime phone and date of birth on same 3"x 5" card. No nude, obscene or vulgar photographs will be accepted. Mail 3" x 5" card, photograph and one page biography to "Miss Rumple Minze 1998 Contest," 730 Fifth Avenue, 3rd Floor, New York, NY 10019, Attention Lisa Wu. All entries must be postmarked by July 31, 1998 and received by August 10, 1998. Only one entry per stamped envelope. Sponsor assumes no responsibility for lost, late, damaged, misdirected, illegible, incomplete, incorrect or postage-due mail, entries or other sweepstakes materials, all of which are void. Postmarks or mechanical reproductions will not be accepted. All entries become the property of the sponsor and will not be returned. Prizes: One (1) Grand Prize will be awarded. Winner will be selected as "1998 Miss Rumple Minze"; trip to Chicago, IL for professional photo session at Playboy Magazine; and photograph inside by Playboy featured in a full page Rumple Minze advertising special pictorial feature in a future issue of Playboy magazine. Winner will receive $5,000 upon completion of photo session. Trip to Chicago consists of round trip coach airfare travel between major airport nearest winner's residence and Chicago; and hotel accommodations for up to two nights in Chicago. Sponsor reserves the right to substitute prize described above of sponsor's discretion for a prize of equal or greater value. Approximate retail value is $40.00. Person who submits entry of winner, if not winner, will receive a $1,000 cash "finders fee." Drawing: Winners will be determined on or about 8/14/98 by MSA Promotions Group, an independent judging organization and Playboy Enterprises, whose decisions will be final in all matters relating to this Contest. Judging will be based on entrant appearance and personality as revealed by photograph and content of one page biography. Sponsor reserves the right, if deemed necessary and at the sole discretion of the sponsor, to bring any contest entrant to New York, at sponsors expense for a final interview before contest winner is selected. Prize winners will be notified by mail on or about 8/17/98 and will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and liability release within 10 days of notification or prizes will be forfeited and may be awarded to another winner. If any winner cannot be located or does not respond within 10 days, prize will be automatically be forfeited and an alternate winner will be selected. Grand Prize winner also will be required to assign in writing all rights of ownership and reproduction of the photograph, including the copyright to sponsor and provide sponsor with the original negative of the winning photograph. Except where prohibited, acceptance of prize constitutes winner's consent to use his/her name, likeness and biographical data for advertising and promotional purposes without additional compensation. No trip will be purchased for a winner who declines the prize. Trip to Chicago must be taken between August 17, 1998 and August 31, 1998. Final dates will be determined by sponsor at the time winner is notified. If winner cannot travel during these dates and at the time determined by sponsor, the entire prize will be forfeited and awarded to an alternate winner. This contest is open only to residents of the United States who are 21 years or older as of May 15, 1998 except for employees of the following and their families: IDV North America, Inc., MSA Promotions Group, Playboy Enterprises, and their respective affiliates, printers, advertising and promotional agencies, liquor and wine wholesalers and retailers. All federal, state and local laws apply. Void in CA, TX and where ever else restricted or prohibited by law. Prize Restrictions: Prizes are non-transferable, not redeemable for cash and may not be substituted. All federal, state, local taxes, if any, and any expenses related to the acceptance and use of the prizes are winners' sole responsibility. Additional Terms: By participating and signing the official entry form, entrants agree: a) to the official rules and to the decisions of the judges and sponsor which shall be final in all respects; b) to release, discharge and hold harmless, IDV North America, Inc., MSA Promotions Group, Playboy Enterprises and any related companies, their affiliates and subsidiaries and their respective officers, directors and employees from all claims or damages arising out of their participation in the contest and the acceptance, use or misuse of any prizes. Winners List: For the name of grand prize and first prize winners, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope to "Miss Rumple Minze 1998 Contest Winners List", c/o MSA Promotions Group, 561 Broadway, 7th Floor, New York, NY 10012. All requests for the winners list must to be postmarked by 8/21/98, and received by 8/31/98. Sponsor: IDV North America, Inc., One Parker Plaza, Ft. Lee, NJ 07024. 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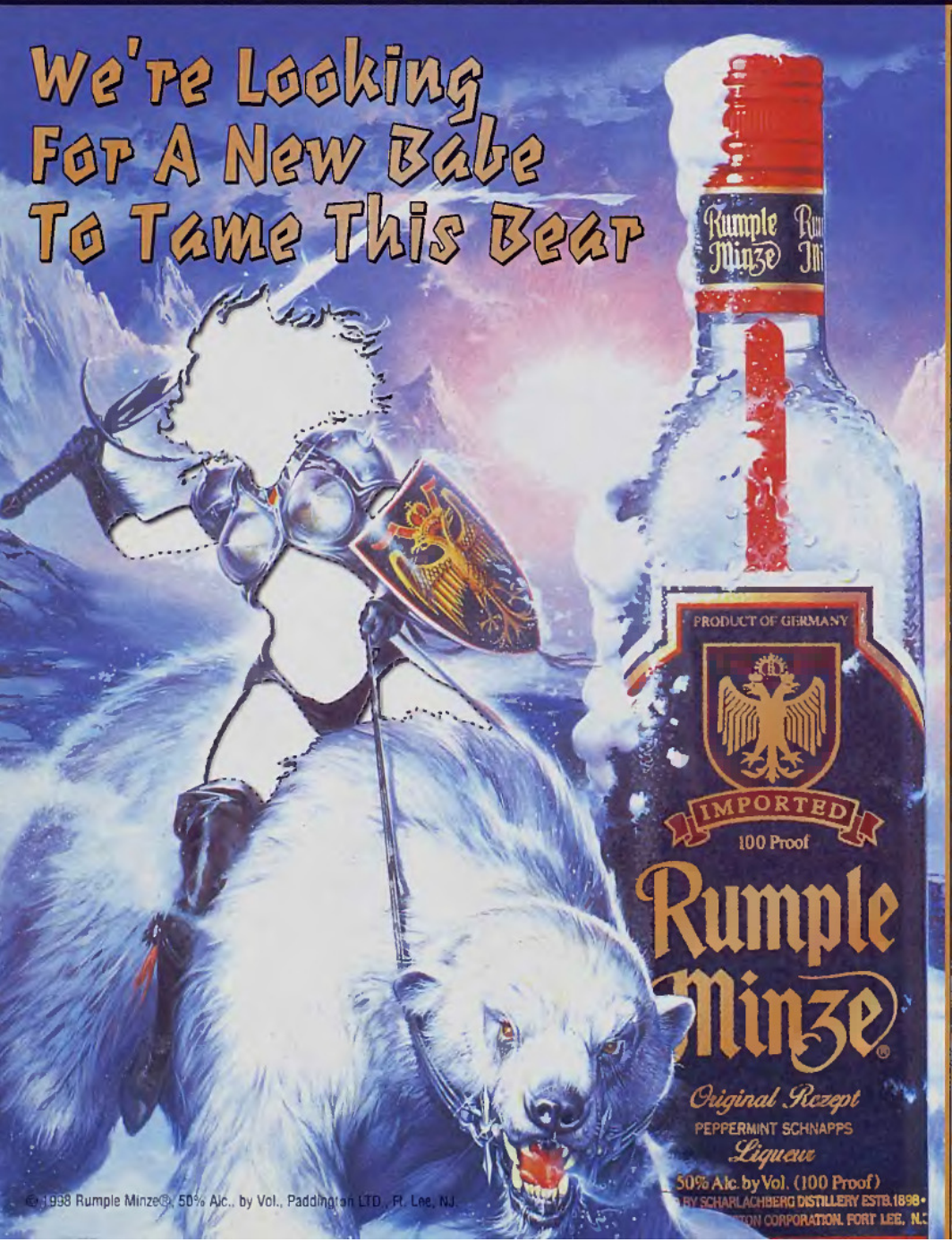

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(4) YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, CITY, ZIP, DAYTIME PHONE NUMBER AND DATE OF BIRTH (IF OTHER THAN ENTRANT)

MAIL ALL INFORMATION TO:
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NEW YORK, NY 10019
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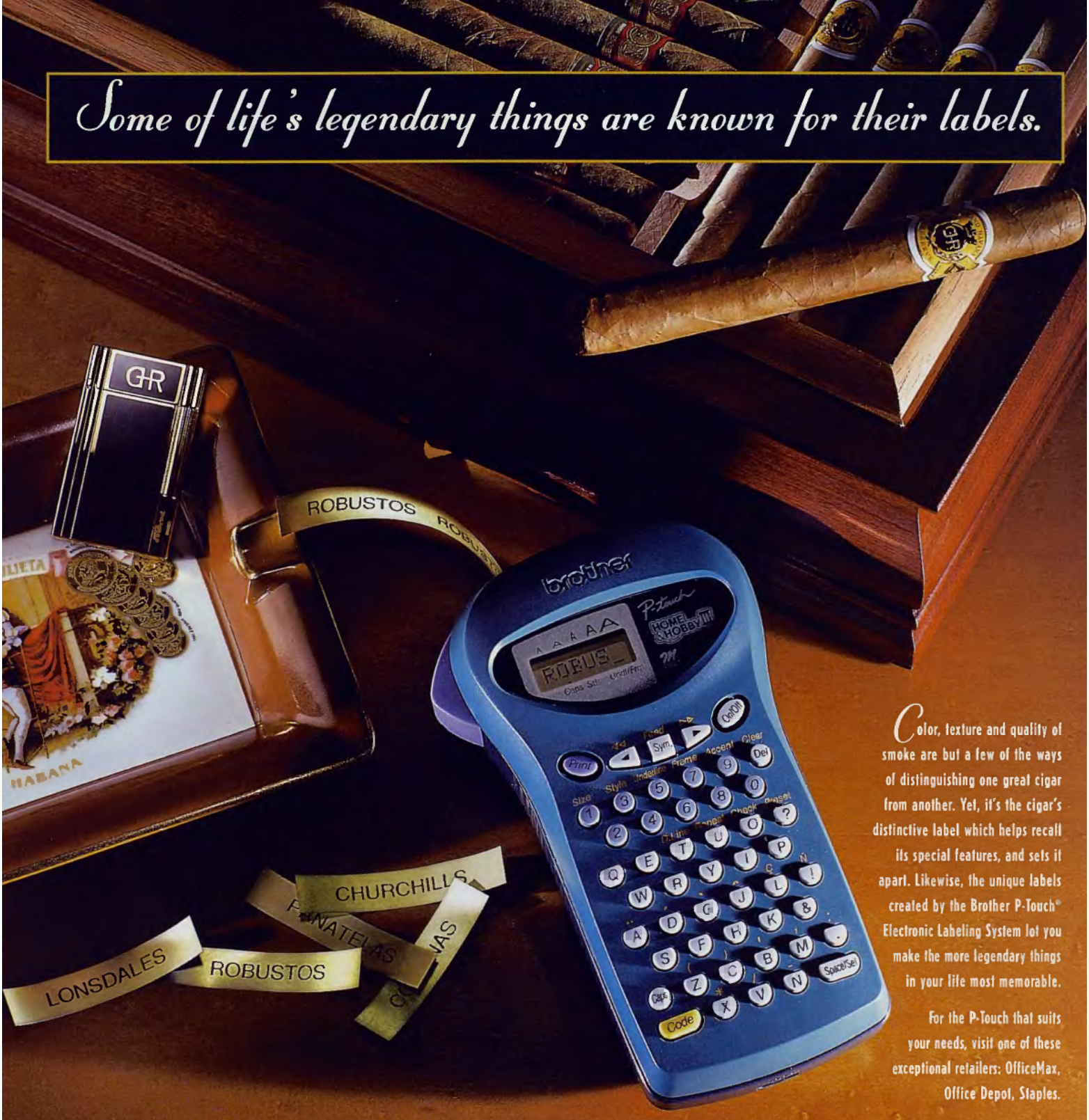
LOOK FOR FUTURE ANNOUNCEMENTS AT WWW.PLAYBOY.COM

*Entrants must be at least 21 years of age.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL REISER

a candid conversation with "mad about you's" star on life with helen hunt, hating his fuzzy-wuzzy image and wheeling and dealing in the post-"seinfeld" era

Paul Reiser, in his office on the lot where "Mad About You" is created, is preparing to sit for a "Playboy Interview" when an assistant interrupts to tell him that "Helen" is calling from Hawaii. "Oh," he says, picking up the phone. "Is this Helen Hunt from the Jack Nicholson movie?"

It is indeed that Helen, Reiser's TV wife, who stars with Nicholson in "As Good as It Gets." "How are you, ma'am?" he asks. "Me? I've got Playboy Bunnies all over the place. And you? Are you tanned and relaxed?"

Eventually, Reiser comes clean. "Listen," he tells Hunt. "Seriously. PLAYBOY *is here, and the truth is, there are no naked girls." Hunt apparently advises him to hold out for a bevy of Playmates, but Reiser says, "I already tried that. What I need now from you is some advice. What do I tell* PLAYBOY*?"*

Holding the phone away from his ear, he says, "She says to tell you I've got no chest. A big ass. Good hips." He speaks to Hunt some more and continues. "Likes and dislikes? She told me to tell you that I don't like two-faced people and women who smoke."

He listens some more and says, "She also has advice for the pictures: 'When shooting the leg, always remember to bend the lower calf.'"

Reiser says goodbye to Hunt, promising to call her back later. They have a lot to talk about. This is the last season the two are contractually obligated to continue "Mad About You," one of NBC's highest-rated series, and at this moment they are in tense negotiations about the future of the show. Reiser and Hunt have publicly announced they are undecided about whether or not to continue. NBC, which is plagued by its own problems, clearly wants them to stay.

Reiser's longtime buddy Jerry Seinfeld caused panic in the executive suites when he announced that this will be his show's final season. That news made headlines and put "Mad About You" in an extraordinary position. Without "Seinfeld," NBC has more of a stake in keeping its other hit shows. The network forked over $13 million an episode—an unprecedented amount—to keep "ER." To complicate matters further, Hunt is an Oscar nominee, and could walk away from the show and dive further into a film career. Rumors have flooded the press—Hunt wants $600,000 an episode, says one paper; another claims it's a cool million. Reiser, whose compensation is linked to Hunt's (his contract states he'll get whatever she gets), is letting his co-star lead the fight.

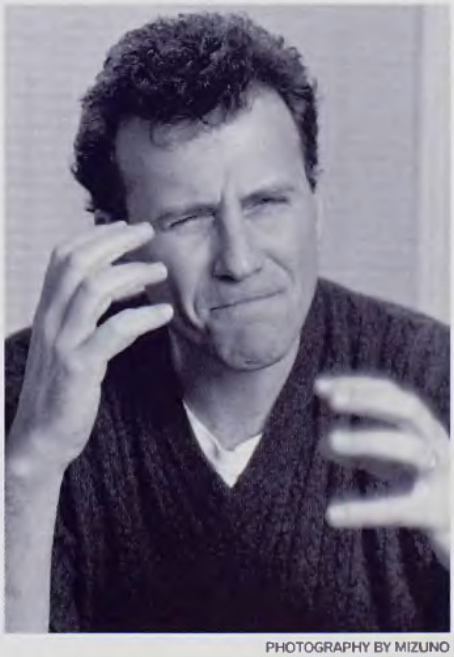
A few weeks later the mystery will be solved. On the day of the Academy Awards, NBC will basically give in—and the two stars will sign up for another season in exchange for a reported $1 million each per episode. That night, Hunt wins a Best Actress Oscar for "As Good As It Gets," making her the first winner who will return to a sitcom. It's hard to tell who got the better deal: the suddenly richer Reiser and Hunt, or NBC.

Though Hunt is a major draw, Reiser is "Mad About You's" soul—he produces, writes and stars in the show, which is loosely based on his life. It chronicles the ups and downs of the relationship between Paul Buchman, Reiser's character, a likable if slightly neurotic guy, and his wife, Jamie, played by Hunt. "'Mad About You' is the show that tells the big jokes, and the little ones, too, about marriage," wrote Lisa Schwarzbaum in "Entertainment Weekly." "It has emerged as the sitcom that men and women, and especially couples, love."

Reiser, 41, wrote the "Mad About You" pilot in 1991 and pitched it to network executives as "'thirtysomething,' only shorter and funnier." The network bought the show but bounced it around to almost every day of the week before it found its current slot as the cornerstone of NBC's Tuesday-night lineup. (Since Reiser and Hunt have agreed to

"This fuzzy edge got attached to my image—and it's a little annoying. If I saw a guy telling 12 stories about changing a diaper, I'd think, Go play hockey, for God's sake. Go slaughter an animal."

"Jerry and I talked about it for years. It's hard to put on shows like ours. At the same time, we're definitely aware that this is the greatest gig in the world. You always wonder, When is the right time to stop?"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"As a kid, I always thought that if you did a 'Playboy Interview,' there would be naked girls around. I mean, they're only three or four pages away in the magazine. In real life, they should at least be in the next room."

continue the show, there are rumors of another switch, to the coveted Thursday-night spot now occupied by "Seinfeld.") Despite all the shuffling, "Mad About You" has a loyal audience that makes it a perennial ratings champ.

Along with Reiser and Hunt, the show features a talented group of regulars and semiregulars, including Carroll O'Connor, Carol Burnett, Lisa Kudrow, Hunt's boyfriend, Hank Azaria (as a hilarious dog-walker), and Robin Bartlett, who has been playing Paul's out-of-the-closet lesbian sister for years—long before Ellen DeGeneres' character came out on "Ellen." There are often featured guest stars, including Sid Caesar, Mel Brooks, Yoko Ono and Bruce Willis.

"Mad About You" is set in Reiser's hometown, New York City, where he and his three older sisters were raised. He attended Hebrew school, not because his parents were religious but because it offered a better education than the local public school, and then moved on to Stuyvesant High School. He skateboarded and played in a rock band that practiced at his family's apartment and the YMCA.

Reiser's father, a health food distributor, and mother, a homemaker, expected Paul to enter the family business. But while studying business at the State University of New York at Binghamton, Reiser started hanging out at comedy clubs, tentatively testing out his act.

A livable salary eluded him, so Reiser acquiesced to his parents' wishes and joined the family company to learn about the health food business. He never lost the desire to perform, and after a year he told his father he was leaving the business to give comedy one more chance. The second time was a charm, and Reiser found steady work at such clubs as Catch a Rising Star, the Comic Strip and the Improv. He played the club circuit for two years before breaking into movies, almost by accident.

Reiser was tagging along with a friend who was visiting a casting director's office. Reiser began goofing around with the office secretary, who was so taken with the comic that she called her boss. He cast Reiser in Barry Levinson's "Diner."

Reiser's memorable performance in that movie helped him secure more bookings at clubs and his first appearance on "The Tonight Show." In 1983 he moved to Los Angeles, where he landed a succession of roles in movies, including "Aliens," "Beverly Hills Cop," "Beverly Hills Cop II," "Odd Jobs," "Cross My Heart," "Crazy People," "The Marrying Man," "Family Prayers," "Mr. Write" and "Bye Bye Love." On TV, he acted in a pilot for a series based on "Diner" and appeared on HBO and Showtime comedy specials. In 1987 he was cast as one of the leads on "My Two Dads," a second-rate sitcom that ran for three seasons. When that series ended, he was given the chance to create his own show. "Mad About You" was the result.

Reiser has written two best-selling humor books—"Couplehood" in 1994 and "Babyhood" in 1997. The books and TV show were inspired by his real-life relationship with his wife, Paula, whom he met in Pittsburgh while on the stand-up circuit. She moved to Los Angeles to live with Reiser and completed her Ph.D. in psychology before they were married. His later book and the show's current plotline—the Buchmans now have a baby—were inspired by the birth of the Reisers' son, Ezra, "the boy of my dreams," as Paul wrote in the dedication of "Babyhood."

We sent Contributing Editor ***David Sheff*** *to track down the ubiquitous Reiser (besides "Mad About You," on NBC and in syndication, he appears in commercials for AT&T and IBM) during a brief hiatus from production. Sheff reports:*

"Reiser's bungalow near the 'Mad About You' set is decorated with mementos of his idol John Lennon, including one of Lennon's lithographs presented to him by Yoko Ono. When Reiser, in Paul Buchman's trademark jeans and a casual knit shirt, learned that I had conducted the "Playboy Interview" with John and Yoko, he nearly prostrated himself. Both Lennon's and Reiser's mock disappointment that I fail to travel with Playmates in tow became running themes throughout both interviews.

If a man is running the country great and going out at night dressed as a woman, is it really our business?

"After a couple of sessions in his office, we met at a Beverly Hills restaurant, where Reiser was busy reading the 'Los Angeles Times.' When he finally looked up he shook his head, pointing to an article. 'Listen to this,' he said. The article was about proposed legislation sponsored by the Screen Actors Guild to protect the privacy of famous people. Reiser ranted: 'Listen to this guy—an unnamed paparazzo is complaining that the legislation isn't fair: "When you choose to become famous, you give up your rights."' Reiser was incensed. 'Fucking unbelievable! You risk sounding like Celebrity Asshole when you talk about this stuff, but this is crazy. They chase Arnold Schwarzenegger at 60 miles an hour, photograph Madonna in her shower and kill Princess Diana and then dare say that famous people ask for it.' The harangue lasted for three quarters of an hour.

"When a waiter asked if Reiser wanted his bottled water at room temperature, he responded, 'Depends what room.' Finally, he settled back in his chair and said, 'All right, all right. Ask another question. Hit me with it. Take me where you want to go. I trust you. I will ride on your wings.'"

PLAYBOY: After all the speculation about whether or not *Mad About You* would continue, you've obviously decided. Was it the million bucks?

REISER: First, any word on the naked Playmates?

PLAYBOY: You were expecting Playmates?

REISER: I'm thinking, I'm going to do the *Playboy Interview*—yeah, I'm expecting naked girls. Where are they? As a kid, I always thought that if you did a *Playboy Interview*, there would be naked girls around. I mean, they're only three or four pages away in the magazine. In real life, they should at least be in the next room. Here we are, and there are no naked girls. What happened? It's just a guy with a microphone—and barely. [*He points to the small microphone.*]

PLAYBOY: Shall we begin?

REISER: I bet Norman Mailer, when he did his interview, got girls. With big breasts. At least there should be a girl holding the microphone, and she should be naked. Come to think of it, I should be in pajamas. OK. I got it off my chest. What was it you wanted to know?

PLAYBOY: It was reported that you and Helen Hunt each received $1 million an episode to continue.

REISER: First of all, you shouldn't believe everything you read. It makes me laugh that everyone believes that the figures that have been reported are accurate. But no, it wasn't primarily the money. It was never the money.

PLAYBOY: Then what was it?

REISER: We were no longer committed to doing it. We had to decide. There were a lot of good reasons to continue, good reasons not to.

PLAYBOY: Then what was it that finally convinced you?

REISER: There were many factors. One was that the show didn't *feel* over. We didn't have a natural finale.

PLAYBOY: Did you play around with dramatic endings—death, divorce?

REISER: No. The truth is, the people who follow the show care about the characters. We wouldn't do that to them. You couldn't have Paul wake up and suddenly he's married to Sanford's other son.

PLAYBOY: Jamie could have run off with the dog-walker, played by Helen Hunt's real boyfriend.

REISER: There you go. Man, they're walkin' that dog a long time! About eight months. That dog really had to go. No, we decided that there are a lot of good shows to do, and we're having a lot of fun. It would have been pretty sad to say goodbye.

PLAYBOY: NBC reportedly offered Jerry Seinfeld $5 million per episode to continue his series. Did knowing that influence your decision?

REISER: They did have the money, that we knew; they weren't using it for Jerry. But there you go again, believing everything you read. I'd be surprised if that were true, just as the reports about our deal

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aren't true.

PLAYBOY: It was also reported that Helen Hunt held out for $600,000 and then $1 million per episode. Well?

REISER: If it was reported, it must be true, right? The truth is, we finally decided, and the figures bandied about in the press are no one's business. With sports stars and people in show business everyone thinks there's a different rule. Most people would rather tell you what kind of sex they have with their wives than how much they make.

PLAYBOY: But the figures are often leaked by the people in the negotiations, using the press.

REISER: That's true, but the bottom line is it's no one's business how much we get. Whether it's the public's business or not, these salaries are often published. So are the costs of movies. So are photographs of movie stars. So are rumors, which are treated as if they're true. The legislation designed to stop paparazzi is only the beginning of what's needed.

PLAYBOY: Was Princess Diana's death behind this legislation?

REISER: That and suits that have been won by Alec Baldwin and Arnold Schwarzenegger. Some of the sensationalist papers are now reporting there was a murder attempt on Princess Diana. They don't want to look at the fact that it was indeed the paparazzi who killed her.

PLAYBOY: Let's not forget that her driver was legally drunk.

REISER: But if she hadn't been hounded by paparazzi, she would not be dead. She wouldn't have even used that driver. She was forced to play games to try to have some privacy. It appalls me to hear the reaction to this legislation: that people in the public eye have fewer rights than other people. There's so much hiding behind freedom of the press. They always say, "But you chose to be famous." Monica Lewinsky, Richard Jewell and many others didn't choose to be famous, and they're victimized too. There should be one standard of decency. If you're a regular guy and someone pushes himself in your face, you are within your rights to shove him and say, "Get the fuck out of my way." If you're famous you can't do that. The paparazzi, at least some of them, want you to fight back.

PLAYBOY: Have you been hassled?

REISER: Yeah, and I'm not on the big, fancy level of famous people. You've heard of me, but I haven't been in a scandal, haven't had it so bad. But the reality is that anybody who's been famous for a second is subjected to this harassment. I'm nonpolitical and don't talk about issues, but after Princess Diana's death I went on MSNBC to talk about this opposite a guy from *New York* magazine. To me, it's so simple. Of course you shouldn't be allowed to take someone's picture who doesn't want you to—unless they're committing a crime. The guy responded to me, "Madonna craves publicity and flaunts herself and then says we're not allowed to take a picture of her and her baby." That's a rapist's mentality: She asked for it, she deserves it. If Madonna goes to a premiere or appears on a talk show, she's inviting people to see her. Does that mean she's also inviting you into her home? John Lennon made a powerful statement about it on the *Two Virgins* cover, with him and Yoko naked: "Here. Is this what you want? Here is everything."

PLAYBOY: What about politicians?

REISER: That's a little different because they're public servants. But are we, or should we be, entitled to see pictures of the president on vacation? You know, if a man is running the country great and going out at night dressed as a woman, is it really our business? I don't know. I don't know if I care. Would you want someone to take photos of you in your bedroom? How about the Golden Rule? Do unto others.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned that Clinton may have lied?

REISER: If the only thing he did was lie to his wife—well, that's an issue between them. I'm not condoning it, but it's none of my business. If he lied to the American people, maybe it's what Jackie Mason said: Do we want a schmuck for a president who says, "Yeah, I had an affair"?

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the decision to continue *Mad About You*. How did the negotiations work? Did executives deal with your agents or did they try to seduce you personally?

REISER: I got calls from NBC brass who had never called before. That's certainly true.

PLAYBOY: Saying what?

REISER: "Obviously, we want you back. Is there anything we can do?" The answer was, I'll let you know if there is.

PLAYBOY: Do you acknowledge that *Mad About You* was probably worth more to them because *Seinfeld* is ending?

REISER: NBC had one less sure thing, so the few sure things became proportionately more significant, yeah. But they already knew this could be our final year. It was no secret. If we had stopped, people would have said, "They quit because Seinfeld quit." No, we were possibly going to quit anyway. There's something to be said for leaving when it's time, while you're still on top. Johnny Carson was brilliant and wise to leave when he did.

PLAYBOY: What's the right time for *Mad About You*? Is your new deal open-ended?

REISER: It's for the year. I can tell you that this will be it. This is the final season.

PLAYBOY: So you're following *Seinfeld*, just a year later?

REISER: Jerry and I talked about it for years. It's hard to put on shows like ours. At the same time, we're definitely aware that this is the greatest gig in the world. You always wonder, When is the right time to stop? I have some of the same qualms Jerry had. It's not easy when there are so many people involved. It's hard to say no when you consider the hundreds of people in the production, never mind the millions of people who watch the show.

PLAYBOY: Then what did it finally come down to?

REISER: Frankly, it came down to Helen and me deciding together. We discussed where we would take the show. We discussed the pros and cons of continuing.

PLAYBOY: What would have happened had you decided you wanted to continue the show but Helen didn't?

REISER: We both knew that wasn't possible, that if we didn't come up with the same answer after we did our soul-searching, it wouldn't go forward.

PLAYBOY: Did her winning an Oscar make a difference?

REISER: Only in that we wanted to decide beforehand. We didn't want it to be a factor either way.

PLAYBOY: Were you with her on Oscar night?

REISER: I called her. When you win an Oscar, your phone is busy for a long time. I didn't get through until well after Barbara Walters' show ended. It was all sort of perfect. We made the decision and then she won the Oscar. When we all returned to the set the next day, there was a mariachi band playing. The cast and crew were relieved they had jobs. And our buddy Helen had an Oscar.

PLAYBOY: Did she bring it with her?

REISER: You don't just leave those hanging around the house.

PLAYBOY: After her last couple of movies that were such big hits, was it harder for her to continue?

REISER: No. It's the knee-jerk reaction of so many people that once you get a big movie, you want to get off TV. But the show was not something she was anxious to shed. It's not like it was slowing her down. I know I will miss it when we stop. I imagine Helen will too. We root for each other completely. It's the way we work together. Guest stars often tell us what a nice place to work our show is. I think we've created a safe, supportive family. There is no room for assholes—they just don't penetrate. [*Shaking his head*] Did I just use the words penetrate and asshole in the same sentence? I doubt they've ever been in the same sentence in that context before. We're making history here.

PLAYBOY: How autobiographical is the show?

REISER: I never went home with David Copperfield's pants. The fact is, it's not and never has been autobiographical. At the same time, the impetus for the show was my relationship with my wife. Things that happen in my life may wind up being on the show, though stories often originate with other writers. There are certain things in there that I didn't write that are biographically correct; it's

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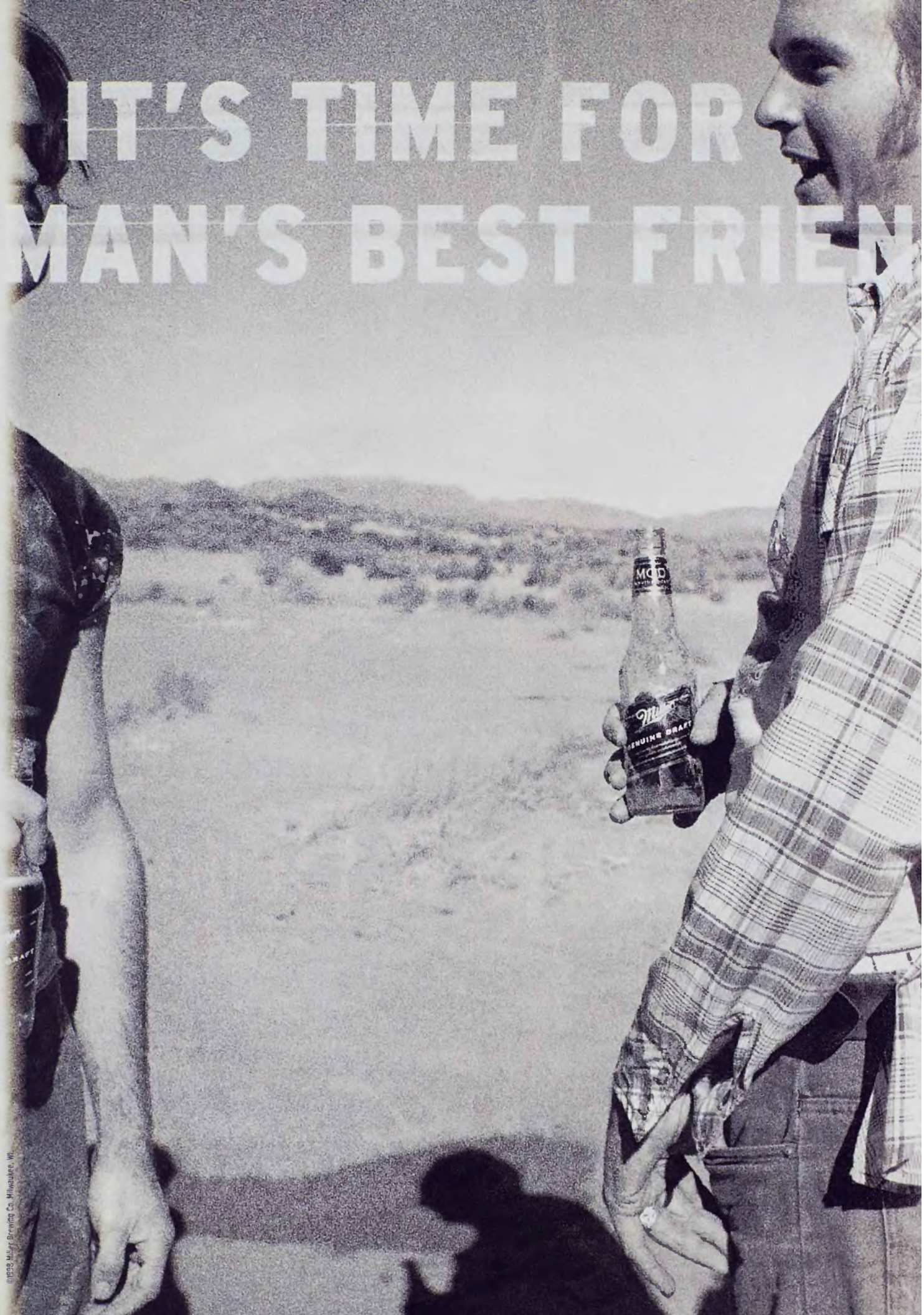
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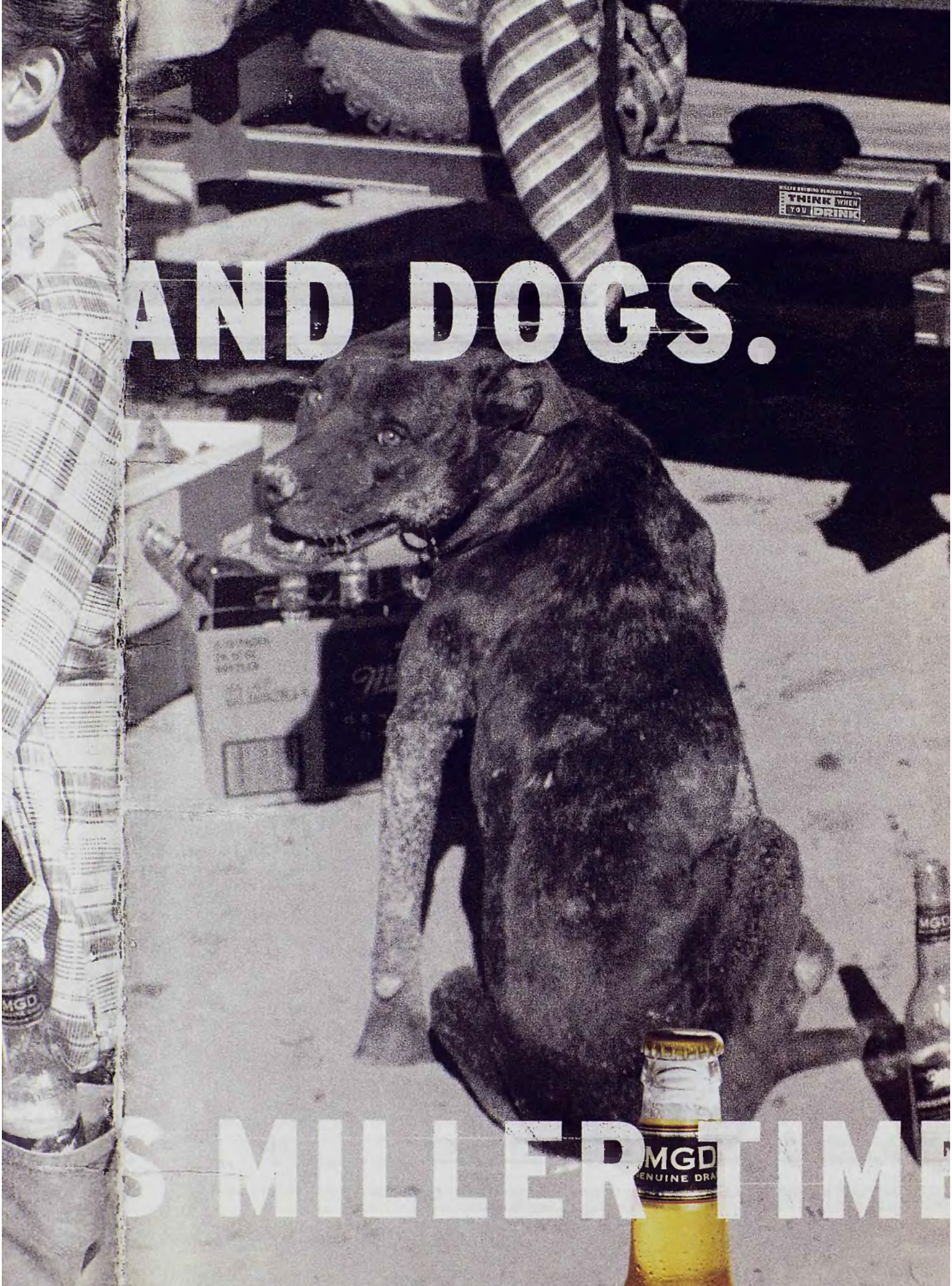
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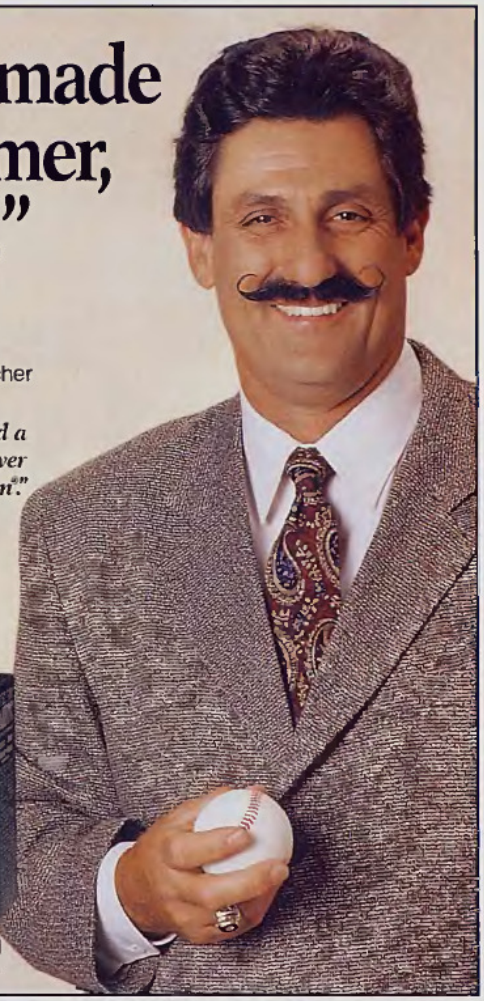

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coincidental.

PLAYBOY: How has the show's audience grown and changed?

REISER: The audience is loyal because people relate to this show in a different way than they relate to other shows. They are invested at a different level. It's not necessarily the stories, but the little pieces of behavior that are the meat of the show.

PLAYBOY: Pieces of behavior like——

REISER: Hey, in the interview with John and Yoko, you asked them about every song they ever wrote. I want to do that with every joke I ever did. I'll tell you what inspired it, how many people laughed. Sorry. An example is the show in which I tried virtual reality. I got to choose a virtual reality, and I opted for a massage from Christie Brinkley. People related to it not because they have tried virtual reality or had a back rub from Christie. It was the scene afterward, when Paul and Jamie are in bed and the schmuck husband explains the fantasy he chose. He could have chosen anything—climbing a mountain, flying into space—and he chose a massage from Christie Brinkley. The wife's look of disbelief—Jamie's slow cock of the head—is what people related to. And the line she finally uttered: "You are a little, little man."

PLAYBOY: To be fair, she got her fantasy, too, and it was in the same vein: Andre Agassi.

REISER: That was really a joke. I mean, Andre Agassi is cute and all, but Jamie, like many real women I know, wanted Paul to admit he was wrong. That's the fantasy people related to.

PLAYBOY: If you could choose a virtual reality, what would it be?

REISER: I'd choose a virtual life very much like my real life but without the doubt.

PLAYBOY: Do people think they know you because they have come to know your character?

REISER: They do.

PLAYBOY: Do they know you?

REISER: No. They don't get the difference between Paul Buchman and me.

PLAYBOY: What is the difference?

REISER: Leila Kenzle, who plays Fran on the show, once said that we're exactly the same, but I'm a lot dirtier. That's fair.

PLAYBOY: Is that the only difference?

REISER: I hope I'm a little smarter.

PLAYBOY: So in writing the show, you dumb yourself down?

REISER: Yeah. Which is pretty stupid. Given a chance to rewrite yourself, you'd think you would make yourself smarter.

PLAYBOY: When you play a character for so long, does his personality seep into yours and vice versa?

REISER: They do. I used to dress better than he did, but now we dress exactly the same. He's come up and I've come down and basically I just walk out of here in the same clothes. Sometimes I'll take a jacket home and be on the street and reach into my pocket and find a note. It's a list of errands, but it's not mine. It's the character's. I'll have to think about it. Is this real milk or TV milk I have to buy? If it says, "Pick up milk for Jamie," I know it's fake. Fake wife. Fake milk.

PLAYBOY: In what ways is your relationship with Hunt like a real marriage?

REISER: It's not like a marriage in that we're not married, but like a marriage in that you learn about someone as you spend time together. I see Helen more than I see my wife. Helen and I are together 15 hours a day. When you are with someone that much, you learn their vulnerabilities, what they care about, how to communicate on subtle levels.

PLAYBOY: How important is the chemistry between you and Hunt? Is it an act or is it real?

REISER: Both. It's like marrying well. You hope you marry well and then you work on it really hard.

PLAYBOY: Actors say it's just work when they have to kiss their co-stars. But you have been kissing the same co-star weekly for years.

REISER: It's not an issue. Yeah, people speculate about it, but it is just what all the other actors have told you: It's part of the job.

PLAYBOY: But presumably less onerous

than, say, laying bricks or changing the oil in a car.

REISER: If someone gives you a choice between pretending you're married to Helen Hunt and wrestling alligators, you probably would go with Helen.

PLAYBOY: She'll appreciate that.

REISER: Yeah. It's not an unpleasant thing. But it's so not an issue. Sometimes I notice as the weeks go by that Jamie hasn't kissed Paul in a while. They've been too busy. But that's what happens in real life, too. In real life, your affection for your wife may not come through with a kiss, but rather in the way you grab her ass as she's going to get the milk from the refrigerator. That's what couples do.

PLAYBOY: Your fake wife didn't like it when you fantasized about Christie Brinkley. Does your real wife mind that you spend so much time and are so close with Hunt?

REISER: In fact, they are good friends. I met Helen through my wife. They knew each other. So Paula doesn't mind the kisses with Helen. It's when I tell her I have to go out so I can practice with other actresses that she gets upset.

PLAYBOY: Does it become intrusive when you're writing about the situations in your life? In the middle of an argument, do you pause to write down good lines?

REISER: As annoying as that sounds, yes, especially during the first season. There was a camera on our life: "Ah, wait, honey. I can use that. Let me write it down and then we can continue to argue."

During the second season, I made a concerted effort never to do that. If I was talking to my wife, I was talking to my wife. By that point, though, she'd see the glimmer in my eye and say, "All right. Go write it down." By now it's sort of a low hum that's always on. When I was working on my book about being a father, it was worse. I was watching my son and thinking, That's so funny! It's great for the book. I was so happy when the book was over so I could play with my son and just be with him.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever find yourself sitting and typing an homage to your son instead of playing with him?

REISER: Yeah: "You want to play, Dad?" "Can't you see I'm busy? I'm busy writing about what a great dad I am. Get out!"

PLAYBOY: Besides capturing the real moments of relationships, what else has *Mad About You* contributed to TV?

REISER: We changed the sound of dialogue, made it more intimate. We show when life isn't so easy. We didn't make it easy for Paul and Jamie to conceive a baby. It was very painful and very real. Helen said that it wouldn't be realistic for Jamie to be a superwoman when she was giving birth. Jamie had decided she wasn't going to take drugs, but then changed her mind, because giving birth is hell. It was too late for her to get drugs by the time she wanted them, which is a real experience. We made the couple perpetually exhausted after the baby was born, because that's the way it is in life. We deal with issues in an understated way; we don't put a spotlight on them but made quieter statements. You once see Jamie take a birth control pill, but it isn't mentioned. Another show might have done the Birth Control Episode. We put a gay couple on the show without doing the Gay Episode.

PLAYBOY: Indeed, you had a lesbian couple on the show before Ellen came out of the closet.

REISER: I am really proud of that. We've gotten a lot of letters from gay couples who appreciate it.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised that it was such a big deal when Ellen came out?

REISER: No, since it *was* a big deal for the main character of a show to be openly gay. In our show, the lesbian couple isn't the primary couple on the show, so maybe that's why it's not so noticeable.

PLAYBOY: Has there ever been an attempt to censor the show? How about the times you have shown the lesbian couple in bed?

REISER: I expected complaints from the network, but no one said a word. We have intentionally shown people's discomfort. We thought it would be really

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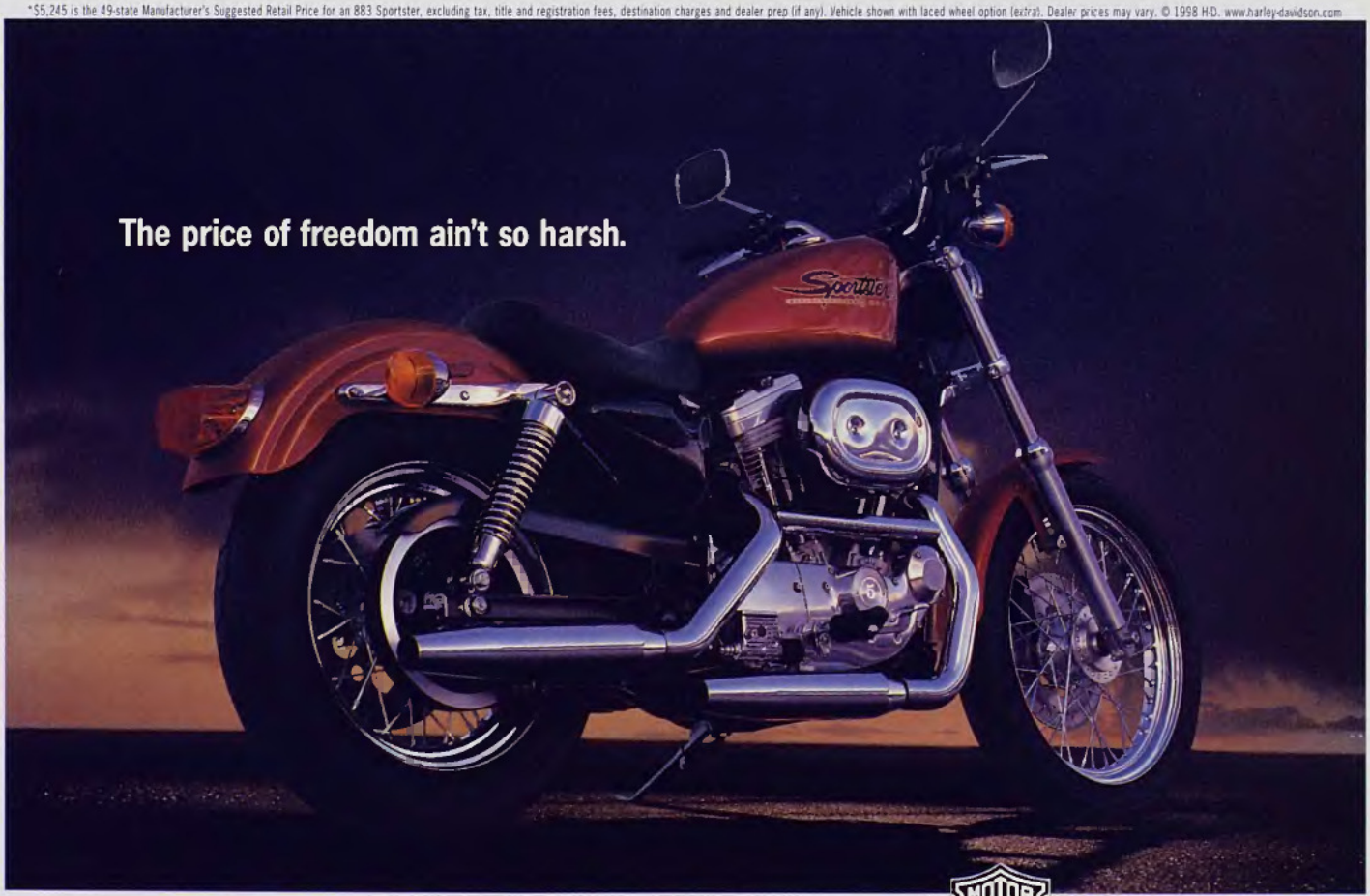

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fun to see how it would affect the characters' parents.

PLAYBOY: Jamie's dad and mom are played by Carroll O'Connor and Carol Burnett. How did you manage to get such big stars?

REISER: At the beginning of the fourth season, for the 100th episode, we wanted to cast Helen's mom. We fantasized about Carol Burnett and thought, Yeah, right. But it never hurts to ask. She said yes. When we had her, we thought, We can't get just anybody to play opposite Carol Burnett, so we called up Carroll O'Connor. We'd be sitting there at a table working with them and Helen and I would look at each other and shake our heads: Carol Burnett and Carroll frigging O'Connor.

PLAYBOY: Another occasional character is played by Lisa Kudrow. How did her role, which connects to her role on *Friends*, develop?

REISER: First she was my blind date in a flashback scene during the first season. She was perfect: incredibly dopey. We loved working with her so much that we cast her again, this time as the waitress. Then she went and got that other show. Some small show. People love her. She does related characters on the two shows, though she's a little dopier here and funkier there.

PLAYBOY: Did Helen meet her real-life boyfriend, Hank Azaria, on the show?

REISER: They were friends already. We wanted to use him for something. We came up with the idea of a dog-walker, and he created the character. He knew someone who talked like that. John Pankow, who plays Ira, developed his character like that too. That's one of the fun things about the series. You can start with a small idea and a character takes on a life of his own.

PLAYBOY: Who among the show's guest stars are your favorites?

REISER: Jerry Lewis, Carl Reiner, Yoko, Sid Caesar, Lyle Lovett, Mel Brooks, Bruce Willis. We had this thin idea and said we wanted to get someone like Jerry Lewis. Well, we decided to ask. It's like how the prettiest girl at the party doesn't get asked to dance because everyone assumes she'll say no. He said yes. Mel Brooks is my comedy idol, my comedy god. To be in a scene with him was my dream. Doing a show with Yoko, saying "Give peace a chance" in bed, was surreal. Helen and I looked at each other and whispered, "We're in bed with Yoko. What universe is this?"

PLAYBOY: Before the baby episode, Paul and Jamie almost split up. Why did you take the show there?

REISER: Two years ago they were drifting apart because of the stress they felt in trying to conceive a baby. Paul was drifting toward another woman. Well, it's just absurd to have two people who aren't exactly the same locked up together forever. You can't avoid having some bumps. During the series of shows when they were in trouble, I wanted the audience to go, "Holy cow! Even they're having problems!" People need to be reminded that it's not so terrible to have problems—to be jealous and petty and cranky. It's about what you have to go through. And you hope you come together again stronger. It can be powerful when two people who are distanced from each other connect again.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between the Buchmans—and you and your wife, for that matter—and couples who end up divorced?

REISER: After a moment of clarity or reconsideration, Paul and Jamie would rather make it work than give up. They're in it for the long haul.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents good at weathering their stormy times?

REISER: They were, but they didn't talk about it. It's probably why I want to work so hard on my relationship. At the same time, I don't know what happened behind closed doors. There was a division between their world and the kids'. We really didn't know what was going on.

PLAYBOY: Your father was in the health food business. Was he a health food nut?

REISER: No. To him it was just something to do. At the time, the people who were referred to as health food nuts were the most sickly people, 90 years old, who couldn't eat salt, who could have only the broth of a papaya.

PLAYBOY: Did he bring home samples?

REISER: The stuff he brought home, like health food versions of canned applesauce or fruits, tasted like cardboard, as a matter of fact. There was all this stuff around the house like raisins and vitamin C and rosehips before anybody knew about them. We would take dolomite and lecithin. Lecithin was to counteract the fat in the huge amounts of brisket we were eating. We ate big, fat, kill-you foods—chunks of beef the size of your chest—and lecithin.

PLAYBOY: When did you first become aware of comedy?

REISER: Ed Sullivan and Red Skelton on TV. Johnny Carson. But I thought they were born comedians. I didn't know you could choose to do that.

PLAYBOY: Did you try comedy in school?

REISER: If there was a school play, I'd try to be in it, but that wasn't comedy. All the comedy clubs were opening around that time. A real turning point was when my sister's boyfriend turned me on to Mel Brooks' 2000-year-old man. It was like staring into the sun. I would listen to that hour after hour after hour. Later I went to the Village to see Carlin, Klein, Brenner. It wasn't that I thought I might or could do it. I went to rock concerts too, but never thought I would join Grand Funk Railroad.

PLAYBOY: But you had a band, right?

REISER: Yeah, and we were exceedingly bad. We played *Gloria* for 17 minutes. Sometimes we would branch out and do *In a Gadda Da Vida* for 27 minutes. We did *Walk Away Renee*, which I sang. To this day I can't tell you the words. I would enunciate the mumbles that I heard in the song. [*Singing*] "Don't walk away, Renee. . . . Sowsahara feda seda home. . . . The empty sidewalk something something. . . . Fahe he ho ha ya. . . ."

PLAYBOY: When did you first perform comedy?

REISER: I was 17 or 18, the summer between my freshman and sophomore years in college. I went onstage for five minutes at Catch a Rising Star. I was very, very bad. When I went back to school in the fall, my friends asked, "What did you do this summer?" I said I was a comic, as if I did it day in and day out with my sleeves rolled up. It made me feel so good to say it. The next summer, I did it maybe three times. The third summer, five times. In my head I was the coolest guy on earth.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us a sample of your early act?

REISER: Oooh. Bad stuff. My friend Billy and I used to do impressions of vegetables. Here's asparagus [*he demonstrates*]. You'd wrap your hands above your head until they looked like a little asparagus tip. Broccoli was blowing out your cheeks [*he demonstrates*].

PLAYBOY: When you began appearing regularly in clubs, did you have a sense of which comics would become the biggest hits? Did you know Seinfeld would become a star?

REISER: Jerry, yeah. I don't remember looking this far into the future or imagining these kinds of heights, but Jerry was one. We'd all go, "Man, Jerry is good." He'd get onstage and pull out a little piece of paper with tiny words written on it. There would be five ideas that had occurred to him that day. They would always be interesting, the beginning of something extremely funny.

PLAYBOY: How did the annual New Year's Day lunch with you, Seinfeld, Larry Miller and Mark Schiff begin?

REISER: It happened because we had all done shows together at the clubs in New York on New Year's Eve, which was a good gig at the time. Instead of $20 you got $100 on New Year's Eve, but it was the worst night of the year in every other respect. The crowds were unruly and drunk and antagonistic.

One year we just woke up the next morning going, "Anybody want to go get something to eat?" We went out to lunch and it was good fun, so we decided to do it again the next year. The next year Michael Kane, an actor and comic who was part of the group until he died, said, "Let's get a limo." He didn't have a dollar to his name, but he put it on a credit card. We drove around drinking champagne. "This is fun. Let's do it again

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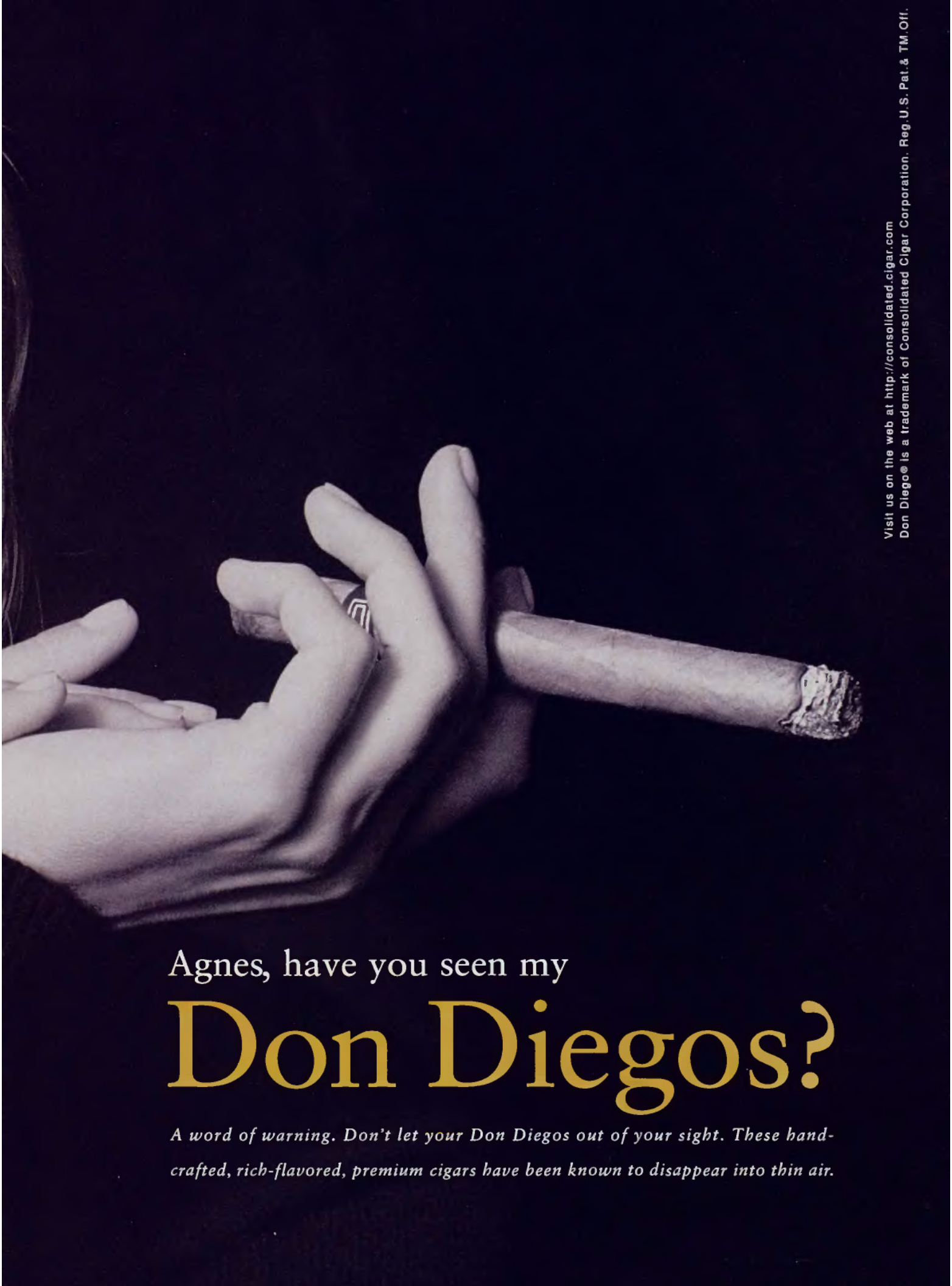
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next year." It became a regular thing. We all know to be in New York by New Year's because the pinheads are going to get together. It's always been in New York except the year I was in London doing *Aliens*—everybody flew to London. Instead of hanging out for a day, it became 48 hours of hanging out. Instead of "Should we go for pizza?" it was "Let's go to Paris." So there were four knuckleheads with no luggage in Paris.

PLAYBOY: Who picks up the check?

REISER: It rotates. It's become pretty spiffy. The year after Michael died, we realized the five of us represented the different phases of manhood: Jerry was unmarried, Larry was about to be married, I was married, Mark was married with kids and Michael was dead. We realized, We've got somebody on each team now. It was just sort of this realization: This is life. Now I have a kid, too. I have a kid and Mark has a kid and Larry has a son and Jerry has a show.

PLAYBOY: Do you all crack a lot of jokes?

REISER: We get in the guy rhythm. We brutalize one another. We are woefully cruel.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a great HBO special.

REISER: I'm sure HBO would like that. The truth is, I usually don't talk about it because it's such a private, sweet thing. I don't know how it first got out, but everybody started asking about it. My wife says she and her friends always talk about the kids. We don't always talk about our kids. Men have different kinds of friendships.

PLAYBOY: Do you look back fondly on your early years together on the comedy circuit?

REISER: It was mostly good. We were young enough that we didn't have to worry about anything. We didn't have families to feed. Our life was hanging out at clubs. There was a taste of success because people we knew were making it. "So-and-so got a TV show." "So-and-so got *The Tonight Show*." Scouts from the shows came in looking for talent. There was a great camaraderie. I miss that.

PLAYBOY: Were there comedy groupies?

REISER: There were girls, and the scene provided such an easy way to meet them. The pressure was off because you didn't have to introduce yourself. When you're trying to meet a girl, the first thing you want to do is distinguish yourself from every other asshole in the world—to say, I'm not an asshole. If you've been onstage for 20 minutes, they've already decided if they like you or not. If they approach you, your job is done.

PLAYBOY: In fact, you met your wife in a club.

REISER: That was later. She was a waitress at a club. After we began going out, I was off performing on the road and I think it was Bill Maher who went up to her and said hello. She introduced herself as Paul Reiser's girlfriend. He apparently said something like, "Ah, yeah, OK. Sure you are, sweetheart." It wasn't like I was a big star or anything, but simply, "Here's another deluded waitress, poor girl, who thinks the comic from the big city is going to come back."

PLAYBOY: How did you and Paula meet?

REISER: She was in college in Pittsburgh, supporting herself waitressing. The club owner told me there was a girl I should meet—"a really cute waitress." I go, OK, I know what that means. I have a certain kind of woman in mind. But then I met her and went, "My God!" She was lovely.

PLAYBOY: What did you expect?

REISER: You know. It just sounded like a sleazy kind of setup, a perk of working there: The salary isn't great, but you've got a decent hotel room and we'll fix you up with a girl, so it shouldn't be a total wash.

PLAYBOY: To which you responded——

REISER: When I met her, she was beautiful and smart and funny and, the truth is, I couldn't speak. I actually couldn't say my name out loud. I knew I was either in love or nauseated. It was totally unexpected. Later, either Jerry or Larry Miller said, "The fact that you married a waitress in a comedy club will keep comics on the road getting laid for 50 years."

PLAYBOY: When did you decide to get married?

REISER: I just came home one day and it felt like we should be married. You suddenly feel like you're procrastinating by not doing it.

PLAYBOY: Paula is a therapist. Should we draw any conclusions from the fact that the therapist on *Mad About You* is such a loon?

REISER: I have never even thought about the connection. I'll have to ask her what it means.

PLAYBOY: Did she give you advice about whether to continue with the show?

REISER: I wish she had. But she's a shrink. She just said, "What do you really want to do?"

PLAYBOY: What brought you both from New York to California?

REISER: I'll answer that when the Playmates arrive. Are they coming?

PLAYBOY: Maybe you'd be happy with a *Fans of "Mad About You"* pictorial.

REISER: Great. It would be a bunch of women from around the country wearing flannel pajamas.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to California. What brought you out here?

REISER: California was the end of a laundry chute. Everybody came here. In New York you would get onstage because the guys who were there last year had gone to California. Instead of going on at one in the morning, you got to go on at ten. I thought, What happens when you get to California? Everybody's there. They're standing at the end of the laundry chute dusting themselves off. It must be very crowded.

PLAYBOY: What led to your first movie, *Diner*?

REISER: Am I still talking about *Diner*? It was such a long time ago. If I'm reading this I'm thinking, This asshole is still talking about *Diner*. OK. I'll talk about *Diner*. It was a real movie that had cameras and everything. When I heard I got the part and was sent a script, I was all excited—it had the MGM lion on it and everything. I asked a friend, who is a lawyer, to read it. Afterward he said, "You play Modell, right? You ain't in it." I had one line. The part grew, though.

PLAYBOY: Because of *Mad About You*, you have become a poster boy for married guys. Do you like the role?

REISER: Not really. People ask me if they should get married. How should I know? Somehow I've become a spokesman for the solid life. Some guy says, "Talk to my wife, would you?" The wife says, "Will you talk to my husband?" Now, after *Babyhood* and the baby's arrival on the show, I get "Should we have a baby?" I don't know. I only know what it's like having my kid, and I like it. But he's taken. I don't know that I necessarily purport that marriage is the answer for anything. People ask me if it's good to be married. I have been married to only one person and it's been great. But the chance of finding someone like her is very small. And you can't be married to her, she's already spoken for.

PLAYBOY: Amid the jokes, you seem to have a very pro-family, pro-marriage message.

REISER: Well, God, I need to be married. I just know that whatever funk I've gone through, whatever period my wife and I—and every couple—go through, it never seems bad enough to say "I'm clearing out." I don't doubt for a second that when the smoke clears, I'll want to get back into bed with this woman tonight. When it's hard being a dad, I don't go, "Jesus, I've got to get out of this." I just go, "I need a break. Maybe I'll take a walk." When the first book came out, I was so coupled out that I was dying to go out with some guys and play ball and drive around and be an asshole.

PLAYBOY: And do exactly what?

REISER: I can't tell you. That would take all the fun away. In fact, I just OD'd myself on the discussion and feeling responsible and having to defend marriage and be the nice guy. I mean, Jesus Christ, *I* wanted to slap me. When my books about marriage and being a father came out, I was on every TV talk show, discussing this stuff. I became this flagwaver. It's not that I didn't believe it, but the sheer volume got to me. This fuzzy edge got attached to my image. I stand by everything I have written and done. But the fuzzy edge is a little annoying.

PLAYBOY: Fuzzy edge?

REISER: All this lovey-dovey talk about kids and love. When I was promoting

(concluded on page 176)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who knows the value of talk. When his company needed to nail that Mexico land deal, it picked its top negotiator—the executive with experience. It happens he reads PLAYBOY, and it shows. PLAYBOY men took nearly 4 million business trips last year. On business apparel alone, PLAYBOY men spent more than $340 million. Month after month, PLAYBOY is the magazine that directs men on the move. PLAYBOY—it's a lifestyle. (Source: Autumn 1997 MRI.)

Nascar Rules

stock car racing is the loudest, fastest, sexiest sport in america. you got a problem with that?

THE OLD CARS ran part of the race on the beach and the race was cut short when the tide came in. Nowadays, they race on the big, oval superspeedway, but there is still a moist, fetid mood. Lots of sunshine with plenty of bare skin among the nearly 200,000 fans who come to watch and, just as important, party hard. You see flags flying at Daytona that say things like TO HELL WITH THE MOUNTAINS. SHOW US YOUR BUSCH. The women who follow Nascar get right with the program. Speed, after all, is an aphrodisiac and car racing is about speed and danger and money. But the racing is the thing and some of the best racing in Nascar history has been done in the Daytona 500. Fans still remember the 1976 race when David Pearson and Richard Petty got together at 180 mph, running down to the finish. Both drivers lost it, hit the wall and spun down into the infield. Pearson got on the clutch and kept his engine running, so he managed to limp to the checkered flag. Petty had to get pushed across the finish line. CBS had it on tape and millions of people who had thought of stock car racing as the sport of redneck primitives watched and became interested. Three years later CBS was live at Daytona when Donnie Allison and Cale Yarborough tangled near the finish and, after the wreck, started arguing and then throwing punches, with Donnie's brother, Bobby, parking his car so he could join the fight.

Daytona is to stock car racing what Wimbledon is to tennis, the Masters is to golf and the Kentucky Derby is to Thoroughbred racing. Daytona is where Nascar started—50 years ago, as it happened. So 1998 is stock car racing's golden jubilee and this race its greatest festival and celebration. For racing fans, this is about as good as it gets.

And today, by God, in this particular race, it got better than that. The people here, in the stands, the luxury boxes and the infield—a lot of whom have been camped for two weeks, living off charcoaled meat and cold beer—would have cheered just about any finish to this race. But this is cheering of a different order. These people are cheering their brains out for a race close enough that a paint job is just about all that separates the first five cars—this baby is going down to the wire—because of who is in front now. If Dale Earnhardt, the man they call the Intimidator, can hang on and win, it will be just about the most sublime finish to this race any of them could imagine. Earnhardt, after all, is the custodian of all that the fans love about stock car racing.

But nobody is counting on Earnhardt's winning. Not with five laps to go

article By GEOFFREY NORMAN

TIRES
GAS
TIRES
SPARK
SPRINGS
OXY
OXYGEN
GAS
ARNOLD ROTH

and not with four. Nor three. Because Dale Earnhardt has never won this thing in 19 years of trying. If it had been the Daytona 499, he'd have won two or three of them. He's lost it just about every way there is to lose, including having a head-on collision with a seagull. Right now fans are most worried about the Chevy Monte Carlo with the number 24 painted on its side. Jeff Gordon's car.

Gordon is the blazing new star on the Nascar scene. He is 26 years old and looks like Tom Cruise. He was rookie of the year in 1993. In his dazzling career he has already won 30 races and two season championships—Winston Cups—to Earnhardt's record-tying seven. Gordon is clean and wholesome, a good Christian lad who gives thanks to Jesus for his victories. To the fans, it seems plain that Gordon is the inevitable future of stock car racing. Traditionalists couldn't hate him any more if he were a girl or an Arab. They know, to the bottoms of their souls, that Gordon is wrong for racing and every time he wins it is just more proof that something is going bad in their universe.

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The first stock car racers, as everyone knows, were bootleggers. They outran the revenue agents at night and raced one another for sport on weekends. Americans have always had a weak spot for outlaws. Americans also love cars. Put an outlaw in a car—especially an American, or stock, car—racing against other outlaws in similar cars, and you have a nearly unbeatable combination. This is how stock car racing started out; with renegade drivers racing big American iron around little dirt tracks for the thrill of it and the money they could make on side bets. They ran fast, they collided and sometimes racers were killed.

At first, it was pretty much exclusively a Southern passion. Kids in the South worshiped drivers and grew up wanting to be Fireball Roberts and run at Daytona the same way kids up north idolized Duke Snider or Stan Musial and dreamed of playing for the Dodgers or the Cardinals.

Snider and Musial, of course, retired in good health. Roberts died because of a fiery car crash. Danger was an undeniable element in the appeal of stock car racing. And because it was a Southern thing, there was something exuberant, irrational and a little violent about the stock car racing in those early days. The racers would intentionally knock one another around on the track, which was close to attempted murder at those speeds. But everybody accepted it as just part of racing.

They were a hell-raising bunch, the drivers and the fans. And they didn't care. The rest of the country were Yankees and such trash as that and fuck 'em. And, eventually, the rest of the country came around, the same way it did to country music. Of course, both stock car racing and country music cleaned up their acts and smoothed down a few rough edges on their way to the mainstream. But you still see a lot of Confederate flags flying in the infield when you go to the track at, say, Darlington, South Carolina. It was there they lustily booed Bill Clinton. Even though he's from Arkansas he isn't one of them.

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Back in late 1947 no one could have imagined the president attending a stock car race, especially in the South. Stock car racing was such a marginal sport (if it could be dignified with that word) that it practically did not exist.

There was plenty of racing, some of it ad hoc and some of it sanctioned by rival bodies with different rules and rankings. But there was no coherence to the sport. So a 6'5" dynamo named Bill France, who had been a garage mechanic, race driver and businessman, called a meeting in a Daytona Beach hotel and became the czar of the National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing. He ruled his empire for 25 years, then turned it over to Bill Jr., who rules it today. Nascar was an obscure little outfit in the early days, but it has never suffered from lack of leadership or vision. Both the senior France and his son understood intuitively, with a kind of good-old-boy cunning, things the rest of American business and sports took years to get around to. What looked like county-fair hucksterism when they did it is now standard practice at Disney and the National Football League. Corporations will spend almost half a billion on Nascar this year. Ad images will be worth almost a billion. Nascar and its cousin, the International Speedway Corp., are $2 billion–a–year businesses.

One of Bill France's strengths—aside from the sheer force of his personality—was a sense of what his audience wanted. From the very beginning Nascar was run for the entertainment of the fans. "France saw that this was the entertainment business," says Parnelli Jones, one of America's greatest drivers. "It wasn't the engineering business and it wasn't pure sport. It was about getting, and keeping, the fans."

Which meant creating (and sustaining) the fiction that what the fans saw their favorite drivers pushing around the track at Charlotte was the same kind of car they could go out and drive themselves. Richard Petty says he can remember that when he was a boy, his father, Lee, was one of the early stars of Nascar. The family would get into the car and go to some track, where Richard would watch his father race the family car. Later, they would all pile back in and drive home. It was a happier ride if Dad had won.

The cars still look like production-built American cars, even if it is only sheet metal–and–decal deep. The Nascar mantra has been "Win on Sunday, sell on Monday," so the powers that be have made sure, through careful manipulation of the rules, that Chevy remains competitive with Ford and that Pontiac has a place at the table. Given the number of fans who show up at the track flying Chevy flags or wearing sweatshirts that read I'D RATHER PUSH A FORD THAN DRIVE A CHEVY, it is vital to keep the companies happy and in racing. If it were professional football, they would call this parity.

Nascar got the jump on its rivals in that department. You can't go out and buy Emerson Fittipaldi's Indy car. You can admire his work but you can't empathize with him the way you can with Rusty Wallace in his Ford Taurus. Which is just one reason Nascar has left Indy car racing behind and why there is no Formula One race in the U.S. Nascar rules.

Nascar also tumbled early to the value of sponsorship. It was just too expensive to run a team on prize money and those cars were like billboards with 100,000 pairs of eyes locked on them for two or three hours every weekend. Ever since Andy Granatelli paid to put the STP logo on Richard Petty's car in 1972, Nascar has been marketing products on those 200-mph billboards. They carry the colors and logos of everything from snuff to laundry detergent, cable networks to breakfast cereals, hamburgers to beer. Half the players in the NFL and the NBA may wear the Nike swoosh, but the rednecks from Nascar were there first.

But most of all, Nascar understood that the deepest longing of its most hard-core fans was not for speed, not for beer-soaked afternoons, not for crashes. It was for stars. Idols. Heroes. Nascar was onto the celebrity culture of the late 20th century early and big. And in this regard the sport was lucky. Ever since the days when they still ran part of the Daytona race on the beach, there have been charismatic drivers. Curtis Turner, Fireball Roberts, Junior Johnson and Lee Petty in the Fifties and Sixties. Cale Yarborough, Richard Petty, Donnie and Bobby Allison, David Pearson in the Sixties and Seventies.

(continued on page 76)

"Should we come out as a group or singly?"

this aviator is why we're so fond of naval gazing

FLY GIRL

"THE NAVY'S top brass might object to my posing," U.S. Navy Lieutenant Frederica Spilman said recently, "but many people will support my decision. There are two sides to every story." The bright 28-year-old Florida resident (dubbed "the Terminator" by her Navy pals because of the time she "harshly" confronted a colleague) has never shied from breaking new ground. Adding to an accomplished résumé that includes graduating as class valedictorian of California's Sunny Hills High School, competing on the U.S. fencing team at the World University Games and graduating with merit from

"I don't see myself as ambitious—I just don't like limits. I find something I want to do, then do it to the best of my ability," says Frederica (clockwise from top left: graduating from Annopolis, Navy planes in tight formotion, sporting Novy dress blues, suited up, off duty). And if top Navy officers object to her PLAYBOY appearance, Lieutenant Spilman defends herself by saying, "It's my right."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Annapolis, Frederica became the first female naval flight officer assigned to fly in an ES-3A Shadow. She is also the first to shed her uniform for PLAYBOY. A controversial move, sure. But Frederica has ideological reasons for posing. "In the Navy, freedom is limited. You can't do whatever you want. It's contradictory for a military that fights for constitutional rights to put restrictions on its members." Being assertive has been Frederica's way since she was five, the age she first remembers flying in an airplane. "I told my grandma I loved flying, and she said, 'Do you want to be a flight attendant when you grow up?' I said, 'No, I'd rather be a pilot.'" The road to becoming a naval flight officer was a formidable one ("Many guys didn't think women should be there. They didn't accept me at first. I really had to prove myself"), but Frederica triumphed and is ready to tackle her next mission. "When I leave the Navy, I'm going to veterinary school," she says. "I love animals and want to take care of them." Nothing can stop her now.

"I've always believed women can do the same things that men can," says Frederica, whose family includes her identical twin, a brother, a Hungarian mother and a Belgian father. "In our house, it wasn't like my sister and I had to do the dishes and my brother had to mow the lawn." Below, left to right: On the Navy's fencing team; preparing for flight school in 1991; freshman year at the Naval Academy.

"Aviation is a great adventure," says Frederica. Her job as a flight officer invalves sitting in the cockpit's right seat and handling navigation, communications and the weapons system. Above, from left: an EA-6A in flight, writing a letter in the squadran's "ready roam."

"I've flown up to 550 miles an hour," Frederica explains. "I get a rush every time." Above, left to right: Novy aircraft on deck, the Terminator in full uniform. "Most guys think women in the military aren't attractive," Frederica says. "I wanted to show my feminine side."

Nascar Rules *(continued from page 68)*

In Nascar, the rule is that if everybody does what he is supposed to do, everybody will make money.

Rusty Wallace, Darrell Waltrip, Dale Earnhardt in the Seventies and Eighties. Earnhardt, Jeff Gordon, Dale Jarett in the Nineties. Drivers with ice water for blood and piano wire for nerves. Drivers who would walk away from a crash that looked like a certain bone crusher and say to reporters with a shrug, "Rear end got a little loose on me out there in turn three and before I knew it, I'd got myself upside down." Nascar fans are loyal to their heroes and buy millions of objects that bear their images. Dale Earnhardt sells more T-shirts than the Rolling Stones do.

In Nascar, the rule is that if everybody does what he is supposed to do, everybody will make money. Anybody who doesn't want to play ball can take a hike. This applies to the drivers—who always knew their place or, if they didn't, learned quick. When Curtis Turner, one of the great stars of Nascar, tried in 1961 to organize the drivers and affiliate them with the Teamsters, Bill France kicked him out of Nascar and kept him out for five years. Nascar made sure that the drivers gave it back to the fans, that they signed autographs, did interviews, made appearances and conducted themselves like sporting stars should. What the NBA has learned about stars—that Larry Bird and Magic Johnson could carry the sport into orbit and Michael Jordan could keep it there—Nascar learned 40 years ago. Which is why no one thinks of it as a pastime for dumb rednecks anymore. And why there are no Barry Bonds in Nascar.

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Only two drivers have ever won the Winston Cup (the seasonal championship) seven times. The first was Richard Petty, who was merely the King. Nobody ever won more Nascar races than Petty, who finished with an even 200 victories. He took his last victory on July 4, 1984 at Daytona, with President Ronald Reagan in attendance. Reagan had a fine, almost preternatural feel for the American character and so it was appropriate for him to give the command "Gentlemen, start your engines" from Air Force One, on his way down from Washington for the race.

Richard Petty was the great driver and great personality of stock car racing, the charismatic country boy from Level Cross, North Carolina, the man with the piercing eyes and the dazzling smile who brought racing into the American mainstream.

Like Petty, Dale Earnhardt has won the Winston Cup seven times. In a poll of Nascar drivers, he was voted, hands down, the toughest man on the track. Earnhardt is Clint Eastwood to Petty's John Wayne. Where Richard Petty was the cheerful extrovert, always talking and smiling, Dale Earnhardt is the other side of the Southern male personality: stoic and laconic. He has a worn, pitted face. It is striking, especially around the hard-set eyes, but nobody is going to call him handsome. When he is asked, after a race, what happened when somebody tried to pass him and wound up bouncing off the wall and down into the infield, Earnhardt will say, "That's just racing."

End of interview.

Earnhardt won tough. Some fans—millions, in fact—may even say he won dirty. Plenty of people come out to the track just for the pleasure of booing him. All over the South you see front license plates with an image of a boy gleefully peeing on a race car that bears the number three: Earnhardt's car.

But while there were millions of fans who hated Dale Earnhardt, there were also plenty who loved to hate him. He was one of them, a high school dropout from Kannapolis, North Carolina, the son of the 1956 Nascar Sportsman champion. Young Dale grew up hard, if not exactly poor. In the early days, he drove dirt tracks for groceries. These days he is a one-man conglomerate. He owns a farm and lots of land and when he isn't racing he is hunting deer or fishing for bass. He is just about the perfect champion for Nascar. As long as Earnhardt was winning, and Nascar was growing, everything seemed to be just like it was supposed to. The way God had meant for it to be when he called that meeting in Daytona and put Bill France in charge of stock car racing.

Then things started changing. Lots of things, actually, but the one that fans noticed, that summed up all the other changes, was that Earnhardt was losing his iron grip. The man stomping on his fingers was a choirboy from either California or Indiana (depending on how charitable you wanted to be). A kid who spent his time away from the track playing computer games instead of sitting up in a tree stand, waiting for a shot at a buck.

At 26, Jeff Gordon has shaken up his sport like Tiger Woods rattled the foundations of the PGA tour. Gordon is nothing like the legendary Nascar drivers. They were rough, Gordon is smooth. He doesn't drink and couldn't say shit if he had a mouthful of it. There are no bootleggers or jail terms in Gordon's past; his father bought him a go-cart when he was five and he has been racing, and winning, ever since. Jeff Gordon is as clean and wholesome as a Boy Scout. In 1995, in only his third year of driving for Winston Cup, Gordon beat out Earnhardt for the championship. Earnhardt, 47, who called Gordon the Kid, suggested that when the awards banquet was held at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York they would have to serve milk instead of champagne for Gordon. Gordon made sure they did and toasted Earnhardt with a glass of the white stuff.

In 1996 Terry Labonte won the cup with Gordon coming in second and Earnhardt fourth. Then, in 1997, the stars fell out of orbit. Gordon won everything, starting with Daytona. He won the second race too. And he won eight others, including Darlington and Charlotte, which gave him three of the four prestige races (the other is the Winston 500 at Talladega). That earned him a bonus Winston Million, which only one other driver has ever won. The fans booed him passionately, and he said, with customary cheerfulness, "They always boo you when you're winning. Right now, I'm winning."

Gordon is the new face of stock car racing. The fans who loved the old days, when racing was as raw as young whiskey, took to it like Merle Haggard fans at a Shania Twain concert.

But Gordon wasn't the only sign of how racing might be losing its soul. More of the drivers were coming from places like California. Worse, more of the races were being run in some of those places. They have racing in New Hampshire, at Loudon. And they had built big new tracks—Taj Mahals, they were—in Texas and California. The California track was a Roger Penske operation and, like everything he did, it was first-class. But Penske was a name from Indy cars.

Racing at those new, elegant tracks meant canceling races at the old short tracks in Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia, where the sport had its roots. The new tracks came with skyboxes, condominiums, jet strips and helicopter pads. There still were grandstands and there still were infields where old, reconfigured school buses and RVs parked wheel-to-wheel and the people who drove them set

(concluded on page 84)

"Don't get your hopes up, Melvin. I'm looking for my contact lens."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

DADS & GRADS

THE PERFECT GIFTS FOR POMP AND POP

DADS. Below: Technics' SC-HD55 micro stereo system with AM/FM tuner, CD player and cassette deck gets its sleek, retro look from aluminum-paneled components with blue side-lighting and oak speaker cabinets (about $700). Atop the stereo is Uniden's 900-MHz VoiceDial cordless phone, which uses voice-recognition technology to dial up to 30 phone numbers (about $150). Pictured on the table from right to left are: Alfred Dunhill's crocodile-covered Sports lighter (about $300), and bubbly at its best—a magnum of Cuvée Dom Pérignon Rosé 1985 (about $400). Sony's Hi8 TRV85 camcorder features NightShot infrared technology that lets you shoot in total darkness ($1100). RCA's RP6198 Scantrak is a 200-channel racing scanner that can access multiple car frequencies with a single button (about $200, including headset). The grained calfskin calendar and memo organizer with compartments is by Alfred Dunhill ($275). Two tickets to paradise: Radisson Seven Seas' newest cruise ship, the luxurious *M/S Paul Gauguin*, sails weekly out of Tahiti to Bora Bora, Mooréa and other exotic ports of call, carrying just 320 passengers. The price: between $2800 and $6800 for seven nights (call 800-285-1835). In the background: Roadmaster gets nostalgic with its limited edition (of 5000) single-speed Luxury Liner bicycle ($2000).

GRADS. On the table: Panasonic's Telenium is a combination 900-MHz cordless and analog cellular phone (about $200). Minolta's Vectis Weathermatic Zoom is an autofocus underwater advanced photo system camera (about $350). On the chair: A six-pack of Champagne Krug comes in 375-ml bottles ($350). A pair of Kenwood's 14-channel FreeTalk two-way radios sells for $320. After you spend a week roughing it as a participant in the rugged Utah field course of the Boulder Outdoor Survival School, the corporate jungle will seem tame. The price: $825 (call 800-335-7404). Proceeding right: Colibri's Maestro is a piezoelectric cigar lighter and cutter (about $50). The Mongoose Pro NX 8.3 dual-suspension mountain bike features an exclusive Newman alloy frame and Shimano Deore XT componentry ($1400). Up front: Harman Kardon's Festival 60 music system includes a seven-disc CD changer and a 2 x 35 watt amplifier ($1400). Atop the left speaker is a 5" x 7" aluminum agenda by Felissimo (about $60).

KENWOOD
KORE
MONGOOSE
INDY

Funny Girls

ARTICLE BY LU HANESSIAN

THE REBIRTH OF "SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE" RESTS ON SOME VERY PRETTY SHOULDERS

One-minute-20 to the 'French Whore,'" announces a *Saturday Night Live* stage manager. Cheri Oteri, in black lace, her left arm in a sling, prepares for a game-show sketch in which she plays Babette, a 58-year-old Parisian prostitute. Next to the coffee machine Molly Shannon rehearses her send-up of Monica Lewinsky peddling her forthcoming tell-all book, *How to Give the President a Hummer*. (She prefers to call it *Mouth Love*.) Nearby, Ana Gasteyer massages a joke with a writer for her portrayal of Cinder Calhoun on "Weekend Update."

They are a triumvirate of feral, funny and fearless women—comic daredevils, chameleons and, sometimes, gymnasts. They play sex goddesses, punks, junkies, warriors and politicians with equal conviction. They sniff like police dogs for every morsel of information that will make a character rich, funny, complicated and real. They may be the best female cast *SNL* has ever had.

"What is interesting about these three women is that in addition to being as talented as they are, they're incredibly confident," says Lorne Michaels, executive producer of the show for 18 of its 23 seasons. "They're really powerful. Onstage they have to win over the audience, assert the comedy and not compromise what they really believe in."

Ana Gasteyer's fascination with what she calls "phony personalities" suffuses her parodies with the kind of nuance and physical detail that can't be scripted. Gasteyer grew up in Washington, D.C. and did brief tours of duty as a hospital switchboard operator, office temp and restaurant hostess before joining the Groundlings, the Los Angeles–based improv–sketch comedy group. "I spent my childhood watching the women on *Saturday Night Live*, thinking I could be a woman doing funny stuff on television," she says. From her fictional National Public Radio host, Margaret Joe, to Cokie Roberts, she's fiercely intent on creating "a total ambience" around her characters. Her takeoff on Martha Stewart is matchless: "A terrific way to combat Valentine's Day depression is to treat yourself to an erotic cake."

A two-year *(concluded on page 175)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDIE BASKIN

Nascar Rules *(continued from page 76)*

Passing was tougher than usual. Most fans were thinking that conditions were good for a wreck.

up grills and tents with coolers of beer, but racing was more about the people with the money. It was slicker and slicker, just like the music coming out of Nashville.

As if all that weren't bad enough, Dale Earnhardt was looking as though he might be washed up. The 1997 season started with the wreck at Daytona. At Darlington, he had actually passed out in his car, wrecking it. Some people wondered if it might be all over for the man in black. He didn't win a single race in 1997, extending his winless streak to an unimaginable 59 races.

After the last race of the season, at Atlanta, while the man he used to call the Kid and now referred to as Gordon danced on the roof of his car and sprayed champagne to celebrate his second Winston Cup, Earnhardt brought his beat-up Monte Carlo back to the garage area and parked it in front of the transporter. He took off his helmet and eased nimbly out of the window of the car. There were about five reporters there to ask questions. He looked not just tired, but depleted.

"Tires," Earnhardt answered when one reporter asked him what had happened when he lost it and hit the wall. After a few more routine questions and nonresponsive answers, someone asked him, "What's next?"

"Go back home," he said. "Work on the car and get back to winning."

•

Racing people believe in the cold logic of numbers—they measure everything from tire wear to the surface area on the spoiler—but they also believe in omens. And, hey, hadn't John Elway just gone and won a Super Bowl after all those years of coming in second? Elway was due, you know, and if anybody was ever due, Dale Earnhardt was due to win the Daytona 500.

He seemed to think so himself, and told reporters, "You saw that look in Elway's eyes? Well, look in my eyes."

Earnhardt's eyes looked focused and hard. But, then, they always did.

His car ran well. He took one of the 125-mile qualifiers and said winning felt good after a long dry time, even if there weren't any points in it. He'd start the race up front, in the second row. The Labonte brothers and Sterling Martin were in the first row. Gordon was back in the pack, at 29th, because of a bad pit stop in the qualifier, but nobody thought he'd brought a slow car to Daytona.

It was dark Sunday, February 15, with a threat of rain, when the flag was dropped. The wind was blowing hard enough to push the cars around and that made passing tougher than usual. Most fans were thinking that conditions were good for a wreck, one of those multicar collisions that can ruin a good run, even when a driver is due.

Earnhardt ran fast and mostly out front in the early part of the race. He was leading when he went in for his first pit stop and running fifth when he came back out on the track. He had a good crew and they made a clean, efficient stop. But Gordon's crew, called the Rainbow Warriors because of their team colors, did better and Gordon was in the lead. A little shiver of dread passed among the thousands of fans pulling for Earnhardt when the scanner picked up a transmission of Gordon's. He told his crew that the car was perfect and that he didn't think anyone on the track could beat him.

Things did not look good for the legion of Anybody But Gordon fans. Jeff Gordon was out front, pulling a four-car or five-car draft. The famous draft can be an equalizer at Daytona. The lead car breaks up the air, which makes it smoother for the following cars. But the lead car also gets a push from the vacuum. Everybody gets help. Two or three cars in a row, running nose to tail, can outrun a car hanging out on its own. But you have to know how to work it and when to leave the draft to make your move and how to get help from others to gang up on the leader. Using the draft, along with his aggressive instincts, craftily, Earnhardt blew by Gordon on lap 123 of a race that looked like it might go the whole 500 miles without a wreck (on the track, anyway; there were some problems in the pit).

Then, on lap 174, when it was time to go in for the final pit stop, Richard Petty's new driver, John Andretti, got into it with another car and the yellow caution flag went up. The lead cars dove into the pits and the fans, who were beginning to believe it might be the Intimidator's time, held their breath for the time it took to change all four tires and pour in a few gallons of gas.

Earnhardt kept driving low, shutting off the passing lane. As each lap went by, the cheering grew louder. With three laps to go, Gordon was in third, lined up to make his move. But he lost power, fell out of the draft and finished 16th. Bobby Labonte and Jeremy Mayfield now had the last shot at Earnhardt. They banged away at each other through the straight as Earnhardt passed a lapped car and shut the door with help from the third caution of the race. He won it by being too tough to pass.

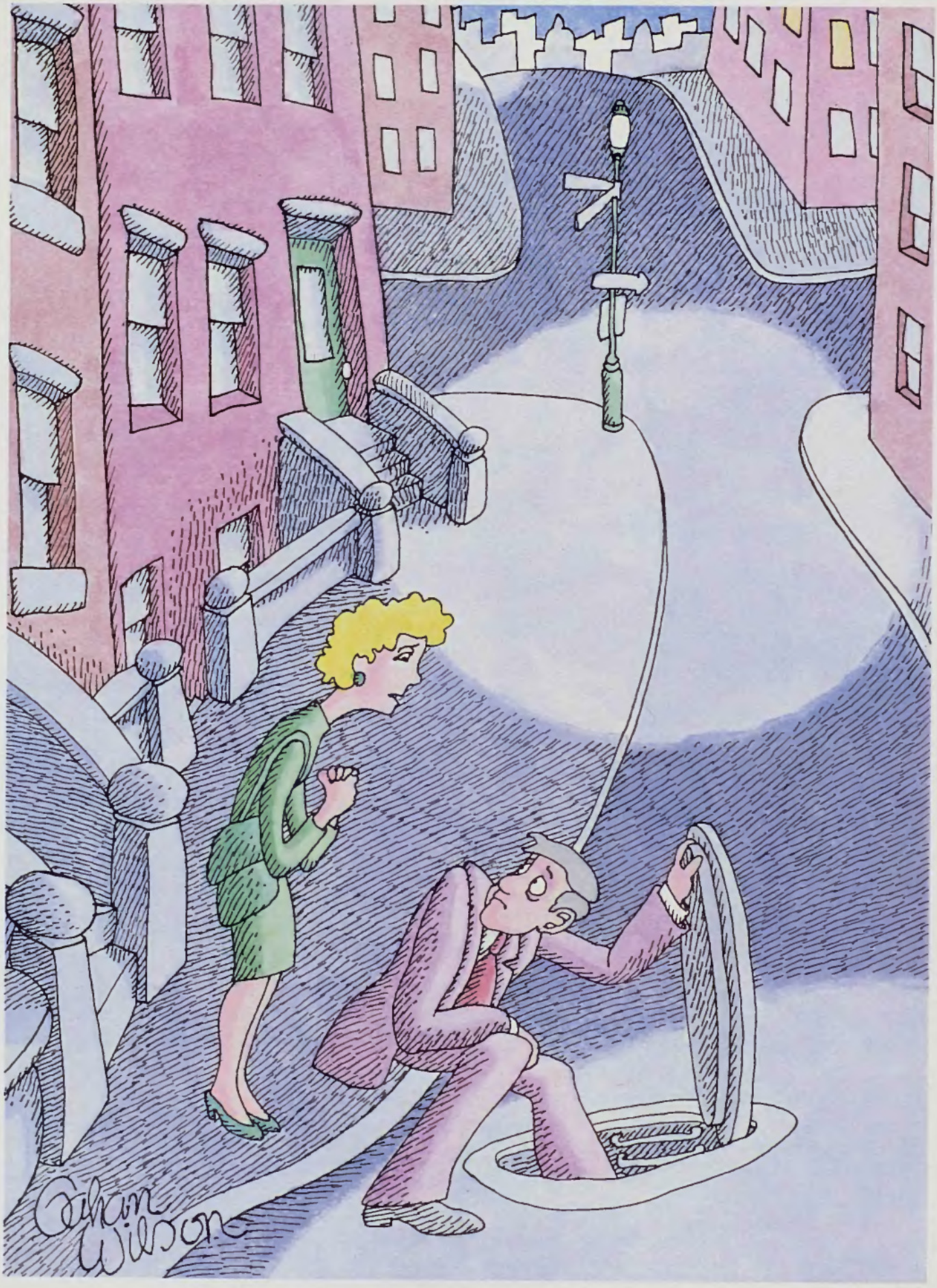
The cheering went on through the victory lap and as Earnhardt took his car through the pit, where all the crews from other cars lined up to congratulate him and to slap the hand he extended through his car window. Nobody could remember seeing anything like it before.

No one left the track, except for a few of the people in the skyboxes who had private jets waiting and big deals to attend to. This was for the hard-core. At his press conference Earnhardt threw a stuffed animal into the crowd of reporters. It was, he said, the "damned monkey" he had finally gotten off his back. He said all the things about how this was the best moment of his career. And then he made it plain that this wasn't some isolated, sentimental victory. He was back for the whole package. "We're looking for that eighth championship," he said.

One week after Daytona, while some fans were still celebrating Daytona, they raced at Rockingham, North Carolina. It was a tough race, with lots of crashes and lots of yellows, and, after fighting with a car that wasn't set up right and coming back from way behind, the winner was Jeff Gordon.

There is a phrase they use in racing. When you take a car off the transporter and put it out on the track and everything is just right and you don't need to adjust the carburetor or the chassis or anything, when the car is running perfect, blowing the doors off the competition, then that car is dialed in. This year's season is looking like it is dialed in. They'll move on to Darlington, the toughest and oldest of the big tracks. To Bristol, the best of the short tracks. Talladega, the fastest of them all. Richmond. Michigan. Indy. Charlotte for 600 miles on the same day they run the Indy 500. Phoenix. Atlanta. Thirty-three races, with razor-close finishes, multicar crashes, gallons of sunscreen, tons of charcoaled meat, oceans of ice-cold beer and hundreds of thousands of fans who just can't get enough.

Fifty years in and this has to be the kind of year Bill France had in mind when he got the whole thing going and gave the world racing, American style.



"Maybe we should go to my place after all!"

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

PART VII: 1960-1969

MAKE LOVE NOT WAR

AN ARTICLE BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

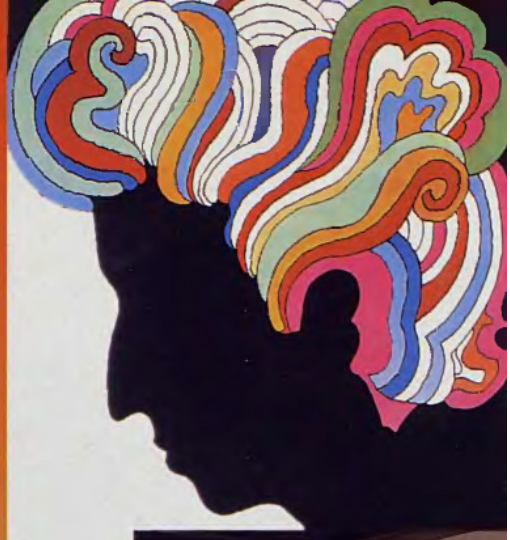
Stick out your tongue. Your world is about to change.

In 1960 a bureaucrat at the Food and Drug Administration gives approval to Enovid, an oral contraceptive based on a hormone made from Mexican yams. The Pill, as it will be called, will free women from centuries of fear and will give them control of their bodies. By the end of the decade more than six million women will be on the Pill, performing a daily ritual once occupied by worry beads. The dispenser is the badge of the new liberated woman.

Stick out your tongue. In the summer of 1960 a Harvard lecturer named Timothy

At the start of the Sixties the party was in full swing and Hef was the perfect host. Taking the Centerfold from the pages of his magazine, he created the Playboy Bunny—a living, breathing fantasy, the decade's first real sex symbol. A piece of Americana, her costume was put on display at the Smithsonian.

ILLUSTRATION BY STUDIO MARTIN HOFFMAN



The sexual revolution had heroes, poets, martyrs and court jesters. The Pill offered better living through chemistry. Naked was beautiful, be it a Russ Meyer star (above) or the cast of *Hair* cavorting in the Playboy Mansion pool.

Leary sits by a swimming pool in Cuernavaca and ingests psychedelic mushrooms. He begins a quest to liberate the mind. Within a few years, after having been tossed out of Harvard for exploring inner space with undergrads, he will tell the world to "turn on, tune in and drop out."

A generation of Americans will reject their parents' world of booze and backyard barbecues to sample mind-altering recreational drugs. By the end of the decade nearly half of America's youth will belong to this counterculture. And the backlash is immediate. By 1967 the cops will make 300,000 marijuana arrests a year.

Everywhere you look there

EROS

The death of o President and on escalating wor in Vietnam gave us a taste of mortality. PLAYBOY replaced *The Stars* and *Stripes* on the frant. Back home, heads turned ta underground papers far a new worldview. The youth of the natian embraced a gentler visian. Pop culture became caunterculture. Alienation became Woadstack Nation. Sexuality came out into the open, whether at topless bars in San Francisco (above) or music festivals at Woodstock, New York. The Playbay Rabbit Head cropped up everywhere. Still, the film *Lalita* created controversy, as did advertisements for the magazine *Eros*.

BURN BABY BURN!

It was a time of riot and contradiction. Cities burned, while we flipped for Raquel, Nancy, Bob, Carol, Ted and Alice. Neil Armstrong walked on the moon. John and Yoko posed nude for *Two Virgins*. Rudi Gernreich introduced the topless bathing suit; others used the body as a canvas. Peter Fonda encountered the dark side of America in *Easy Rider*.

HIPPY POWER

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK

LOVE

is change—sudden, unexpected revelation. For 60 years we have charted the rise and fall of hemlines and found meaning. In England, designer Mary Quant creates something called the miniskirt. "Am I the only woman," she asks, "who has ever wanted to go to bed with a man in the afternoon? Any law-abiding female, it used to be thought, waits until dark. Well, there are lots of girls who don't want to wait. Miniclothes are symbolic of them."

The world rediscovers women's legs, flashing scissors of energetic skin cutting through crowded city streets. After a decade of girdles and bullet bras, the female body is free.

Designer Rudi Gernreich introduces a topless bathing suit and within days Carol Doda wears her own version in the first modern topless bar, in San Francisco's North Beach. In subsequent weeks customers watch Doda's breasts grow from 34D to a monumental 44DD, augmented by silicone injections. Like volcanoes, they seem to symbolize a force of nature, something that evokes awe and wonder.

Marshall McLuhan, a professor of culture and technology at the University of Toronto who seems to have an explanation for almost everything, has lunch with writer Tom Wolfe in a topless restaurant. "Don't you see?" McLuhan remarks. "They're wearing us." What does it portend?

McLuhan looks at the waitresses' breasts and comments, "The topless waitress is the opening wedge of the trial balloon."

The body politic rediscovers the body. America goes from a country titillated by a young girl wearing an *Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini* to one watching a bare-breasted woman playing the cello. By the end of the decade, actors will romp naked on Broadway in *Hair* and *Oh! Calcutta!* The cast of *Dionysus in '69* pulls a woman from the audience each night and makes love to her onstage. In Peter Weiss' *Marat/Sade*, the inmates in the asylum of Charenton will ask, "What's the point of a revolution without general copulation?"

Taboos disappear overnight. An article in *Time* comments on a new American passion called "Spectator Sex."

McLuhan tries to make sense of the revolution. In *The Medium Is the Message* and other books he propounds a theory of social change. We live, he says, in a global village connected by electronic media. Type, he says, is linear and trained man to adopt a single point of view. Television, on the other hand, is a cool medium—a mosaic, a field of tiny moving dots, an incomplete image that "commands immediate participation in depth and admits of no delays." Television creates an urge for involvement. We yearn, he says, to complete the picture. He calls this new force of energy "participation mystique."

Seventy-three million people watch the Beatles on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. An adolescent sexual response that began with bobby-soxers going wild in the streets over Sinatra in the Forties gained momentum in the Fifties with female fans who fainted at the sight of Elvis. In *Re-Making Love*, Barbara Ehrenreich credits Beatlemania with unleashing the teenage sexual revolution of the Sixties:

"For the girls who participated in Beatlemania, sex was an obvious part of the excitement. One of the most common responses to reporters' queries on the sources of Beatlemania was, 'Because they're sexy.' And this explanation was in itself a small act of defiance. It was rebellious (especially for young fans) to lay claim to sexual feelings. It was even more rebellious to lay claim to the active, daring side of sexual attraction. The Beatles were the objects, the girls were their pursuers. The Beatles were sexy; the girls were the ones who perceived them as sexy and acknowledged the force of an ungovernable, if somewhat disembodied, lust. To assert an active, powerful sexuality by the tens of thousands and to do so in a way calculated to attract maximum attention was more than rebellious. It was in its own unformulated, dizzy way, revolutionary."

The revolution in sex roles, in appearances, in what it means to be a man or a woman, unfolds in the time it takes to grow a beard or long hair or to don a shortened skirt. Early reports label these changes youthful phenomena, something akin to the Flaming Youth of the Twenties. The revolution does seem to belong to those under 25, but something more is at work here. The Lost Generation of the Twenties ran headlong into the Depression. Youth in the Fifties had grown up in the paranoia and conservatism of the Cold War, an era marked by the politics of fatigue. Had they opted to become their parents, we would still be living on the set of *Happy Days*. What was different about the Sixties?

At the start of the decade John Fitzgerald Kennedy takes up residence in the White House. He is young, physically attractive, a rogue, a wit, a man whose middle name reminds writers of F. Scott Fitzgerald, a man who tells the nation that the young are better fitted to direct history than the old are. Camelot dies abruptly, with an assassin's bullet, but the prophecy will be fulfilled. Reminded of your mortality, you will create a new, more personal form of morality.

A generation that will be known as the Baby Boomers will accomplish by sheer numbers what no generation before could even contemplate. In 1960 there are 24 million people age 15 through 24. By 1970 there were 35.3 million. By 1966, 48 percent of the population was under the age of 26.

The flood of immigrants at the turn of the century had created a new America; this time the flood came from within.

The young spend $12 billion a year on their own subculture—clothes, music, movies. From folk to rock, the music provides a soundtrack for change. Elvis returns from a stint in the Army asking, *Are You Lonesome Tonight?* The Shirelles wonder, *Will You Love Me Tomorrow?* The Rolling Stones snarl, *(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction*. The music moves beyond moon and June, with artists such as Bob Dylan and John Lennon crafting songs that provoke the conscience of a nation. This is a revolution with a beat you can dance to.

Television, the tool of togetherness in the Fifties, now tears families apart. We watch police and National Guardsmen turn firehoses on civil rights and antiwar demonstrators, see water pressure that can "strip the bark off a tree" spin students around as though they were dolls. The Sixties will give us a generation gap as wide as the Grand Canyon.

You watch the war escalate on television. And again the numbers spin out of control. In Vietnam, 700 advisors in 1961 became 16,000 troops in 1963—542,000 by 1969. We watch the birth of resistance. Buddhist monks set themselves afire in protest. Young men burn their draft cards and march on the Pentagon, arm in arm with old radicals, chanting the new anthem of the decade: "Make Love, Not War."

THE PLAYBOY MYSTIQUE

Amid all this chaos is one place of urban revelry. Norman Mailer described the scene in *The Presidential Papers*: "The Bunnies went by in their costumes, electric-blue silk, Kelly green, flame pink, pin-ups from a magazine, faces painted into sweetmeats, flower tops, tame lynx, piggie, poodle, a queen or two from a beauty contest. They wore Gay Nineties rig that exaggerated their hips, bound their waists in a ceinture, and lifted them into a phallic brassiere—each breast looked like the big bullet on the front bumper of a Cadillac. Long black stockings—up almost to the waist on each side—and to the back, on the curve of the can, as if ejected tenderly from the body, was the puff of chastity, a little white ball of a Bunny's tail that bobbled as they

(continued on page 110)

"I said, 'Knock off the doodling and slap on that second coat of paint!'"

our miss june left havana to become a star

Cuba Libre!

MARIA LUISA GIL is a head turner. When the Cuban-born 20-year-old glides through Wildfire, a Chicago eatery, in a minidress and thigh-high boots, necks crane, jaws drop and whispers fill the air. Everybody knows she's somebody. Back in Cuba, Maria knew she was somebody too, which prompted her to send her modeling photos to our headquarters.

Q: You lived in Cuba until December 1996. What brought you to the States?

A: America has so many opportunities. It's impossible to make money as a model in Cuba. Everyone is poor, except for about five percent of the population. It's sad.

Q: Was it hard being a sexy woman in a macho society?

A: Oh, yes. In Cuba, if you're sexy you're considered a whore. Everyone stares at you when you walk down the street. They say some terrible things about you.

Q: What sexual behaviors are unacceptable in Cuba?

A: Any sexual behavior! Cuba is totally repressed. Nude pictures are not allowed. PLAYBOY is not allowed. When I saw my first PLAYBOY, on a visit to the U.S., it had the sexiest pictures I'd ever seen. I knew right away I wanted to be a part of it.

Q: What's the difference between Cuban men and American men?

A: Cuban guys are jealous and possessive. I don't like that. I'm a liberal, independent girl. The only person I let tell me what to do is my mother.

Q: What's your definition of a Latin lover?

A: A guy who's romantic. The candles, fine wine and classical music type.

Q: Besides sexual freedom, what do you appreciate about life here that an

When she's not shopping ("That's my favorite postime"), modeling or moonlighting as a cigarette girl at Dennis Rodman's Illusions, a Chicago nightclub (above), Maria salsas the night away (top). "My friends and I love to go out, pick up boys and dance," she says.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

American might take for granted?

A: Restaurants. Here, my brother and mom and I can go out to eat any time we want. In Cuba the only restaurants are elite clubs that just the rich and beautiful are allowed into.

Q: Tell us about Cuban cuisine.

A: The food there is not so good. Everything you eat in Cuba is produced in Cuba. No one has the money to grow decent crops.

Q: What are the three most important English phrases to know?

A: "How are you?", "What time is it?" and "Where's the rest room?"

Q: What's the most romantic rum drink?

A: A piña colada.

Q: Why is it that Cuban cigars are so revered?

A: Good question. I'll have to ask Dennis Rodman next time I see him.

Q: Are you hot-blooded?

A: No, I'm just happy. I'm proud of myself and what I've accomplished. It's been my dream to come to America, and this is where I'm going to stay.

"I'm very happy to be living and working in the United States. I want everyone in the world to know my name," explains Maria, who came to America from Cuba in 1996.

"Posing like this is just not done in Cuba," Moria says. "It's such a repressive culture. Nude pictures are not allowed. When I called a friend there and tald her I was doing this, she said, 'Girl, yau're crazy!' But I live here naw. I dan't care what anyane in Cuba says."

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Maria Luisa Gil

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 12-16-77 BIRTHPLACE: Cuba

AMBITIONS: To become a world-famous model and actress.

TURN-ONS: Older men, salsa and merengue music, eye contact, piña coladas.

TURNOFFS: Rude people, dirty clothes. possessive guys.

YOU CAN WIN ME OVER WITH: A dinner you made, candles, fine wine & classical music.

I FEEL SEXY WHEN: I wear short skirts with thigh-high stockings & boots.

MY IDEA OF FUN: Going shopping by day, dancing with friends by night.

LATIN GIRLS: Know how to party!

FAVORITE MOVIE: Scarface.

14 years old in Cuba

15 years old with my best friend

18 years old at the Hemingway Hotel

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

At the height of happy hour, a man stood up and shouted, "All lawyers are assholes!"

"Hey! I resent that!" a guy at the end of the bar hollered back.

"Why?" the first man asked. "Are you a lawyer?"

"No! I'm an asshole."

T-shirt seen at a bar on Martha's Vineyard: "I blew the president and all I got was this stupid T-shirt."

A businessman came home hoping to unwind after a rough day at work. Following a relaxing dinner and a few glasses of wine, the man and his wife retired to separate beds—but the husband wasn't ready to sleep. He called over to his wife, "My little boopey-boo, I'm lonely."

The woman got out of bed and started to cross the room but tripped on the carpet and fell. "Oh," the husband asked with concern, "did my little honey-bunny fall on her little nosey-wosey?"

She shook her head, got up and climbed into his bed where the two enjoyed a passionate hour of lovemaking. When they were finished, the woman got up to return to her bed, but once again caught her foot on the carpet and fell.

The man raised his head from the pillow. "Clumsy bitch," he muttered.

Sign seen in a veterinarian's waiting room: BE BACK IN FIVE MINUTES. SIT. STAY!

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned," the young woman said.

"Confess your sins and be forgiven," the priest murmured.

"Last night my boyfriend made passionate love to me seven times."

The priest considered for a moment. "Go home and suck the juice from seven lemons," he said.

"Will that cleanse me of my sins?"

"No," the cleric replied, "but it'll wipe that smile off your face."

What's the definition of dumb? A guy who rolls up his sleeve when a girl says she wants to feel his muscle.

Three friends—a dentist, a lawyer and a banker—sat down in a gentlemen's club. When a dancer came over to their table, the dentist pulled out a $10 bill, licked it and stuck it on her behind.

Not to be outdone, the lawyer pulled out a $50 bill, licked it and stuck it next to the ten.

The banker thought for a minute, took out his ATM card, swiped it down her crack, grabbed the 60 bucks and went home.

A man had been drinking at the bar for hours when he mentioned something about his girlfriend being out in the car. The bartender, concerned because it was so cold, went to check on her. When he looked inside the car, he saw the man's buddy, Pete, and his girl going at it in the backseat. The bartender shook his head and walked back inside. He told the drunk that he thought it might be a good idea to check on his girlfriend.

The fellow staggered outside to the car, saw his buddy and his girlfriend entwined, then walked back into the bar laughing.

"What's so funny?" the bartender asked.

"That damned Pete!" the fellow chortled. "He's so drunk, he thinks he's me!"

Why do they paint a yellow line down the middle of the corridors in federal buildings? So the employees coming in late don't bump into those leaving early.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A linguistics professor was lecturing his class. "In English," he explained, "a double negative forms a positive. In some languages, such as Russian, a double negative is still a negative. However," the professor continued, "there is no language wherein a double positive can form a negative."

A voice from the back of the room piped up. "Yeah, right."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"Now remember, hon . . . you gotta promise this tape won't ever show up for sale on the Internet."

THE RECORDABLE PORTABLE WITH SLAM-DUNK DIGITAL SOUND

Shaq's Tracks

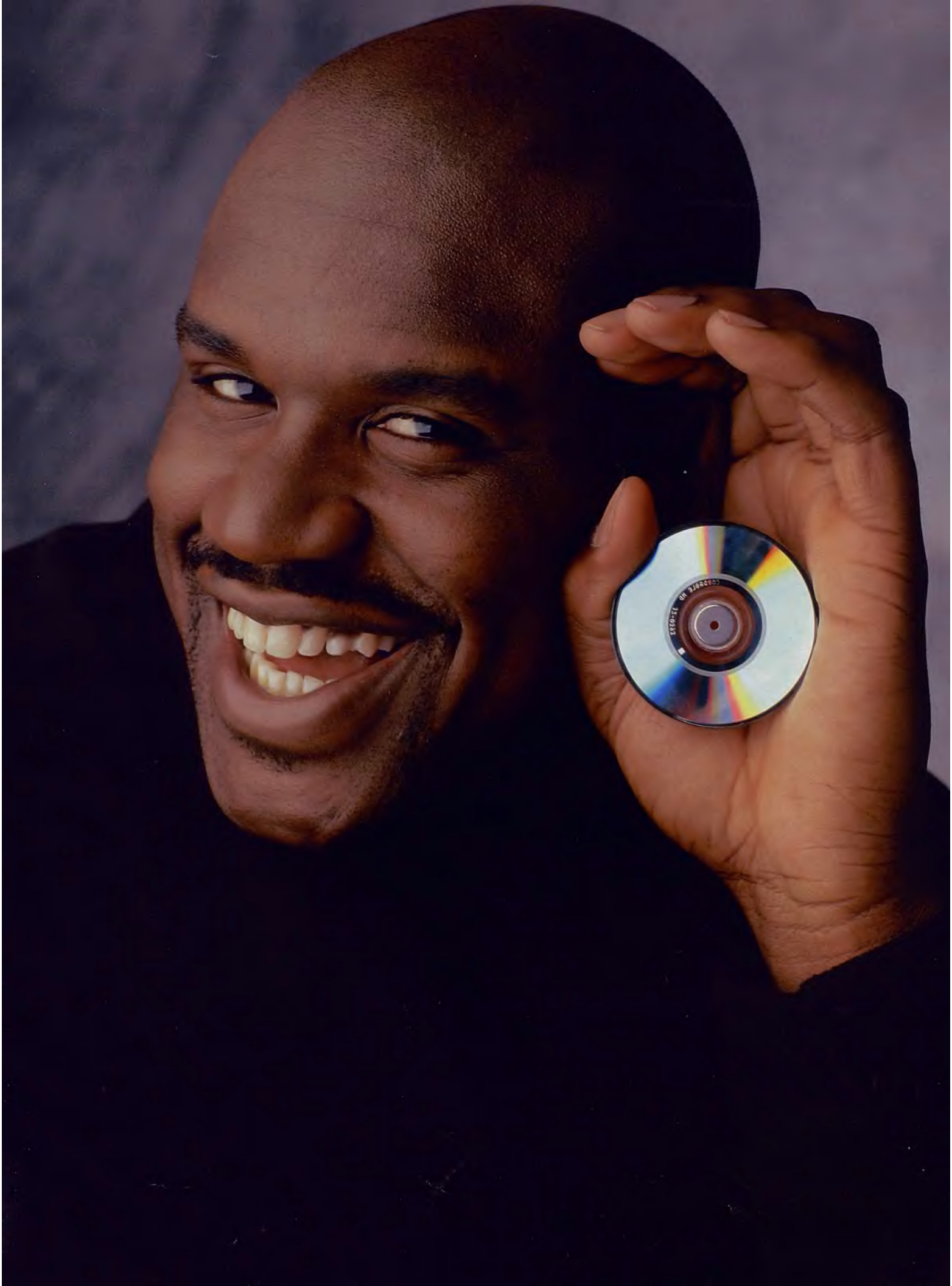
ELECTRONICS BY

BETH TOMKIW

You probably know plenty about Shaquille O'Neal. He's an NBA superstar, a rapper with three CDs to his name, a big-screen action hero and Pepsi's favorite pitchman. But did you know that Shaq is also wired? We mean way wired—and these days he's especially hip to the minidisc, a small recordable CD housed in a plastic, floppy disk–type casing. "MDs are perfect for recording your own music," Shaq says. "And since they're so little, they're easy to carry around and store." Popular in Japan and Europe, the five-year-old minidisc has yet to make its mark Stateside. Our theory on this slow progress? Most Americans don't have a clue about the MD and its slick features. So here's the straight dope: First, the minidisc is not a replacement for the CD. Its palm-size proportions, sturdy design and recordability make it a successor to the analog cassette. As Shaq points out, "the MD is digital, so the sound quality is virtually identical to a CD's." That means you can record a mix of songs by your favorite artists onto an MD and it will sound nearly perfect, with none of the hiss or noise common on tape recordings. As an additional bonus, you can plug the names of the songs you're recording (and the artists) into the MD unit, and they will appear on the gear's liquid crystal display during playback. You can then take your compilation disc with you in the car (there are in-dash minidisc changers), to the gym (portable units are small enough to fit into the pocket of your T-shirt) or to a friend's place to play on his or her home deck or MD compact stereo. And minidiscs don't scratch easily. The format's hard plastic shell (pictured below with the Sony portable) is designed to take a Greg Ostertag–style beating. Best of all, prices for MD gear have dropped big time. Portable units that once cost upwards of $500 now sell for about $250. Sony and Sharp also sell minidisc "bundles" that combine both home and to-go gear, along with a couple of blank minidiscs, for about $550. The blank discs cost about $7 each (for 74 minutes) and can be recorded over with no loss in sound quality. Other cool MD machine features include: microphone jacks on portable units, computer connections (for recording tunes by obscure bands off the Internet) and shock memory systems (which let the beat go on even when you happen to hit a pothole).

Left to right: Sharp's MD-X8 minisystem has a three-disc CD changer, an AM-FM tuner with 40 station presets, a minidisc player and recorder and a futuristic remote control (about $750). With an optional adapter kit ($250) you can also download audio off the Internet. Kenwood's 1050MD is a minidisc home deck with drive technology that reduces digital distortion during recordings ($400). Fisher's slick PH-MD3100 boom box is a combination AM-FM tuner, CD player, cassette deck and MD player and recorder ($500). Sony's top-loading MZ-EP11 pocket-size portable MD player gets five hours of playback with one AA battery ($250).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARC HAUSER



 (continued from page 92)

Steinem's Bunny costume was troublesome. The satin had to be taken in two inches for a proper fit.

walked. The Playboy Club was the place for magic."

Hugh Hefner was a master of participation mystique. In 1960 he offered a new diversion from the worries of the Atomic Age. PLAYBOY had sparked a male rebellion in the Fifties, redefining bachelorhood, offering urbanity in place of the macho posturing of the postwar era. It reached a million readers a month. The magazine was a wish book for the urban male, as popular in its way as the Sears, Roebuck catalog had been in rural America at the turn of the century. Hefner had created a fantasy, and now he moved to make that fantasy real—for himself and for his readers.

On February 29, 1960 he opened the first Playboy Club, in Chicago, and created what would become the first sex star of the Sixties. The Playboy Bunny was admittedly a most unlikely candidate in her satin costume, ears and cotton tail, but she would become world famous.

Variety called the Playboy Clubs "a Disneyland for adults." Within two years there were 300,000 keyholders, by the end of the decade almost one million. Playboy Clubs spread across America and abroad. *Time* complained that the clubs were "brothels without a second story." These descriptions were not inaccurate. The clubs recalled the private speakeasies of the Roaring Twenties, and even earlier versions of a male world. Like the Everleigh Club in Chicago, the Haymarket in New York or Storyville in New Orleans, Playboy Clubs presented an intoxicating mix of food and alcohol, music and other entertainment in a sophisticated, sexually charged atmosphere.

Hefner had re-created that world and rendered it squeaky clean. The clubs and the magazine celebrated the erotic without a hint of the tawdry. Generations of Americans may have associated sex with sin, but the Bunnies, like their Centerfold counterparts, were nice girls. As Hefner pointed out to the editors of *Time*, the "Look But Don't Touch" rule was strictly enforced. If the editors of *Time* wanted more, that was their problem.

In a way, the Playboy Clubs marked the end of an era, a time of sexual innocence that would soon be gone. Hefner said that he envisioned the Bunny as a "waitress elevated to the level of a Ziegfeld Follies Girl." Florenz Ziegfeld hadn't felt obliged to make the Ziegfeld Girls available to the customers during intermission, he said.

But the Bunnies were controversial just the same, requiring litigation in both Chicago and New York to acquire and retain licenses. Beauty, it was said, was in the eye of the keyholder.

Like everything associated with PLAYBOY, the clubs were politically controversial as well. The Playboy Clubs were integrated in Miami and New Orleans when Southern states were still opposed to integration. And the clubs became a launching pad for black comedians who had never worked in white establishments before. Dick Gregory got his start making racial equality the topic of his humor by telling keyholders, "I sat at a lunch counter nine months. When they finally integrated, they didn't have what I wanted."

The Playboy Clubs also helped launch the career of budding journalist and future feminist Gloria Steinem, who went underground as a Playboy Bunny at the New York Club in 1963. Her first impression of the club was unexpectedly favorable: "The total effect is cheerful and startling," she said.

Steinem announced that the costume was troublesome. The satin had to be taken in two inches for a proper fit. The built-in bras came in just two sizes: 34D and 36D. She kept a list of unofficial bosom stuffers: "Kleenex, plastic dry cleaners' bags, absorbent cotton, cut-up Bunny tails, foam rubber, lamb's wool, Kotex halves, silk scarves and gym socks."

Later she would complain that two weeks as a Bunny had left her feet "permanently enlarged by a half size by the very high heels and long hours of walking with heavy trays." If Prince Charming arrived with the glass slipper, would it still fit?

Steinem concluded in the end: "All women are Bunnies."

MR. PLAYBOY

In 1960 Hugh Hefner came out from behind the desk and started living the life his magazine promoted. In addition to opening the first Playboy Club, he moved into a 70-room mansion on Chicago's Gold Coast and began hosting a syndicated television show titled *Playboy's Penthouse*. It was a black-tie party featuring Centerfolds and celebrities such as Lenny Bruce, Ella Fitzgerald, Tony Bennett, Sammy Davis Jr., Ray Charles, Sarah Vaughan, Dizzy Gillespie, Count Basie and Duke Ellington. The interracial nature of this social gathering assured no syndication in the South.

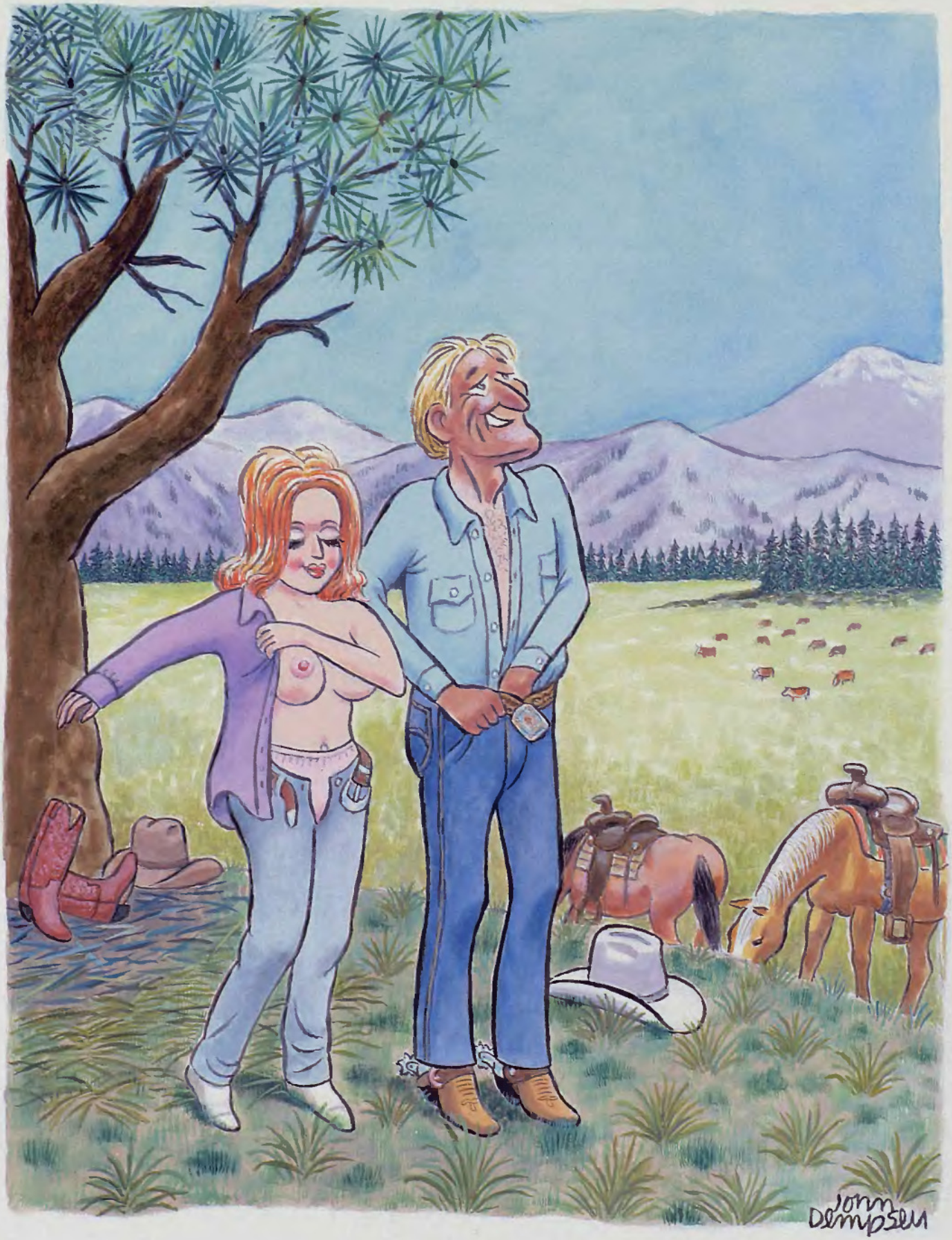
The party format was a reflection of the real party that was going on at the Playboy Mansion. The brass plaque on the door announced: SI NON OSCILLAS NOLI TINTINNARE (If you don't swing, don't ring). All America knew about the round-the-clock revelry, the indoor pool, the underwater bar, the woo grotto, the Bunnies and Playmates in residence and—at the center of it all—the round, rotating, vibrating bed. One writer described Hef in literary terms as a latter-day Gatsby who had assembled all the props—the never-ending parties, the red velvet jacket, the pipe, the white Mercedes 300SL convertible, the incredible *Big Bunny* jet. Hef was living out a bachelor's version of the American Dream.

Although we didn't know it at the time, JFK was having similar parties in the pool at the White House. He swung with Sinatra and his Rat Pack pals in Vegas and had an affair with Marilyn Monroe. When Marilyn sang "Happy Birthday, Mr. President," wearing a dress that hardly covered the essentials, it seemed appropriate that a Hollywood sex star pay homage to the Washington icon. Kennedy, it was said, would do for sex what Eisenhower had done for golf.

Perhaps we should have suspected. Kennedy, after all, was a James Bond fan, and Agent 007 was the quintessential bachelor. Ian Fleming's hero was an ongoing part of PLAYBOY in the Sixties. Bond is a PLAYBOY reader, Fleming said, and in the film version of *Diamonds Are Forever*, he was also a member of the London Playboy Club.

James Bond—and the superspy phenomenon he inspired—was clearly a part of the Sixties PLAYBOY mystique, with its emphasis on gadgetry and girls. (The license to kill was strictly Fleming's invention.) Dean Martin's Matt Helm actually used working for a fictional version of PLAYBOY as his cover and cavorted in a rotating round bed with Slaymates.

If we were going to save the world, we would do so stylishly, with the right wine and appropriate company. There would always be time for one last fling before getting back to business. Fancy fucking would win the Cold War. America's fascination with superspy spoofery was a sign the Cold War was no longer producing the paranoia of previous decades. The Red Menace was still there—but films such as *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* ridiculed



"I love my home on the range, where seldom is heard a discouraging word."

the military, with its Puritan zeal to preserve precious bodily fluids.

The last thing Hefner cared about was preserving precious bodily fluids.

THE MAGAZINE

At the start of the decade PLAYBOY had been a literary magazine with a Centerfold, devoted to satire, science fiction and the art of seduction. In the Sixties it added a social consciousness. The magazine took controversial and frequently unpopular positions on sex, drugs, race, religion and the war. PLAYBOY actively campaigned against involvement in Vietnam, but supported the servicemen who were sent there. *The Washington Post* reported that PLAYBOY played the same part in Vietnam that *The Stars and Stripes* had played during World War Two. The men in Vietnam turned their rec rooms into Playboy Clubs and painted the Rabbit Head logo on jeeps and helicopters. The troops papered the walls of hutches with Centerfolds. Thousands of miles away from home, they still had the girl next door. No one knew what they were fighting for, but the Playboy Playmate represented what they hoped to find on their return.

It was said that you could tell when a particular battalion had arrived in Nam by the month of the first Centerfold hanging on the wall.

Hef had created PLAYBOY for the young urban male of his generation, but no one, not even Hefner, was prepared for what happened when the Baby Boomers came of age and began to buy the magazine. Circulation climbed from one million a month in 1960 to nearly six million at the end of the decade. One out of every four college men purchased the magazine every month—and the rest were presumably reading a classmate's copy. More than in any other medium, the Sixties happened in the pages of PLAYBOY.

THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

In 1962 Hefner sat down to write what he immodestly referred to as "the Emancipation Proclamation of the sexual revolution." He called it simply *The Playboy Philosophy*, and in it the editor-publisher spelled out—"for friends and critics alike—our guiding principles and editorial credo."

Having led men out of bondage in the Fifties, Hefner was ready to address some of the more serious questions related to sexual repression. He returned to the topics he had dealt with in 1950 in a college paper on irrational sex laws. It was a personal response to the hurt and hypocrisy of our Puritan heritage.

The *Philosophy* was a 25-part teach-in on sex, a consciousness-raising session that defined freedom in terms of the individual. Hefner believed that "man's personal self-interest is natural and good," that "morality should be based upon reason," that "the purpose in man's life should be found in the full living of life itself and the individual pursuit of happiness."

He attacked "the utter lack of justification in the State's making unlawful certain private acts performed by two consenting adults" and said flatly, "There can be no possible justification for religion's using the State to coercively control the sexual conduct of the members of a free society.

"If a man has a right to find God in his own way," he wrote, "he has a right to go to the Devil in his own way also."

If we were not free in our minds and our bodies, we were not free.

Critics claimed that PLAYBOY had become a bible for young men and warned that "*The Playboy Philosophy* has become a substitute religion." Benjamin DeMott, a professor of English at Amherst, charged in an article called "The Anatomy of PLAYBOY" that the magazine presented "the whole man reduced to his private parts."

Harvard theologian Harvey Cox attacked PLAYBOY for being "basically antisexual." He declared that the magazine emphasized "recreational sex," and claimed that girls are just another "PLAYBOY accessory."

But Hefner was espousing a new sexual ethic, one based on an acceptance of the sexual nature of man. Sex was neither sacred nor profane, he said. He attempted to separate sex from its traditional associations with "sickness, sin and sensationalism."

He argued that society's sexual dialogue had come to resemble George Orwell's Newspeak. Goodsex was chastity. Sexcrime was any form of sex outside of marriage. Hefner argued that some sex outside marriage was moral, and that some sex inside marriage was clearly immoral. He railed against early marriage, decrying the church–state licensing of sex.

More than by anything else, Hefner was frustrated by the hypocrisy of the past, by the lies and failures of an older generation that thought "sex is best hidden away somewhere, and the less said about it the better."

"The sexual activity that we pompously preach about and protest against in public," he wrote, "we enthusiastically practice in private. We lie to one another about sex; we lie to our children about sex; and many of us undoubtedly lie to ourselves about sex. But we cannot forever escape the reality that a sexually hypocritical society is an unhealthy society that produces more than its share of perversion, neurosis, psychosis, unsuccessful marriage, divorce and suicide."

Sex, he wrote, "is often a profound emotional experience. No dearer, more intimate, more personal act is possible between two human beings. Sex is, at its best, an expression of love and adoration. But this is not to say that sex is or should be limited to love alone. Sex exists with and without love—and in both forms it does far more good than harm. The attempts at its suppression, however, are almost universally harmful."

Sex was sex. More often than not it was fun. What a concept.

THE NEW MORALITY

The quest for a new sexual ethic ricocheted throughout the culture. A college professor in North Carolina taught a course in philosophy that ranged from "Socrates to Hefner." Presbyterian minister Gordon Clanton stated the challenge posed to the church: "The church of Jesus Christ stands at the threshold of total irrelevance vis-à-vis one of man's most pressing concerns—his sexuality and the religious and societal demands associated with it. Although our people live in the age of Kinsey, Hefner and Enovid, the church and its spokesmen continue the futile attempt to extrapolate a full understanding of sex from the thought of Moses, Augustine and Calvin."

Everyone tried to play catch-up. Father Richard McCormick, in an article on the new sexual morality in *The Catholic World*, wrote that the church's greatest challenge lay in "[PLAYBOY's] ultimate formula for significance: Sex equals fun. Mr. Hefner is making a tremendous effort to be taken seriously, and it is a measure of our confusion that he is partially succeeding."

Time magazine claimed that the new sexual morality could be reduced to one sentence from Ernest Hemingway: "What is moral is what you feel good after, and what is immoral is what you feel bad after."

In an article called "The Second Sexual Revolution," *Time* paraded the new crop of moral experts. State University of Iowa sociologist Ira Reiss described "permissiveness with affection." Boiled down, his theory was: "(1) Morals are a private affair. (2) Being in love justifies premarital sex and, by implication, extramarital sex. (3) Nothing really is wrong as long as nobody else gets hurt."

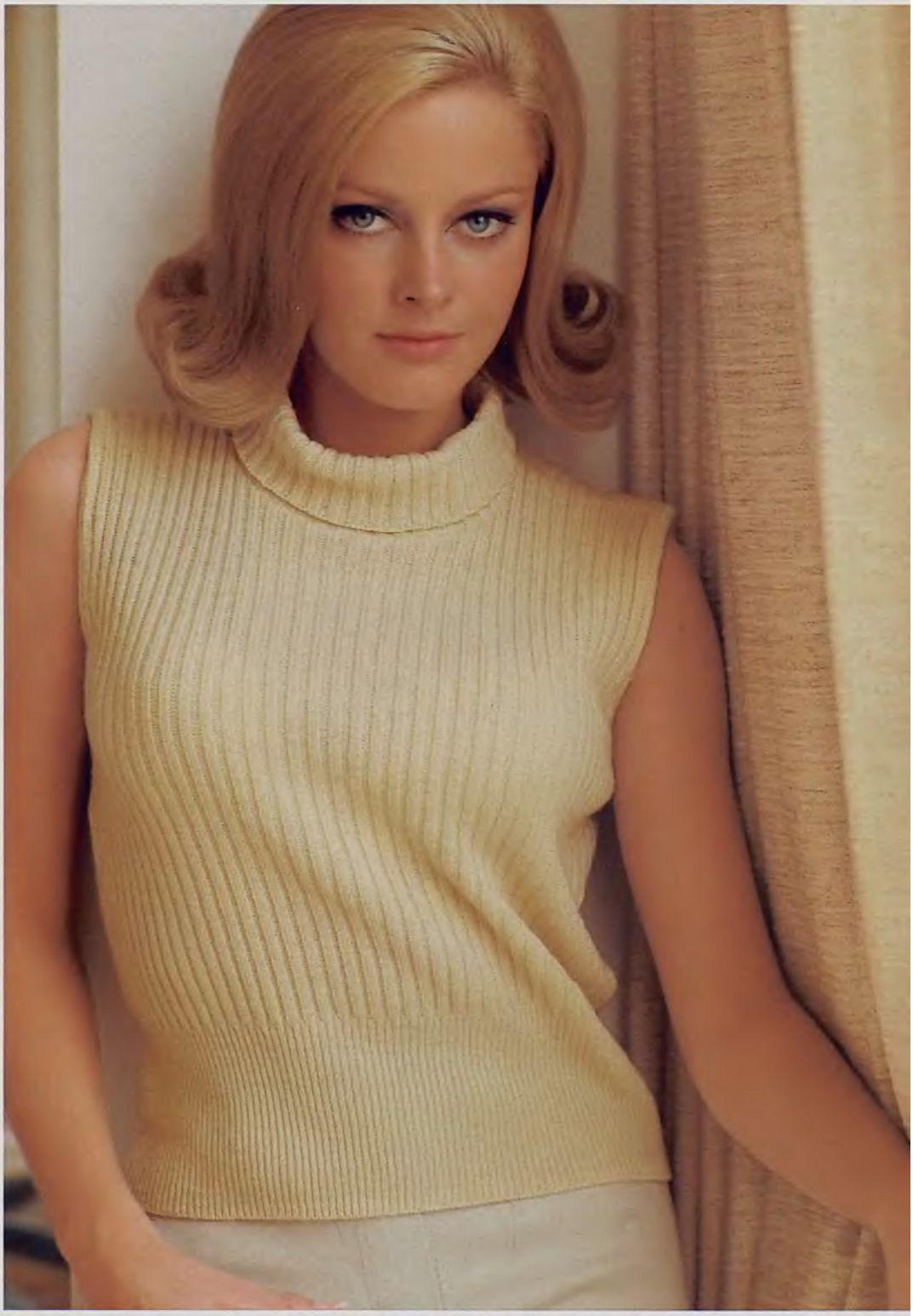
Lester Kirkendall, author of *Premarital Intercourse and Interpersonal Relationships*, offered this: "The moral decision will be the one which works toward the creation of trust, confidence and integrity in relationships." Teachers

(continued on page 146)

PLAYMATE REVISITED: *Anne Randall*

the woman who invented blonde ambition

"It's nice to have pictures of yourself looking so cute," Anne soys of her May 1967 Playmate photos (top and right) and the smoking cover she appeared on in November 1973 (above).



AS 22-YEAR-OLD Miss May 1967, California girl Anne Randall's goal was to be an actor. "Been there, done that," Anne says today of her showbiz career, which included roles in commercials, movies and the TV shows *Love, American Style* and *Hee Haw*. Now retired in Arizona with her husband of 31 years, actor and singer Dick Stewart, Anne fills her days with tennis, photography and swimming. "My greatest accomplishment in life so far," she reveals, "has been learning how to weld furniture. No one believed I could do it. I'm so proud." She also hopes to live to be 100. We have a feeling she will.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

"Hef taught me that having fun is the most important thing in life," says Anne (in a recent picture with Hugh Hefner and husband Dick Stewart). "Dick and I see our marriage as a date that never ends. We're passionate and romantic. We go back to the Mansion as often as possible. It's the center of our social life."

The Notebooks of Don Rigoberto

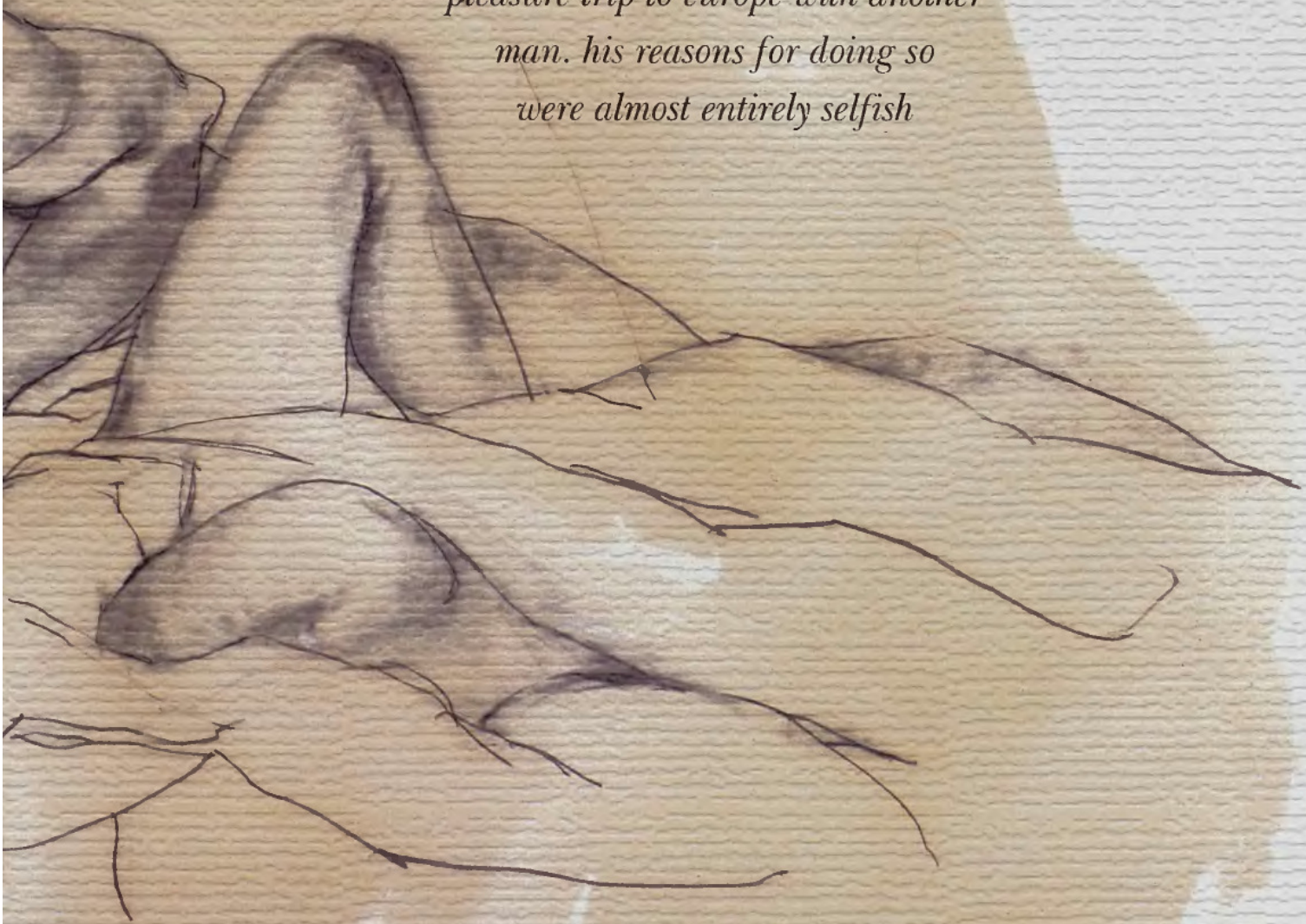
IN THE SOLITUDE of his study, awake in the cold dawn, Don Rigoberto repeated from memory a phrase of Borges: "Adultery is usually made up of tenderness and abnegation." The letter to his wife lay before him.

Dear Lucrecia:

Reading these lines will bring you the surprise of your life, and perhaps you will despise me. But it doesn't matter. Even if there were only one chance that you would accept my offer against a million that you would reject it, I would take the plunge. I will summarize what would require hours of conversation, accompanied by vocal inflections and persuasive gestures.

I have decided that during the week between my departure from Boston and my arrival in Oxford, Mississippi to take up a new post, I will spend $100,000 on a vacation. If my plans materialize, as I hope they do, this week will be something quite out of the ordinary. Not the conventional (continued on page 120)

he asked his wife to go on a pleasure trip to europe with another man. his reasons for doing so were almost entirely selfish



Fiction By Mario Vargas Llosa

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS

20 QUESTIONS

YASIR ARAFAT

the leader of the plo on assassination attempts, keeping peace and life without his daughter

Journalist Morgan Strong first went to speak with Yasir Arafat for a "Playboy Interview" in the September 1988 issue. He met with Arafat in Tunisia and then in Baghdad, after spending six months following the elusive leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization through various exotic ports of call.

Arafat was always on the move then, with reason. He and his troops had been forced to abandon their base in Lebanon after the Israeli invasion.

Strong and Arafat eventually met in Arafat's Tunis headquarters in late 1987. He was perhaps the world's most notorious outlaw at that time.

Now Arafat is a Nobel Peace Prize laureate and has been a guest at the White House. The signing of the Peace Accords on the White House lawn in 1993 was a historic event.

Strong reports: "Arafat's aides tell me that in some small measure PLAYBOY *was responsible for the accords. They insist that the breakthrough 'Playboy Interview' with the 'Old Man,' as he is referred to by his cohorts, caught the attention of the Reagan administration and led to the beginning of talks between the PLO and the American government in Tunisia.*

"It caught Israel's attention as well. The entire interview was reprinted in 'Ha'aretz,' Israel's leading newspaper, and caused enormous—and positive—public reaction.

"Arafat has endured and may finally triumph. After decades of terror and counterterror, there appears to be a glimmer of hope, despite the fact that Israeli and Palestinian extremists have tried desperately to derail the peace process.

"In many ways the current peace has become more trying than the years of war, and desperation is evident in Arafat's demeanor. Once a vigorous and tireless man, he now seems drained and exhausted.

"Arafat faces deliberate resistance to the peace process and has an exasperating opponent in Benjamin Netanyahu, as well as in Netanyahu's cabinet member Ariel Sharon, who tried to kill Arafat."

1.

PLAYBOY: The last time that we spoke at length was in Baghdad nearly a decade ago. Has a lot changed in the Middle East since then?

ARAFAT: No, not really, just that we're meeting in Jericho now. [*Laughs*]

2.

PLAYBOY: But you've won a Nobel Prize and are closer to the realization of your dream of a Palestinian state. You once told us you would never see that come to pass.

ARAFAT: I meant I personally might never see it.

3.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

ARAFAT: You know they have tried to kill me. Thirteen times at least. Ariel Sharon tried to kill me.

4.

PLAYBOY: Why would they want to assassinate you now?

ARAFAT: To stop the peace process. That's why they killed my partner Yitzhak Rabin.

5.

PLAYBOY: But you sit at the same negotiating table now with Ariel Sharon.

ARAFAT: Yes, but we are separated by a table. [*Laughs*] I don't talk to him. I have never talked to him.

6.

PLAYBOY: Do you still have hope for the peace process?

ARAFAT: Yes, I have hope. I think there will someday be a Palestinian state. But Netanyahu is destroying the peace process. I was not expecting an Israeli government that would destroy the peace process. And I am not the only one saying this. The Americans say it, the European Union says it, the Egyptians say it, the Jordanians say it.

7.

PLAYBOY: The Israeli government says that you are not living up to your end of the deal.

ARAFAT: That's not true. I am not responding to those charges. We are meeting our obligations, but the Israelis always demand more. Let them live up to their promises and to their obligations.

8.

PLAYBOY: Has Clinton been helpful in the process? Do you think he's sincere?

ARAFAT: Yes. He has taken some big steps. He's trying. Netanyahu met with Clinton's opposition when we visited Washington. Can you imagine that?

9.

PLAYBOY: What are the consequences of failure?

ARAFAT: If we made peace, it would change the world. And the Israelis are already losing the chance.

10.

PLAYBOY: What, specifically, do you mean?

ARAFAT: All the doors were opened for Israel when we signed the peace agreement. China, Indonesia, Russia, the former Communist countries—all those from which Israel had been barred—opened their doors.

11.

PLAYBOY: And now?

ARAFAT: The world is closing to Israel because Netanyahu opposes the peace process.

12.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that you are doing more for Israel than it is doing for you?

ARAFAT: No. I'm not doing it just for Israel. I'm doing it for the people of the Middle East. Including Israel. I want to make a new Middle East.

13.

PLAYBOY: What does Israel stand to gain from Netanyahu's obstinacy? Does he know the consequences?

ARAFAT: Nothing. Certainly he knows. The majority of the people of Israel know that what he's doing is wrong. And the majority of the people of Israel understand this.

14.

PLAYBOY: On the positive side, you are now the president of the Palestinian National Authority and you have won the Nobel Prize. Years ago you were considered an outlaw.

ARAFAT: I was only thought of as an outlaw by some. Most of the world did not regard me as an outlaw.

15.

PLAYBOY: So the world can change its mind?

ARAFAT: Yes. Look at Nelson Mandela of South Africa. He was imprisoned and called a *(concluded on page 146)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES M. KELLY/© 1996 GLOBE PHOTOS INC.

Don Rigoberto (continued from page 117)

"I beg you to go," he insisted, his lips on his wife's fingers. "Unless the idea displeases you."

Caribbean cruise nor beaches with palm trees and surfers in Hawaii. Something very personal, and unrepeatable: the realization of an old dream. This is where you come in, right through the front door. I know you are married to an honorable Limeño, an insurance executive. I am married too, a physician from Boston, and I am happy to the modest extent that marriage allows. I am not proposing that you divorce and take up a new life, not at all. Only that you share with me this ideal week, cherished in my mind for so many years, which circumstances now permit me to turn into reality. You will not regret sharing these seven days of illusion with me, days you will remember fondly for the rest of your life. I promise.

We will meet on Saturday the 17th at Kennedy Airport in New York, where you will arrive from Lima on Lufthansa, and I will fly in from Boston. A limousine will take us to a suite at the Plaza Hotel, which I have already reserved, along with the flowers I have selected to perfume it. You will have time to rest, have your hair done, take a sauna or go shopping on Fifth Avenue, which is literally at your feet. That night we have tickets to the Metropolitan Opera to see Puccini's "Tosca," with Luciano Pavarotti. We will dine at Le Cirque, where, with luck, you may rub elbows with Mick Jagger, Henry Kissinger or Sharon Stone. We will end the evening at the glamorous and exciting Regine's.

The Concorde to Paris leaves at noon on Sunday, so there will be no need for us to rise too early. The flight takes less than three and a half hours, and after we have registered at the Ritz (a view of the Place Vendôme guaranteed), there will be time for a stroll along the bridges over the Seine, to enjoy the mild evening of early autumn.

The next morning we will visit the Louvre to pay our respects to "La Gioconda," and have a light lunch at La Closerie des Lilas or La Coupole. In the afternoon we will dip into the avant-garde at the Centre Pompidou and make a quick visit to the Marais, famous for its 18th century palaces. We will have tea at La Marquise de Sévigné before returning to the hotel for a refreshing shower. Our program that night is completely frivolous: an aperitif at the Ritz, supper amid the modernist decor of Maxim's, and, to round off the festivities, a visit to that cathedral of striptease, the Crazy Horse Saloon, with its brand-new revue.

The Orient Express to Venice leaves on Wednesday at noon, from the Gare de L'Est. We will spend that day and night traveling and resting—according to those who have experienced this railway adventure, passing through the landscapes of France, Switzerland, Austria and Italy in those belle epoque compartments is relaxing and instructive.

Our suite at the Hotel Cipriani, on the island of Giudecca, has a view of the Grand Canal, the Piazza San Marco and the swelling Byzantine towers of its church. I have hired a gondola and the man considered by the agency to be the best-informed (and only good-natured) guide in the lacustrine city.

On the seventh day, we will have to rise early. The plane to Paris leaves at ten, connecting with the Concorde to New York. As we fly over the Atlantic, we will sort through the images and sensations stored in our memories, selecting those that deserve to endure.

We will say goodbye at Kennedy Airport (your flight to Lima and mine to Boston leave at almost the same time), no doubt never to see each other again. I do not think our paths will cross another time.

Will you come? Your ticket is waiting for you in the offices of Lufthansa in Lima. You don't need to send me an answer. On Saturday the 17th I will be at the appointed place. Your presence or absence will be your response. If you do not come, I will follow this itinerary alone, fantasizing that you are with me.

Need I point out that this is an invitation to honor me with your company and does not imply any obligation other than your presence? I am in no way asking you, during the days of our travels together—I can think of no other euphemism for this—to share my bed. The suites reserved in New York, Paris and Venice have separate bedrooms with doors under lock and key, and if your scruples demand it, I can add daggers, hatchets, revolvers and even bodyguards. But you know none of that will be necessary, and for the entire week this virtuous Modesto, this gentle Pluto, as they called me in the neighborhood, will be as respectful of you as I was years ago in Lima, when I tried to persuade you to marry me and barely had the courage to touch your hand in darkened movie theaters.

Until we meet at Kennedy, or goodbye forever, Lucre,

Modesto (Pluto)

Don Rigoberto felt assailed by the high temperature and tremors of tertian fever. How would Lucrecia respond? Would she indignantly reject this letter from Lazarus? Or would she succumb to frivolous temptation? In the milky light of dawn, it seemed to him that his notebooks were waiting for the denouement as impatiently as was his tormented spirit.

•

"My secretary called Lufthansa and, in fact, your paid passage is waiting there," said Don Rigoberto. "Round-trip. First class, of course."

"Was I right to show you the letter, my love?" asked Doña Lucrecia in great alarm. "You're not angry, are you? We promised never to hide anything from each other, and I thought I ought to show it to you."

"You did just the right thing, my queen," said Don Rigoberto, kissing his wife's hand. "I want you to go."

"You want me to go?" Doña Lucrecia smiled, looked somber, then smiled again. "Are you serious?"

"I beg you to go," he insisted, his lips on his wife's fingers. "Unless the idea displeases you. But why should it? Even though the plan is that of a rather vulgar nouveau riche, it has been worked out in a spirit of joy and with an irony not at all frequent in engineers. You will have a good time, my dear."

"I don't know what to say, Rigoberto," Doña Lucrecia stammered, making an effort not to blush. "It's very generous of you, but——"

"I'm asking you to accept for selfish reasons," her husband explained. "And you know that selfishness is a virtue in my philosophy. Your trip will be a great experience for me."

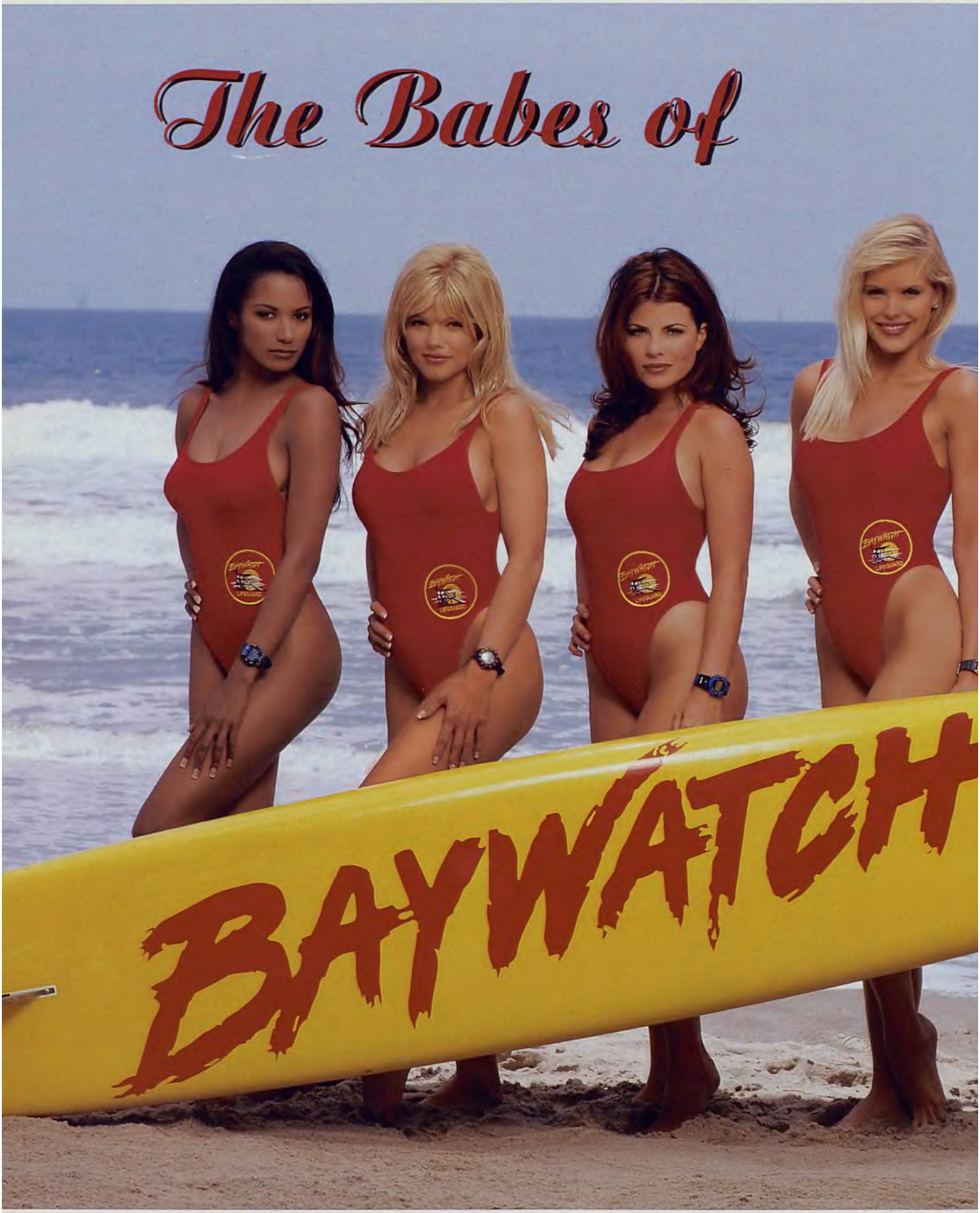
•

And so she did take the trip, and on the eighth day she returned to Lima. At Córpac she was met by her husband. During the ride home Don Rigoberto, to help her conceal her discomfort, asked endless questions about the weather, going through customs, changes in schedule, jet lag and fatigue, avoiding anything approaching sensitive material.

After supper, Don Rigoberto withdrew to the bathroom and took less time than usual with his ablutions. When he emerged, he found the bedroom in darkness, cut by indirect lighting that illuminated only the two engravings by Utamaro depicting the incompatible but orthodox matings of the same couple, the man endowed with a long, corkscrew member, the woman with a lilliputian sex organ, the two of them surrounded by kimonos billowing like storm clouds, paper lanterns, floor mats, low tables holding a porcelain tea service and, in the distance, bridges spanning a sinuous river. Doña Lucrecia lay beneath the sheets, not naked, he discovered when he slipped in beside her, but in a new nightgown—purchased and worn on her trip?—that allowed his hands the

(continued on page 134)

"This shot will give you some idea of the golfing potential of the island of Looa-Looa."


The Babes of
BAYWATCH

THEY'VE GOT THE WHOLE WORLD SEEING RED

SINCE IT DEBUTED in 1989, *Baywatch* has become the most-watched television show on earth, broadcast to 1 billion viewers each week in 141 countries and in 32 languages. In France it's dubbed *Alerte à Malibu*, and in China, *Soul of the Sea*. It's shown in Yemen, Sri Lanka and the Amazon basin, where locals crank up gas generators to watch it on portable TVs. Click on the *Baywatch* Web site (www.baywatchtv.com) and you'll see that *Baywatch* has inspired clothing merchandise, a line of women's footwear and a campus search for new talent. ("We are looking for people who embody a healthy mind and body with a love of the environment, a dedication to giving back to the community and the determination to succeed in all things.") In a section titled *Baywatch* *(text concluded on page 144)*

Many of *Baywatch*'s guest stars and regulars were discovered right out of the pages of PLAYBOY. Left to right: Traci Bingham, Donna D'Errico, Yasmine Bleeth, Gena Lee Nolin and Nancy Valen. After debuting in PLAYBOY as Miss February 1990, Pamela Anderson Lee (above) plunged into her *Baywatch* role as long-suffering Malibu lifeguard C.J. Parker. Ratings soared.

BAYWATCH

The original *Baywatch* cast (above) included Miss July 1989 Erika Eleniak. In her Playmate pictorial she spoke animatedly of the pilot about lifeguards she had just finished taping. Oppasite page: Julie McCullough, Miss February 1986, is one of many Playmates ta make a splash on *Baywatch*. Playmate af the Year 1994 Jenny McCarthy (left), whose ambition in 1993 was "to succeed in TV land," got the ball rolling by hosting Playboy TV's *Hot Rocks* and guest-starring on *Baywatch*. Singer-dancer Carmen Electra (belaw) fallawed Jenny in co-hosting the MTV dating show *Singled Out*. She naw saves lives on *Baywatch* as Lani McKensie.

BAYWATCH

Rhondo Rydell (for left) ployed o ropper in the show's seventh seoson. *Baywatch* guest stor Toi Collins (left) wos crowned Miss Virginio–U.S.A. in 1983 ond mode waves (ond o PLAYBOY pictoriol) in 1991 when she admitted to carrying on a love affoir with Senotor Chorles Robb of Virginio. Above ore former *Baywatch* belles Pomelo Anderson Lee, Alexondra Poul and Yosmine Bleeth. Before she hit the beoch os lifeguord Neely Copshaw, Geno Lee Nolin (below) was o showcose model on the doytime television classic *The Price Is Right*.

BAYWATCH

Miss July 1995 Heidi Mark (left) appeared in four *Baywatch* episodes. In one, she played a woman who would go topless to distract victims while her boyfriend robbed them. Above: Pamela Anderson Lee and Yasmine Bleeth. Miss March 1998 Marliece Andrada (below) guest-starred as a mermaid on *Baywatch* before becoming a regular cast member. "I dream all the time about being rescued," Marliece says. September 1995 Playmate Donna D'Errico (right) plays Donna Marco.

LIFEGUARD

Kelly Monoco (left), Miss April 1997, was o lifeguord in reol life before she lonaed her regulor gig on *Baywatch*. "Being oiled up in the sun oll doy wos o sexy experience," Kelly soys. Yosmine Bleeth (obove), otherwise known os lifeguard Coroline Holden, wos listed os one of *People's* 50 Most Beautiful People in 1995. Above right: Pomelo Anderson Lee, Yasmine Bleeth ond Alexondro Poul moke for powerful sizzle on the sond. Eriko Eleniok (right), Miss July 1989, hod her first on-screen smooch os Elliott's girlfriend in Steven Spielberg's *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*. Loter, Eriko ployed lifeguord Shouni McLoin on *Baywatch*, where she perfected the fine ort of mouth-to-mouth.

BAYWATCH

BAYWATCH

"My workday on *Baywatch* starts around four in the morning and goes until sundown," says Traci Bingham, who can be seen in action as lifeguard Jordan Tate and as the host of Playboy Home Video's *Babes of Baywatch* on tape and CD-ROM. "When it's time to unwind, I light candles, pour a glass of wine and listen to classical music." Before sporting the famous red swimsuit, Traci attended Harvard and appeared on such television shows as *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air*, *The Cosby Show*, *Cheers* and *Married With Children*. Her movie credits include *The Nutty Professor* and *The Firm*.

Don Rigoberto (continued from page 120)

"I'll tell you everything," Doña Lucrecia murmured. "Isn't that why you sent me?"

freedom to reach her most intimate corners. She turned onto her side, and he could slide his arm under her shoulders and feel her from head to foot. He did not crush her to him but kissed her, very tenderly, on the eyes and cheeks, taking his time to reach her mouth.

"Don't tell me anything you don't want to," he lied into her ear with a boyish coquetry that inflamed her impatience as his lips traced the curve of her ear. "Whatever you have a mind to. Or nothing at all, if you prefer."

"I'll tell you everything," Doña Lucrecia murmured, searching for his mouth. "Isn't that why you sent me?"

"That's one reason," Don Rigoberto agreed, kissing her on her neck, her hair, her forehead, returning again and again to her nose, cheeks and chin. "Did you enjoy yourself? Did you have a good time?"

"Whether it was good or bad will depend on what happens now between you and me," said Doña Lucrecia hurriedly, and Don Rigoberto felt his wife become tense for a moment. "Yes, I enjoyed myself. Yes, I had a good time. But I was afraid the whole time."

"Afraid I would be angry?" Now Don Rigoberto was kissing her firm breasts, millimeter by millimeter, and the tip of his tongue played with her nipples, feeling them harden. "That I would make a scene and be jealous?"

"That you would suffer," Doña Lucrecia murmured, embracing him.

She's beginning to perspire, Don Rigoberto observed to himself. He felt joy as he caressed her increasingly responsive body, and he had to bring his mind to bear to control the vertigo that was quickly overtaking him. He whispered into his wife's ear that he loved her more, much more, than before she took her trip.

Doña Lucrecia began to speak, pausing as she searched for the words—silences meant to conceal her awkwardness—but little by little, aroused by his caresses and amorous interruptions, she gained confidence. At last, Don Rigoberto realized she had recovered her natural fluency and could tell her story by assuming a feigned distance from the account, clinging to his body, her head resting on his shoulder. The couple's hands moved from time to time to take possession or verify the existence of a member, a muscle or a piece of skin.

"Seeing you arrive must have been like a gift from heaven for him."

"He turned so pale! I thought he was going to faint. He was waiting for me with a bouquet of flowers bigger than he was. The limousine was one of those silver-colored ones that gangsters have in movies. With a bar, a television, a stereo and—this will kill you—leopard-skin seat covers."

"Poor ecologists," Don Rigoberto responded with enthusiasm.

"I know that it's very parvenu," Modesto had apologized while the chauffeur, an extremely tall Afghan in a maroon uniform, arranged their luggage in the trunk. "But it was the most expensive one."

"He's able to laugh at himself," Don Rigoberto declared. "That's nice."

"On the ride to the Plaza he paid me a few compliments, blushing all the way to his ears," Doña Lucrecia continued. "He said I looked very young and even more beautiful than when he asked me to marry him."

"You are," Don Rigoberto interrupted, drinking in her breath. "More and more, every day, every hour."

"Not a single remark in bad taste, not a single offensive insinuation," she said. "He was so grateful to me for joining him that he made me feel like the Good Samaritan in the Bible."

"Do you know what he was wondering while he was being so gallant?"

"What?" Doña Lucrecia slipped her leg between her husband's legs.

"If he would see you naked that afternoon, in the Plaza, or if he would have to wait until that night, or even until Paris," Don Rigoberto explained.

"He didn't see me naked that afternoon, nor that night. Unless he peeked through the keyhole while I was bathing and dressing for the Metropolitan Opera. What he had written about separate rooms was true. Mine overlooked Central Park."

"But he must have at least held your hand at the opera, in the restaurant," Don Rigoberto complained, feeling disappointed. "With the help of a little champagne, he must have put his cheek to yours while you were dancing at Regine's. He must have kissed your neck, your ear."

Not at all. He had not tried to take her hand nor kiss her during that long night, though he did not spare the compliments, always at a respectful distance. He was very likable, in fact, mocking his own lack of experience ("I'm mortified, Lucre, but in six years of marriage I've never cheated on my wife"), admitting to her that this was the first time in his life he had attended the opera or set foot in Le Cirque and Regine's.

"To tell the truth, I've come out of vanity, Modesto. And curiosity too, of course. After ten years of our not seeing each other, of our not being in touch at all, is it possible you're still in love with me?"

"Love isn't the right word," he pointed out. "I'm in love with Dorothy, the gringa I married, who's very understanding and lets me sing in bed."

"For him you meant something more subtle," Don Rigoberto declared. "Unreality, illusion, the woman of his memory and desires. I want to worship you the same way, the way he does. Wait, wait."

He removed her tiny nightgown and then positioned her so that their skins would touch in more places. He reined in his desire and asked her to continue.

"We returned to the hotel just as I was beginning to yawn. He said goodnight at a distance from my door. He wished me pleasant dreams. He behaved so well, he was so much a gentleman, that the next morning I flirted with him just a little."

When she appeared for breakfast in the room that separated the two bedrooms, she was barefoot and wearing a short summer wrap that left her legs and thighs exposed. Modesto was waiting for her, shaved, showered and dressed. His mouth fell open.

"Did you sleep well?" he managed to articulate, slack-jawed, while pulling out a chair for her at the breakfast table that held fruit juice, toast and marmalade. "May I say that you look very attractive?"

"Stop," Don Rigoberto cut her off. "Let me kneel and kiss the legs that dazzled Pluto the dog."

•

On the way to the airport, and then as they ate lunch on the Air France Concorde, Modesto returned to the attitude of attentive adoration he had displayed on the first day. He reminded Lucrecia, in an undramatic way, of his decision to leave the School of Engineering when he became convinced she would not marry him; told of going to Boston to seek his fortune, of his early difficulties in that city of cold winters and dark-red Victorian mansions. His heart had been broken, but he was not complaining. He had achieved the security he needed, he got along well with his wife, and now that a new phase of his life was about to begin he was making his fantasy, the grown-up game that had been his refuge all these years,

"I knew we were lost, but you—you won't ask for directions!"

come true: his ideal week with Lucre, when he would pretend to be rich in New York, Paris and Venice. Now he could die happy.

"Are you really going to spend a quarter of your savings on this trip?"

"I would spend everything," he affirmed, looking into her eyes. "And not for the entire week. Just for having seen you at breakfast, just for seeing those legs, those arms, those shoulders. The most beautiful in the world, Lucre."

"What would he have said if he had seen your breasts and your sweet ass?" Don Rigoberto said, kissing her. "I love you. I adore you."

"This was when I decided that in Paris he would see the rest." Doña Lucrecia moved away slightly from her husband's kisses. "I made the decision when the pilot announced that we had broken the sound barrier."

"It was the least you could have done for so proper a gentleman," Don Rigoberto said, approvingly.

•

As soon as they were settled in their respective bedrooms—the view from Lucrecia's windows included the dark column on the Place Vendôme, so high she could not see the top, and the glittering display windows of the jewelry shops all around it—they went out for a stroll. Modesto had memorized the route and had calculated the time it would take. They passed through the Tuileries, crossed the Seine and walked toward St.-Germain along the quays on the Left Bank. They reached the abbey half an hour before the concert. It was a pale, mild afternoon—autumn had already turned the leaves on the chestnut trees—and from time to time the engineer would stop, guidebook and map in hand, to give Lucrecia a bit of historical, urbanistic, architectural or aesthetic information. On the uncomfortable little seats in a church filled to capacity for the concert, they had to sit very close together. Lucrecia enjoyed the lavish melancholy of Mozart's *Requiem*. Later, when they were seated at a small table on the first floor of Lipp's, she congratulated Modesto:

"I can't believe this is your first trip to Paris. You know streets, monuments, directions, as if you lived here."

"I've prepared for this trip as if it were the final exam for a degree, Lucre. I've consulted books, maps, travel agencies, and talked to travelers. I don't collect stamps, or raise dogs, or play golf. For years my only hobby has been preparing for this week."

"Was I always in it?"

"Another step along the road of flirtation," Don Rigoberto noted.

"Always you and only you," said Pluto, blushing. "New York, Paris, Venice, operas, restaurants, all the rest, were merely the background. The important thing, the central thing, was to be alone with you in those settings."

They returned to the Ritz in a taxicab, tired and a little tipsy from the champagne, the Burgundy and the cognac with which they had anticipated, accompanied and bid farewell to the *choucroute*. When they said goodnight, standing in the small room that divided their bedrooms, Doña Lucrecia, without the slightest hesitation, announced to Modesto:

"You're behaving so well that I want to play too. So I'm going to give you a present."

"Oh, really?" Pluto's voice broke. "What's that, Lucre?"

"My entire body," she sang out. "Come in when I call you. But just to look."

She did not hear Modesto's reply but was sure that in the darkened room, as he nodded, speechless, his joy knew no bounds. Not certain exactly what she would do, she undressed, hung up her clothes and, in the bathroom, unpinned her hair ("The way I like it, my love?" "Exactly the same, Rigoberto."). She walked back into the room, turned out all the lights except the one on the night table, and moved the lamp so that its illumination, softened by a satin shade, fell on the sheets that the chambermaid had turned down for the night. She lay on her back, turned slightly to the side in a languid, uninhibited pose, and settled her head on the pillow.

"Whenever you're ready."

She closed her eyes so as not to see him come in, thought Don Rigoberto, moved by that touch of modesty. With absolute clarity he could see in the blue-tinged light, from the perspective of the hesitant, yearning engineer who had just crossed the threshold, the shapely body that, without reaching Rubenesque excesses, emulated the virginal opulence of Murillo as she lay on her back, one knee slightly forward to hide the pubis, the other presented openly, the full curves of her hips stabilizing the volume of golden flesh in the center of the bed. Though he had contemplated, studied, caressed and enjoyed that body so many times, through another man's eyes he seemed to see it for the first time. For a long while—his breathing agitated, his phallus stiff—he admired it.

Reading his mind, not saying a word to break the silence, from time to time Lucrecia moved in slow motion with the abandon of one who thinks she is safe from indiscreet eyes, and displayed to the respectful Modesto, frozen two paces from the bed, her flanks and back, her buttocks and breasts, her hair-free underarms and the little forest of her pubis. At last she began to open her legs, revealing her inner thighs and the half-moon of her sex. "In the pose of the anonymous model of *L'origine du monde*, by Gustave Courbet, 1866." Don Rigoberto sought and found the reference, overcome by emotion to discover that the exuberance of his wife's belly, the robust solidity of her thighs and mound of Venus coincided millimeter by millimeter with the headless woman in the oil painting that was the reigning prince of his private collection. Then, eternity dissolved:

"I'm tired, and I think you are too, Pluto. It's time to sleep."

"Goodnight," was the immediate reply of a voice at the very peak of ecstasy or agony. Modesto stepped back, stumbled, and seconds later the door closed.

"He was capable of restraining himself; he did not throw himself at you like a ravening beast," exclaimed an enchanted Don Rigoberto. "You were controlling him with your little finger."

"It's hard to believe," Lucrecia said, laughing. "But that docility of his was also part of the game."

•

The next morning a bellboy brought a bouquet of roses to her bed, with a card that read: "Eyes that see, a heart that feels, a mind that remembers, and a cartoon dog that thanks you with all his heart."

"I want you too much," Don Rigoberto apologized as he covered her mouth with his hand. "I must make love to you."

"Then imagine the night poor Pluto must have spent."

"Poor?" Don Rigoberto pondered after lovemaking, as they, exhausted and satisfied, were recovering their strength. "Why poor?"

"I'm the happiest man in the world, Lucre," Modesto declared that night in the interval between two striptease shows at the Crazy Horse Saloon, which was packed with Japanese and Germans, and after they had consumed a bottle of champagne. "Not even the electric train that Father Christmas brought me on my tenth birthday can compare to your gift."

During the day, as they had walked through the Louvre, lunched at La Closerie des Lilas, visited the Centre Pompidou or lost their way in the narrow, reconstructed streets of the Marais, he had not made the slightest allusion to the previous night. He continued to act as her well-informed, devoted, obliging traveling companion.

"The more you tell me the better I like him," remarked Don Rigoberto.

"The same thing happened to me," Doña Lucrecia acknowledged. "And so that day I went a step further, to reward him. At Maxim's he felt my knee against his during the entire meal. And when we danced, my breasts. And at the Crazy Horse, my legs."

"I envy him," exclaimed Don Rigoberto. "To discover you serially, episodically, bit by bit. A game of cat and mouse, after

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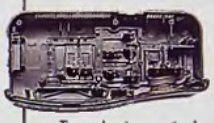

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all. A game not without its dangers."

"No, not if it's played with gentlemen like you," Doña Lucrecia said coquettishly. "I'm glad I accepted your invitation, Pluto."

They were back at the Ritz, drowsy and content. They were saying goodnight in the sitting room of their suite.

"Wait, Modesto," she improvised, blinking. "Surprise, surprise, close your little eyes."

Pluto obeyed instantly, transformed by expectation. She approached, pressed against him, kissed him, lightly at first, noticing that he hesitated to respond to the lips brushing his, and then to the thrusts of her tongue. When he did, she sensed that with this kiss the engineer was giving her the love he had felt for so long, his adoration and fantasy, his well-being and (if he had one) his soul. When he caught her around the waist, cautiously, prepared to let go at the first sign of rejection, Doña Lucrecia allowed him to embrace her.

"May I open my eyes?"

"You may."

And then he looked at her, not with the cold eyes of the perfect libertine, De Sade, thought Don Rigoberto, but with the pure, fervent, impassioned eyes of the mystic at the moment of his ascent and vision.

"Was he very excited?" The question escaped his lips, and he regretted it. "What a stupid question. Forgive me, Lucrecia."

"He was, but he made no attempt to hold me. At the first hint, he moved away."

"You should have gone to bed with him that night," Don Rigoberto admonished her. "You were being abusive. Or, perhaps not. Perhaps you were doing just the right thing. Yes, yes, of course. The slow, the formal, the ritualized, the theatrical—that is eroticism. It was a wise delay. Rushing makes us more like animals. Did you know that donkeys, monkeys, pigs and rabbits ejaculate in 12 seconds, at the most?"

"But the frog can copulate for 40 days and nights without stopping. I read it in a book by Jean Rostand."

"I'm envious." Don Rigoberto was filled with admiration. "You are so wise, Lucrecia."

"Those were Modesto's words," his wife confessed to him, as she returned him to an Orient Express hurtling through the European night on its way to Venice, "the next day, in our belle epoque compartment."

And the words were reiterated by a bouquet of flowers waiting for her at the Hotel Cipriani, on sun-filled Giudecca: "To Lucrecia, beautiful in life and wise in love."

"Wait, wait," Don Rigoberto brought her back to the rails. "Did you share the compartment on the train?"

"It had two beds. I was in the upper berth and he was in the lower."

"In other words——"

"We literally had to undress on top of each other," she completed the sentence. "We saw each other in our underclothes, though it was dark because I turned out all the lights except the night-light."

"Underclothing is a general, abstract term," Don Rigoberto fumed. "Give me precise details."

Doña Lucrecia did. When it was time to undress—the anachronistic Orient Express was crossing an Austrian forest, passing an occasional village—Modesto asked if she wanted him to leave. "There's no need. In this darkness we're no more than shadows," Doña Lucrecia replied. The engineer sat on the lower berth, taking up as little room as possible in order to give her more space. She undressed, not forcing her movements nor stylizing them, turning round where she stood as she removed each article of clothing: dress, slip, bra, stockings, panties. The illumination from the night-light, a little mushroom-shaped lamp with lanceolate drawings, caressed her neck, shoulders, breasts, belly, buttocks, thighs, knees, feet. Raising her arms, she slipped a Chinese silk pajama top, decorated with dragons, over her head.

"I'm going to sit with my legs uncovered while I brush my hair," she said, and did so. "If you feel the urge to kiss them, you may. As far as my knees."

Was it the torment of Tantalus? Or the garden of earthly delights? Don Rigoberto had moved to the foot of the bed, and, anticipating his wish, Doña Lucrecia sat on the edge so that, like Pluto on the Orient Express, her husband could kiss her insteps, breathe in the fragrance of the creams and colognes that refreshed her ankles, nibble at her toes and lick the hollows that separated them.

"I love you and admire you," said Don Rigoberto.

"I love you and I admire you," said Pluto.

"And now, to sleep," ordered Doña Lucrecia.

They reached Venice on an impressionist morning, the sun strong and the sky a deep blue, and as the launch carried them to the Cipriani through curling waves, Modesto, *Michelin* in hand, provided Lucrecia with brief descriptions of the palaces and churches along the Grand Canal.

"I'm feeling jealous, my dear," Don Rigoberto interrupted her.

"If you're serious, we'll erase it, sweetheart," Doña Lucrecia proposed.

"Absolutely not," and he recanted. "Brave men die with their boots on, like John Wayne."

From the balcony of the Cipriani, over the trees in the garden, one could see the towers of San Marco and the palaces along the canal. They went out in the gondola-with-guide that was waiting for them. It was a whirl of canals and bridges, of greenish waters and flocks of gulls that took flight as they passed, of dim churches where they had to strain their eyes to make out the attributes of the gods and saints hanging there. They saw Titians and Veroneses, Bellinis and Del Piombos, the horses of San Marco and the mosaics in the cathedral, and they fed a few grains of corn to the fat pigeons on the Piazza. At midday they took the obligatory photograph at a table at Florian's while they ate the requisite *pizzetta*. In the afternoon they continued their tour, hearing names, dates and anecdotes they barely listened to, lulled by the soothing voice of the guide from the agency. At 7:30, after they had bathed and changed, they drank their Bellinis in the salon with Moorish arches and Arabian pillows at the Danieli, and at precisely the right hour—at nine o'clock—they were seated in Harry's Bar. There they saw the divine Catherine Deneuve come in and sit at the next table (it seemed part of the program). Pluto said what he had to say: "I think you're more beautiful, Lucre."

"And?" Don Rigoberto pressed her.

Before taking the vaporetto back to Giudecca, they went for a walk, with Doña Lucrecia holding Modesto's arm, through narrow, half-deserted streets. They reached the hotel after midnight. Doña Lucrecia was yawning.

"And?" Don Rigoberto was impatient.

"I'm so exhausted after our walk and all the nice things I've seen, I won't be able to close my eyes," lamented Doña Lucrecia. "Fortunately, I have a remedy that never fails."

"What's that?" asked Modesto.

"What sort of remedy?" echoed Don Rigoberto.

"A Jacuzzi, alternating cool and warm water," explained Doña Lucrecia, walking toward her bedroom. Before she disappeared inside, she pointed toward the huge, luminous bathroom with its white tiled walls. "Would you fill the Jacuzzi for me while I put on my robe?"

Don Rigoberto moved in his place, as restless as an insomniac.

She went to her room and slowly

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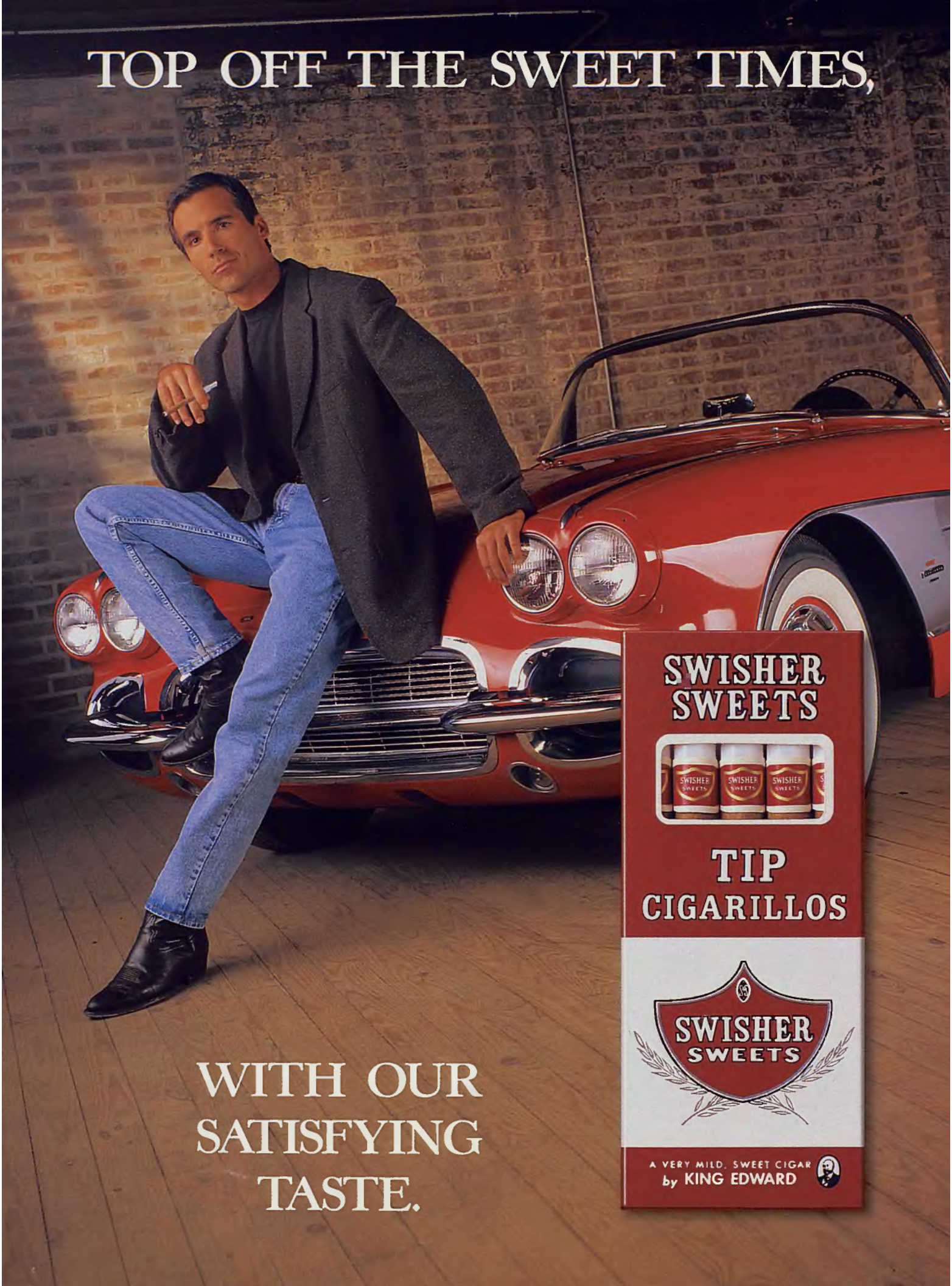
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undressed, folding each article of clothing, one piece at a time, as if she had all of eternity at her disposal. Wearing a terrycloth robe and a towel as a turban, she came back. The round tub bubbled noisily with the pulsations of the Jacuzzi.

"I put in bath salts," Modesto said, then asked timidly: "Was that right?"

"That's perfect," she said, testing the water with the toes of one foot.

She let the robe fall to her feet and, keeping on the towel that served as a turban, she stepped in and lay down in the Jacuzzi. She rested her head on a pillow that the engineer hurriedly handed her. She sighed in gratitude.

"Shall I do anything else?" Don Rigoberto heard Modesto asking in a strangled voice. "Shall I go? Shall I stay?"

"How delicious—this cool water massage is so delicious." Doña Lucrecia stretched her legs and arms with pleasure. "Then I'll add warmer water. And then to bed, as good as new."

"You're roasting him over a slow fire," Don Rigoberto said approvingly.

"Stay if you like, Pluto," she said at last, wearing the intense expression of one who derives infinite pleasure from the caress of water going back and forth across her body. "The tub is enormous, there's plenty of room. Why don't you bathe with me?"

Don Rigoberto's ears registered the strange hoot of an owl? howl of a wolf? trill of a bird? that greeted his wife's invitation. Seconds later, he saw the naked engineer sinking into the tub. His 50-year-old body, saved in the nick of time from obesity by his practice of aerobics and jogging that brought him to the threshold of a heart attack, lay only millimeters from his wife's.

"What else can I do?" Don Rigoberto heard Modesto ask, and he felt his admiration for him growing at the same rate as his jealousy. "I don't want to do anything you don't want. I will not take any initiative. At this moment I am the happiest and most unfortunate creature on earth, Lucre."

"You may touch me," she murmured in the cadence of a bolero, not opening her eyes. "Caress me and kiss me, my body and my face. Not my hair, because if it gets wet, tomorrow you'll be ashamed of my hair, Pluto. Don't you see that in your program you didn't leave a free moment for the hairdresser?"

"I too am the happiest man in the world," murmured Don Rigoberto. "And the most unfortunate."

Doña Lucrecia opened her eyes.

"Don't be like that, so timid. We can't stay in the water long."

Don Rigoberto squinted to see them better. He heard the monotonous bubbling of the Jacuzzi and felt the tickle, the rush of water, the shower of drops spattering the tiles, and he saw Pluto, taking precaution to the extreme in order not to seem crude, as he eagerly applied himself to the soft body that let him do, touch, caress, that moved to facilitate access for his hands and lips to every area but did not respond to his caresses or kisses and remained in a state of passive delight. He could feel the fever burning the engineer's skin.

"Aren't you going to kiss him, Lucrecia? Aren't you going to embrace him, not even once?"

"Not yet," replied his wife. "I too had my program. I had planned it very carefully. Don't you think he was happy?"

"I've never been so happy," said Modesto, his head, between Lucrecia's legs, rising from the bottom of the tub before submerging again. "I'd like to sing at the top of my lungs, Lucre."

"He's saying exactly what I feel," Don Rigoberto interjected, then permitted himself a joke. "Wasn't he risking pneumonia with all of that hydroerotic exertion?"

He laughed and immediately regretted it, remembering that humor and pleasure repel each other like water and oil. "Please excuse the interruption," he apologized. It was late. Doña Lucrecia had begun to yawn in such a way that the diligent engineer, summoning all his fortitude, stopped what he was doing. On his knees, dripping water, his hair streaming down in bangs, he feigned resignation.

"You're tired, Lucre."

"I'm feeling all the weariness of the day. I can't stay awake anymore."

She leaped lightly from the tub and wrapped herself in the robe. From the door of her room she said goodnight with words that made her husband's heart skip a beat:

"Tomorrow is another day, Pluto."

"The last one, Lucre."

"And the last night, as well," she said with precision, blowing him a kiss.

•

They began Saturday morning half an hour late, but they made up for it on

"I'm wearing a push-up bra and crotchless panties."

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their visit to Murano, where, in hellish heat, artisans in T-shirts with prison stripes were blowing glass in the traditional manner, turning out decorative and household objects. The engineer insisted that Lucrecia, who did not want to make further purchases, accept three little transparent animals: a squirrel, a stork and a hippopotamus. On the way back to Venice the guide enlightened them about two villas by Palladio.

Instead of lunch, they had tea and cakes at the Quadri, enjoying a blood-red twilight that set roofs, bridges, water and bell towers on fire, and they reached San Giorgio for the concert of baroque music with enough time to stroll around the little island and view the lagoon and the city from different perspectives.

"The last day is always sad," Doña Lucrecia remarked. "Tomorrow this will end forever."

"Were you holding hands?" Don Rigoberto wanted to know.

"We were, and during the entire concert as well," his wife confessed.

"Did the engineer weep great tears?"

"He was extremely pale. He squeezed my hand and his sweet eyes glistened."

In gratitude and hope, thought Don Rigoberto. The "sweet eyes" reverberated along his nerve endings. He decided that from this moment on he would be silent. While Doña Lucrecia and Pluto ate supper at Danieli's, contemplating the lights of Venice, he respected their melancholy, did not interrupt their conventional conversation and suffered stoically when he realized, in the course of the meal, that Modesto was not alone in his lavish attentions. Lucrecia presented him with toast that she had buttered, with her own fork she offered him mouthfuls of her rigatoni, and she willingly offered her hand when he raised it to his mouth to rest his lips on it, once on the palm, once on the back, once on the fingers and each one of her nails. With a fearful heart and an incipient erection, he waited for what was bound to happen.

And in fact, as soon as they entered the suite at the Cipriani, Doña Lucrecia grasped Modesto's arm, put it around her waist, brought her lips up to his and, mouth to mouth, tongue to tongue, she murmured:

"To say goodbye, we'll spend the night together. With you I will be as compliant, as tender, as loving as I've been only with my husband."

"You said that?" Don Rigoberto swallowed strychnine and honey.

"Did I do wrong?" his wife asked in alarm. "Should I have lied to him?"

"You did the right thing," Don Rigoberto howled. "My love."

In an ambiguous state in which arousal clashed with jealousy and each fed on the other retrospectively, he watched them undress, admired the self-confidence displayed by his wife, enjoyed the clumsiness of that fortunate mortal overwhelmed by a joy that compensated, on this last night, for his timidity and obedience. She would be his and he would love her: His hands fumbled at the buttons of his shirt, caught the zipper on his trousers, stumbled when he took off his shoes, and when, wild-eyed, he was about to climb into the bed where that magnificent body lay waiting for him in the dark, in a languid pose—Goya's *Naked Maja*, Don Rigoberto thought, though her thighs were wider apart—he banged his ankle on the edge of the bed and squealed "Owwowoww!" Don Rigoberto enjoyed listening to the hilarity that the mishap provoked in Lucrecia. Modesto laughed too as he kneeled in the bed: "Emotion, Lucre, pure emotion."

The burning coals of his pleasure cooled when, stifling her laughter, he saw his wife abandon the statuelike indifference with which she had received the caresses of the engineer on the previous day and begin to take the initiative. She embraced him, she obliged him to lie beside her, on top of her, beneath her, she entwined her legs in his, she searched for his mouth, she thrust her tongue deep inside, and—"Uh-oh," Don Rigoberto protested—she crouched down with amorous intent, fished with gentle fingers for his startled member and, after stroking the shaft and head, brought it to her lips and kissed it before taking it into her mouth. Then, at the top of his voice, bouncing in the soft bed, the engineer began to sing—to bellow and howl—*Torna a Sorrento*.

"He began to sing *Torna a Sorrento*?" Don Rigoberto sat up violently. "At that very moment?"

"At exactly that moment." Doña Lucrecia burst into laughter again, then controlled herself and apologized. "You astonish me, Pluto. Are you singing because you like it or because you don't like it?"

"I'm singing so I will like it," he explained, tremulous and bright red, between false notes and arpeggios.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"I want you to continue, Lucre," a euphoric Modesto implored. "Laugh, I don't care. I sing to make my happiness complete. Cover your ears if it distracts you or makes you laugh. But by all you hold most dear, don't stop."

"And he went on singing?" Don Rigoberto exclaimed, intoxicated, mad with satisfaction.

"Without stopping for a second," Doña Lucrecia affirmed between giggles. "While I was kissing him, when I was on top, when he was on top, while we made love both orthodox and heterodox. He sang, he had to sing. Because if he didn't sing, *fiasco*."

"And always *Torna a Sorrento*?" Don Rigoberto delighted in the sweet pleasure of revenge.

"Any song of my youth," the engineer sang, leaping with all the power of his lungs from Italy to Mexico. "*Voy a cantarles un corrido muy mentadooo. . . .*"

"A potpourri of cheap music from the Fifties." Doña Lucrecia was very specific. "*O sole mio, Caminito, Juan Charrasqueado, Allá en el rancho grande*, and even Augustín Lara's *Madrid*. Oh, it was so funny!"

"And without all that musical vulgarity, *fiasco*?" Don Rigoberto asked for confirmation, a visitor to seventh heaven. "It's the best part of the night, my love."

"You haven't heard the best part yet, the best part came at the end. It was the height of absurdity." Doña Lucrecia wiped away her tears. "The other guests began to bang on the walls, the front desk called saying we should turn down the TV, the phonograph. Nobody in the hotel could sleep."

"In other words, neither of you ever finished——" Don Rigoberto suggested with faint hope.

"I did, twice," said Doña Lucrecia, bringing him back to reality. "And he, at least once, I'm sure of that. When he was all set for the second one, that's when the complaints started and he lost his inspiration. Everything ended in laughter. What a night. Worthy of *Ripley's*."

"Now you know my secret," said Modesto, once their neighbors and the front desk had been placated, and their laughter had subsided, and their impulses had quieted, and they were wrapped in the white Cipriani bathrobes and had begun to talk. "Do you mind if we don't speak of it? As you can imagine, it embarrasses me. . . . Well, let me tell you one more time that I'll never forget our week together, Lucre."

"Neither will I, Pluto. I'll always remember it. And not only for the concert, I swear."

They slept the sleep of the just, knowing they had fulfilled their obligations, and they were on the dock in good time to catch the vaporetto to the airport. Alitalia was meticulous as well, and the plane left with no delays, allowing them to connect with the Concorde from Paris to New York, where they said goodbye, knowing they would never see each other again.

"Tell me that it was a horrible week, that you hated it," Don Rigoberto suddenly moaned, grasping his wife around her waist and pulling her down onto him. "Didn't you, Lucrecia, didn't you?"

"Why don't you try singing something at the top of your lungs," she suggested in the velvety voice of their finest nocturnal encounters. "Something really vulgar, darling. *La flor de la canela, Fumando espero, Brasil, terra de meu coracâo*. Let's see what happens, Rigoberto."

—Translated by Edith Grossman

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Baywatch Babes *(continued from page 123)*

Soon millions of viewers were glued to their TV sets each Friday night, watching Erika run down the beach.

Fun Facts, you'll learn that the stars of *Baywatch* go through a boatload of supplies each year, including 306 pounds of body makeup, a 50-gallon drum of sunscreen, 1500 cases of bottled water, 900 sets of earplugs and nose plugs, 575 swimsuits, 39 pairs of goggles and 129 surfboards. It has taken more than trademark montage sequences, dramatic rescue scenes and David Hasselhoff to bring *Baywatch* to its current status. With those kinds of statistics, who cares about the plot?—which helps explain episodes that feature huge electric eels, a drug smuggler's ring, women giving birth on the beach, troubled boyfriends who hold their lifeguard girlfriends captive on boats and plenty of life-threatening underwater explosions. It's no news bulletin that *Baywatch* is popular because of its babes. The CPR-doin', lifesavin', spandex-wearin', perfect genes–havin' gals have assured the red swimsuit a place in history. The show is also successful because of the women who have shed those suits for PLAYBOY.

The PLAYBOY–*Baywatch* connection began with the show's first episode. When we introduced Erika Eleniak as Miss July 1989, she had finished taping a two-hour NBC pilot about Malibu lifeguards in which she starred as Shauni McLain. Who knew that the far-fetched show would become a hit? ("It's just another job," Erika said then.) Yeah, just another job filled with half-naked hard bodies in compromising positions. The world was willing to suspend disbelief. Soon millions of viewers were glued to their television sets each Friday night, watching Erika give mouth-to-mouth and run down the beach. Forget the sun, sand and surf. We couldn't get enough of *Baywatch*'s breasts, buttocks and slow-motion jiggling.

As ratings rose an inevitable deconstruction set in. *Rolling Stone* dubbed the show "Babe Watch." Howard Stern regularly goofed on the actresses. ("Look at our bathing suits. We could have gotten really radical, but those are regulation suits," Erika countered.) But the easy target chugged on, gaining viewers in some high-powered living rooms. Paul and Linda McCartney said, "We watch *Baywatch* on the telly all the time." Princess Diana once stated, "*Baywatch* is our family's favorite television show." And President Clinton asked Hasselhoff, "Did you ever expect *Baywatch* to be so successful?"

When Erika decided to leave *Baywatch* to pursue a film career, the producers scrambled to replace her. What they found was that it takes a Playmate to replace a Playmate. The new recruit was Miss February 1990, a Canadian model and former volleyball star named Pamela Anderson. As lifeguard C.J. Parker, Pam stretched the spandex like no other. "I think *Baywatch* gives people a great escape, no matter where in the world they live," she said. With PLAYBOY and *Baywatch* as her launching pads, Pamela became the hottest name on the planet.

Baywatch continued to enlist its talent from the pages of PLAYBOY. Playmates Julie McCullough (Miss February 1986), Jenny McCarthy (Miss October 1993), Heidi Mark (Miss July 1995) and Kelly Monaco (Miss April 1997) jumped on the sandwagon, all guest-starring on *Baywatch*. Playmate Donna D'Errico (Miss September 1995) had guest roles in both *Baywatch* and its short-lived spin-off, *Baywatch Nights*, before concentrating on her television day job as lifeguard Donna Marco. The show's newest Playmate recruit, Marliece Andrada, found out she was chosen to be a Centerfold and cast for *Baywatch* in the same week.

Who else has heated up both page and screen? There's Yasmine Bleeth (former *Baywatch* lifeguard Caroline Holden) and Gena Lee Nolin (lifeguard Neely Capshaw). And don't forget the rest of the women who qualify for the PLAYBOY–*Baywatch* double, including Carmen Electra (who co-hosted MTV's *Singled Out*), Tai Collins (who made a real-life splash in 1991 when she admitted to having had a love affair with Senator Charles Robb), Rhonda Rydell (who played a rapper on *Baywatch*) and beach beauty Nancy Valen (Captain Samantha Thomas during *Baywatch*'s 1996–1997 season). (Both Rydell and Valen appear on our pages for the first time.) And then there's Traci Bingham, the knockout who plays lifeguard Jordan Tate.

And so it remains a *Baywatch* world, and for good reason. In a land where the water's always blue, where the sun always shines and where the girls are always tan, healthy and happy, we'll continue to tune in every week.

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YASIR ARAFAT

(continued from page 119)

terrorist. Now he is the president of the white and the black South Africans. So things can change and the world will recognize that. They recognize that I am president and am no longer considered an outlaw by any nation.

16.

PLAYBOY: You've also married and had a daughter. How has that changed you?
ARAFAT: Well, it is my duty to give my daughter more of my time.

17.

PLAYBOY: You don't see her often?
ARAFAT: No. Her mother raises her. But it is very difficult for me. I miss being with her. I rarely see her.

18.

PLAYBOY: You've been devoted to your cause for a long time. Have you ever thought of stopping or taking a rest?
ARAFAT: No. When there is a Palestinian state I will rest. Then I might go away. But it is my destiny to continue until then. It is my life.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is there a message you would like to deliver to the American people?
ARAFAT: I want to tell them that peace is not just for Palestinians but for every nation.

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe the Americans will help you realize your dream?
ARAFAT: You remember Beirut. The Americans, the French and the Italians made an agreement with me that if I left with my fighters they would protect the refugee camps at Sabra and Shatila. They did not keep that agreement and thousands were murdered. We must always remember that.

"As I understand it, everyone feels the groom is making a very big mistake. . . ."

MAKE LOVE NOT WAR

(continued from page 112)

would ask one simple question of students who came to them for counseling: "Will sexual intercourse strengthen or weaken their relationship?" Better that men and women explore the possibilities, discover who they were and what they wanted, before choosing a lifetime partner. Hefner expanded the universe of premarital sex to include experimentation that would not necessarily lead to marriage.

In place of marriage, the Sixties gave us the meaningful relationship. Critics of Hefner identified him as a prophet of hedonism, and incorrectly reduced *The Playboy Philosophy* to: "If it feels good, do it." (That phrase never appeared in the *Philosophy*, but it echoed through the culture.)

Psychologist Abraham Maslow elevated hedonism to an existential tenet in *Toward a Psychology of Being*. Pleasure, he wrote, was a path to growth. We should be like children, spontaneously living for the moment. Living, not preparing to live. "Growth," he said, "takes place when the next step forward is subjectively more delightful, more joyous, more intrinsically satisfying than the last; the only way we can ever know what is right for us is that it feels better subjectively than any alternative. The new experience validates itself rather than by any outside criterion."

Joy, a word long missing from American discourse, reentered our vocabulary. "The joy consideration, I think, is really at the heart of the thing," Hefner told members of a 1963 panel discussion on the sexual revolution in America, hosted by David Susskind. "It is the joy and the understanding and the truth and the pleasure of sex that are the good parts."

The revolution nailed the new morality to the doors of the church. In *Christianity and Crisis*, Harvey Cox continued to discuss the problems raised by PLAYBOY (noting that "Hefner's wearisome attack on the religious repression of sex has reached its 16th turgid installment"). Robert Fitch, dean of the Pacific School of Religion, tried to devise "A Common Sense Sex Code" for the readers of *The Christian Century*. "Either you control sex, or sex controls you," he wrote. "Needed right now are bigger and better inhibitions. Surely there is something ludicrous in the notion that while liquor, cigarettes and ice cream must be put under the most strict and rational controls, sex, on the contrary, is something to which you may help yourself when, as and if you please."

Joseph Fletcher, a theologian, lamented the loss of the old punishments, the repressive trinity of "conception, infection and detection."

In early 1965 more than 900 clergymen and students attended a convoca-

tion at Harvard Divinity School to discuss the New Morality. Delegates heard Paul Ramsey of Princeton declare, "Lists of cans and cannots are meaningless." Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin argued for "guideposts" not "hitching posts."

How had we become so hung up on sexual morality, asked others, when the true obscenities were unfolding in Asia and in rioting U.S. ghettos?

The debate on the New Morality was mostly men talking among themselves. If males were using a new vocabulary, we would have to change the way we labeled women. Madonna. Whore. Virgin. Wife. What did these terms mean anymore? We could change our moral rationale, but what would the women say?

The 1963 Susskind panel discussion with Hefner and others was deemed too controversial to air. The transcript recorded psychologist Albert Ellis' remark about the younger generation: "They are behaving, while we are still thinking about behaving."

THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE

What was the status of women in America? Hefner had responded to the charge that sexual liberation demeaned women by saying that women were the major victims of our traditional taboos. Our Judeo-Christian heritage supports the double standard that makes women second class citizens. Ira Reiss, he noted, believed that: "The Christians of the Roman era opposed from the beginning the new changes in the family and in female status. They fought the emancipation of women. They demanded a return to the older and stricter ideas and, beyond this, they instituted a very low regard for sexual relations and for marriage. Ultimately, these early Christians accorded marriage, family life, women and sex the lowest status of any known culture in the world."

In 1963 Betty Friedan would address similar issues in *The Feminine Mystique*. A journalist, she had abandoned her career to raise a family in the suburbs. Like many postwar women, she traded her brains for a broomstick. Women, she wrote, had been seduced and betrayed by the feminine mystique, the notion that a woman could find fulfillment as a wife and mother. Her book, originally titled *The Togetherness Woman*, was a full frontal attack on the family togetherness phenomenon of the Fifties.

Friedan found that a house in the suburbs was a comfortable concentration camp. "The problem lay buried, unspoken, for many years in the minds of American women," she wrote. "It was a strange stirring, a sense of dissatisfaction, a yearning. Each suburban wife struggled with it alone. As she made the beds, shopped for groceries, matched slipcover material, ate peanut butter sandwiches with her children,

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chauffeured Cub Scouts and Brownies, lay beside her husband at night, she was afraid to ask even of herself the silent question: Is this all?"

Friedan called this malaise "the problem that has no name."

Three million women bought *The Feminine Mystique*. Out of their dissatisfaction emerged a new feminist movement. The goals of this movement were not unlike those expressed by Hefner when he launched PLAYBOY. What Friedan called the feminine mystique, he called the womanization of America. He too had seen the trap of suburbia. And now, it seemed, women wanted to be more like men—single men.

Friedan claimed that the pressure cooker of suburbia turned women into insatiable sex seekers. One housewife had told her that "sex was the only thing that made her 'feel alive.'" Denied status in the public sphere, these women would turn to sex, demanding more from their husbands or ricocheting into affairs. But sex didn't remedy their lack of fulfillment in the outside world.

Friedan was not antisexual—she recalled fondly her years as a single woman during World War Two, when every girl kept a diaphragm under her girdle and had affairs with married men at work. But when sex was the last frontier (as David Riesman called it) or the last green thing (as Gerald Sykes described it), it became stripped of its power to rejuvenate. For sex to thrive, it had to occur among equals. Friedan wondered if her housewives, in need of the "feeling of personal identity, of fulfillment, seek in sex something that sex alone cannot give."

SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL

Helen Gurley Brown, author of *Sex and the Single Girl*, tackled the same question as Friedan did but came up with a different answer. When Brown looked at marriage and asked, "Is that all there is?" her answer was, "Yes. So put it off for as long as you can."

Brown made her great confession: "Theoretically, a nice single woman has no sex life. What nonsense! She has a better sex life than most of her married friends."

The reasons were simple. "Why else is a single woman attractive? She has more time and often more money to spend on herself. She has the extra 20 minutes to exercise every day, an hour to make up her face. Besides making herself physically more inviting, she has the freedom to furnish her mind. She can read Proust, learn Spanish, study *Time*, *Newsweek* and *The Wall Street Journal*."

More important, wrote Brown, "a single woman moves in the world of men. She knows their language—the language of retailing, advertising, motion pictures, exporting, shipbuilding. Her world is far more colorful than the world of the PTA, Dr. Spock and the jammed clothes drier."

Brown was the female version of Hefner (even though PLAYBOY was not as inclined to sprinkle its philosophy with words like pippy-poo and mouseburger). She, too, was living proof of her own idea. She wrote her book having made the good catch, a husband who encouraged her work. "He wouldn't have looked at me when I was 20. And I wouldn't have known what to do with him."

The book devoured the best-seller lists, was soon translated into ten languages and was turned into a movie, netting $200,000 for the film rights.

Just as Hefner made it safe to be a bachelor, Brown made being "the girl" into a great adventure. She wrote a follow-up called *Sex and the Office*, declaring that it was completely honorable to seduce and even to marry the boss.

Hearst Corp. hired her to take over *Cosmopolitan* in 1965 and turn it into the female counterpart to PLAYBOY.

Betty Friedan founded the National Organization for Women. Helen Gurley Brown gave us the singles bar. One thing made women's transitions into the world of work and the world of play possible: the Pill.

THE PILL

The numbers tell the story. Within a year and a half of Enovid's approval by the FDA, some 408,000 women were taking the drug. By 1964 the figure was 2.5 million for Enovid, another million for a similar product by Ortho. By 1966 more than half of married women under the age of 20 were on the Pill. Among non-Catholic college graduates under the age of 25, the figure was 81 percent. Even more remarkable, Catholic women embraced the Pill: One out of five wives under the age of 45 used it. *(See sidebar on page 168.)*

Women took the Pill to postpone their first pregnancies, to avoid falling into the family trap described by Friedan in *The Feminine Mystique*. Their parents may have had the perfect family—four children one after another—but that model shackled a woman to one role. Wives of the Sixties used the Pill to space the births of their children, to create time to complete degrees or advance careers. The Pill granted the means to achieve the original feminist vision.

Single women used the Pill to postpone their first marriages. By 1969 it was estimated that more than half of unmarried college coeds were on oral contraceptives.

The Pill is credited with sparking the sexual revolution. By separating sex from procreation, women were finally free to pursue pleasure without risk. And pursue they did. One study conducted during the mid-Sixties showed that married women on the Pill had sex 39 percent more frequently than married women using other, less effective forms of contraception. But the same study showed that coitus increased for everyone over the decade. Between 1965 and 1970, the average frequency of coitus went from 6.8 times per month to 8.2 times. People on the Pill mated an average of ten times per month—a frequency matched only by those couples who were trying to get pregnant. Sex for recreation and sex for procreation were in a dead heat.

Loretta McLaughlin, author of *The Pill, John Rock and the Church*, lists the challenges posed by the new technology: "Far more than just unpopular, the idea of a birth control pill was still widely regarded as socially immoral and medically questionable. A birth control pill would be the first medicine in history given to well people solely for a social purpose.

"Sex would be set free, not only for the married, but for any woman, anywhere, any time, with anyone. Not only would the risk of pregnancy be eliminated, but, astonishingly, only the woman concerned would know. The whole control of her sexuality as well as her fertility would be placed in her hands. There would be no telltale act of preparedness associated with sex relations. Even more momentous, there would be no consequence as there was before, no aftermath of an unwanted pregnancy or an abortion. It amounted to handing over to women, for the first time in history, not only total governance over their sexual behavior, but total privacy—some would say secrecy. Women's sexual prerogatives would equal men's."

In the pages of *The New York Times Magazine* Andrew Hacker described the changing etiquette of sex: "For a long time there has been a certain ritual, not without moral overtones, connected with birth control as practiced by unmarried people. The young man is 'prepared' on a date, the girl is not. If there is a seduction, he takes the initiative; she is surprised. If she succumbs, he deals with the prevention of conception—which is proper because she had no advance warning as to how the evening would turn out. Vital to this ritual is the supposition that the girl sets off on the date believing that it will be platonic. If it ends up otherwise, she cannot be accused of having planned ahead for the sexual culmination. But now, for a girl to be on the Pill wipes out entirely the ritual of feminine unpreparedness."

Mademoiselle responded to Hacker, noting that while the Pill made it difficult for women to be demure, "surely, nowadays, it is both aesthetically and psychologically preferable for a girl who engages in sex to do so wholeheartedly, joyously, responsibly and responsively—rather than as an innocent victim."

The word no was banned (perhaps

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exiled is a better word). Suddenly sex was no longer the carrot, the reward for a proposal of marriage. The technical virgin—that elaborately entangled novitiate who had been able to achieve orgasm with tongue or fingers, in cramped quarters—was an endangered species.

A young man growing up in the Sixties tells about the pre-Pill dangers of dry humping: "I spent an afternoon at my girlfriend's house, rubbing against her. I must have come four times. When I left, my underwear was soaking wet. I walked out into a 20-degree winter day and suddenly, my underwear froze. My penis felt like a tongue stuck to an ice cube tray. I was in public, so I couldn't touch my crotch to warm up. I waited for a bus, worried that I would never get to use it again."

He survived to grow into a world where sex was not a struggle, where sex became a way to say hello, a way to find out if you liked a person.

A woman was no longer fettered to her purse nor by proximity to a diaphragm. No more barefoot dashes across cold wood floors to interrupt sex for safety. In an odd way, the Pill was less premeditated than diaphragms and condoms. Each day a woman looked at the dial of pills, took one and said, "I am a sexual being, free to be spontaneous."

The press, always conservative, charted the impact of the Pill. It told of a jealous husband who substituted aspirin for his wife's pills, to see if she was sleeping with someone else. We learned of housewives on Long Island who supplemented their incomes by Pill-protected prostitution. We heard about girls telling boys that they were on the Pill when they weren't. The Pill would become for many women the most important recreational drug of the century.

OUR LADY OF THE LABORATORY

We may never know her name. Dr. Leslie Farber, the first person to describe her, called her "the Lady of the Laboratory." Malcolm Muggeridge, in an

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

tunes from the sixties

Teen Angel • Are You Lonesome Tonight? • It's Now or Never • Nice 'n' Easy • I'm Sorry • Alley-Oop • The Twist • Save the Last Dance for Me • The Second Time Around • Puppy Love • Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini • Georgia on My Mind • Playboy's Theme

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You're 16 • Tossin' and Turnin' • Pony Time • Moon River • Will You Love Me Tomorrow • Runaway • Where the Boys Are • Hit the Road Jack • Runaround Sue • Peppermint Twist • Quarter to Three • Shop Around • The Lion Sleeps Tonight • Calendar Girl • Blue Moon • Please Mr. Postman • Cryin' • Let's Twist Again

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If I Had a Hammer • Where Have All the Flowers Gone • Soldier Boy • Duke of Earl • He's a Rebel • Days of Wine and Roses • What Kind of Fool Am I? • I Left My Heart in San Francisco • Breaking Up Is Hard to Do • Once in a Lifetime • I Can't Stop Loving You • You Don't Know Me • Twistin' the Night Away • The Loco-Motion • Monster Mash • The Wah-Watusi • Playboy • Twist and Shout • Teen Age Idol • I'm in Love With a Bunny From the Playboy Club

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of My Head • Where Did Our Love Go • Baby I Need Your Loving • Love Me Do • I Feel Fine

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Stand by Me • (Sittin' on) The Dock of the Bay • Hey Jude • Mrs. Robinson • Love Child • People Got to Be Free • MacArthur Park • Harper Valley PTA • Tiptoe Through the Tulips With Me • Up, Up and Away • Windmills of Your Mind • Somethin' Stupid • Light My Fire • Ode to Billie Joe • Can't Take My Eyes Off You • Gentle on My Mind • By the Time I Get to Phoenix • I Heard It Through the Grapevine • Love Is Here and Now You're Gone

♪

All Together Now • Little Green Apples • I've Got to Be Me • This Guy's in Love With You • Those Were the Days • For Once in My Life • Abraham, Martin and John • Stoned Soul Picnic • The Ballad of Bonnie and Clyde • Born to Be Wild • Revolution

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apoplectic tirade titled "Down With Sex," called her "the Unknown Onanist" and said she deserved her own monument, like that of the Unknown Soldier.

She was one of 382 females who had had sex with an artificial penis—a clear plastic tube filled with cold light and a camera—while being observed by two sex researchers named Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson in St. Louis.

And what that camera saw would change our most basic notions of female sexuality. A film would show a woman's hand stroking her clitoris, would show the walls of the vagina glisten with lubrication, would show the clitoris bow and withdraw behind folds of flesh, would show the oceanic swells of orgasm ripple those vaginal walls.

Never mind that the scientists had also observed 312 males in the acts of intercourse and automanipulation. Who cared about male sexual response? A woman's orgasm, a woman's anatomy, a woman's potential—that demanded the world's attention.

The drumroll of publicity—most of it adverse—preceded the 1966 publication of *Human Sexual Response* by more than a year. Dr. Farber, a psychoanalyst in Washington, D.C., criticized almost every aspect of the research project, claiming that Masters and Johnson dehumanized sex. Not only had the scientists done away with "modesty, privacy, reticence, abstinence, chastity, fidelity, shame"—the emotional arsenal of a repressed society—they had reduced them to "rather arbitrary matters that interfered with the health of the sexual parts."

What seemed to bother Farber most was that the unidentified woman in the film had achieved her orgasm without male help. "According to the lesson of the laboratory," he wrote, "there is only one perfect orgasm—if by perfect we mean one wholly subject to its owner's will, wholly indifferent to human contingency or context. Clearly the perfect orgasm is the orgasm achieved on one's own. No other consummation offers such certainty and moreover avoids the messiness that attends most human affairs. Nor should we be too surprised if such solitary pleasure becomes the ideal by which all mutual sex is measured."

Muggeridge saw Masters and Johnson's research as the ultimate result of America's newfound belief in sex as pleasure. "Thus stripped, sex becomes an orgasm merely. To those self-evident rights in the famous Declaration there should be added this new, essential one: the Right to Orgasm."

Colette Dowling and Patricia Fahey also found the uppercase key on their typewriter. In an article in *Esquire* they wrote that "the new female status symbol is the orgasm." Women were suddenly embarked on "the Quest for the Holy Wail"; all of women's accomplishments paled next to "the Quality Orgasm." The Lady of the Laboratory described by Farber had "long been the woman of the American Sex Daydream." If only Masters and Johnson would release the film, they argued, every woman would be able "to raise her Orgasm Capacity."

How was a woman to attain this goal? Dowling and Fahey invoked images of belly dancers lifting eggs off tables with their genitals and quoted a sex manual that said the sexual responsibilities of women included exercising that magical pubococcygeus muscle.

When *Human Sexual Response* appeared it was an immediate best-seller, staying on the charts for six months. Masters and Johnson presented the physiology of arousal, breaking down the sex act into four phases: excitement, plateau, orgasmic and resolution. The book read like an owner's manual for the human body, recording myriad minute details: the clitoris retracting under its hood, the rising of the testicles as the male approaches orgasm, the skin rash sweeping across a lover's body like a summer squall. This is what the body did during sex, whether the sex was premarital, extramarital, solo or whatever.

Dr. Masters would later explain the impact of defining sex purely in terms of physiology. In a 1968 *Playboy Interview* he said: "Sexual demand seems to be a unique physiological entity. Unlike other demands, it can be withdrawn from; it can be delayed or postponed indefinitely. You can't do this with bowel function or cardiac or respiratory function. Perhaps because it can be influenced in this unique manner, sex has been pulled out of context. Lawyers and legislators have taken a hand in telling us how to regulate sexual activity. They don't, of course, presume to regulate heart rate."

In the eyes of the scientist, all orgasms were equal. Masters and Johnson put sex back into the context of the body. There was no sin in a vital sign, the rapid heartbeat or the powerful contractions of the penis or vagina. With one hand, the Lady of the Laboratory swept away the cobwebs and we saw sex in a new light. She made us aware of the clitoris. As someone would say (probably me), prior to 1966 everyone thought the clitoris was a monument in Greece. Indeed, the word clitoris appeared in the pages of PLAYBOY for the first time in Masters and Johnson's 1968 interview.

Forget penis envy. The clitoris—which researchers called the homolog, anatomically, of the penis—was the only organ in the human body whose sole purpose was pleasure. Women had one. Men didn't.

It wasn't as though we hadn't known the clitoris existed. Freud had charmingly compared it to pine kindling used to ignite the whole body. Then he queered sex for 60 years by insisting that orgasms created by stroking and stoking the little fire were immature. Mature women went past that sideshow barker to

"No, son, just a little higher and to the left. Do you see it? Third window over, the brunette."

THE UNDERGROUND COMICS

Mainstream culture had Blondie and Dagwood, Pogo and *Peanuts*; the counterculture had Fritz the Cat, the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers and Feds 'N' Heads.

Underground artists, including R. Crumb and Gilbert Shelton, were magnificently profane. Rabelaisian or just raunchy, titles such as *Snatch Comics*, *Big Ass Comics* and *Jiz Comics* gave us demented looks at sexual politics. Like Tijuana bibles in the Thirties, they provided us with an unauthorized biography of lust and love.

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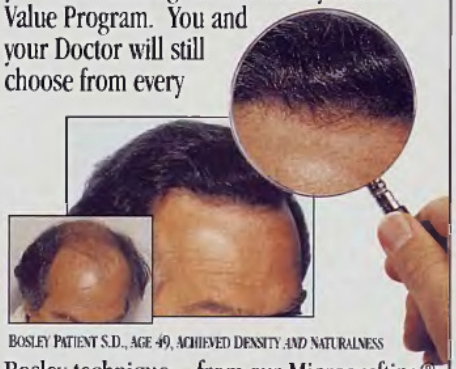

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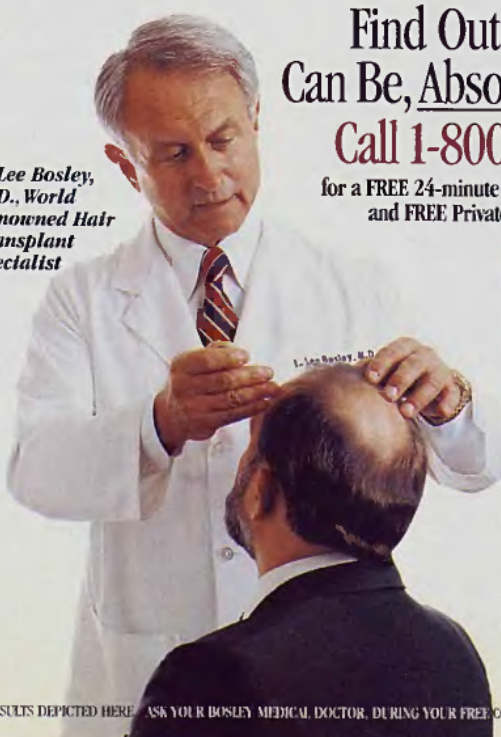

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experience deeper, vaginal orgasms produced by penetration and the great god Cock.

Masters and Johnson showed that at climax the whole body was involved in orgasm. Nipples became erect. Nostrils flared. The mind set off its own electrical show. It was absurd to divide the body and create hierarchies based on some analyst who studied people while they lay fully clothed on his couch.

•

Masters and Johnson were acutely aware of how phallocentric American sex had become. Only once in a 366-page book did they mention oral sex—and anal sex not at all. They knew these behaviors existed, but oral sex was still against the law in almost every state. They worried that even to mention such practices would cost them their careers. "We didn't have the courage," they told PLAYBOY years later.

The book is filled with treasures. Women had another ability denied men. The chart for male sexual response showed a one-hill roller-coaster ride. Up. Peak. Down.

The chart for female sexual response showed a single peak cycle, a multipeak cycle and one curve that looked like a stone skipping across water. Women were capable of multiple orgasms.

That potential drew us into the sex act, to prolonging it, to playing with different buttons, to lighting up the universe and going for bonus points. Some women claimed that the emphasis on orgasm and multiple orgasms turned them into objects; others simply lay back and collected on a debt long overdue.

There is an irony here: At the very moment the Pill made intercourse safe for the unprotected penis, intercourse was deemed irrelevant. On the other hand, a woman could ride an erection, a tongue or a vibrator all night.

In the realm of applied science, a California inventor named Jon Tavel sought a patent for a battery-powered, bullet-shaped vibrator. The Post Office reported that mail-order companies were deluging widows and housewives with advertisements for "a fairly expensive fornication machine."

On your mark. Get set. Go.

CAMPUS SEX

To fully appreciate the social upheaval that swept through the Sixties, one must look at a different laboratory. The college campus was a microcosm of the culture outside. What did the first war babies and Baby Boomers encounter as they came of age?

In 1960 Leo Koch, a biology professor at the University of Illinois, wrote a letter to the campus newspaper describing a novel idea: "With modern contraceptives and medical advice readily available at the nearest drugstore, or at least from a family physician, there is no valid reason that sexual intercourse should not be condoned among those sufficiently mature to engage in it without social consequences and without violating their own codes of morality and ethics."

A strongly worded letter from the Reverend Ira Latimer, an alumni dad, accused Koch of being part of a communist conspiracy aimed at subverting "the religious and moral foundations of America."

Koch was suspended, then dismissed. One headline stated: PROFESSOR TO BE FIRED FOR URGING FREE LOVE. Students who demonstrated for Koch's free speech rights were photographed by the school's head of security, a former FBI agent.

In 1962 Sarah Gibson Blanding, the president of Vassar, reminded students that "the college expects every student to uphold the highest standards." She stated that premarital sex relations constituted "offensive and vulgar behavior" and that anyone who disagreed could simply leave campus.

Yalies predicted "a mass exodus from Poughkeepsie of indignant Vassar women wearing their diaphragms as badges of courage."

Blanding was simply exercising the power known as in loco parentis, the notion that the college should act in place of parents. One *National Review* editorial noted that in the past this had meant keeping Joe College sober enough to make his classes, but in the Sixties it became one of the last barricades to fall in the sexual revolution. As the Baby Boomers came of age, the college population increased dramatically, with a record six out of ten high school grads going on to higher education. More important, the percentage of women attending higher education doubled—creating a balance between the sexes.

College offered a room of one's own, no parental supervision and a jury of one's peers.

Colleges traditionally relied on a sexual time clock—known as parietal hours—to control romance. Women's dormitories were subject to lockouts. As Margaret Mead noted in an article prompted by Blanding's Vassar crusade: "Any girl who stayed out under circumstances in which she might be suspected of having had premarital sex relations was removed from the college—sometimes gently, sometimes harshly."

This was an era when married college women were not allowed to live in dormitories for fear they might provide "a contaminating atmosphere." Some Catholic colleges forbade students from going steady, saying the behavior was an "occasion for sin." They worried that when young lovers ran out of things to talk about, they would turn to sex.

Schools created bizarre and elaborate rules to control young lust. Handbooks

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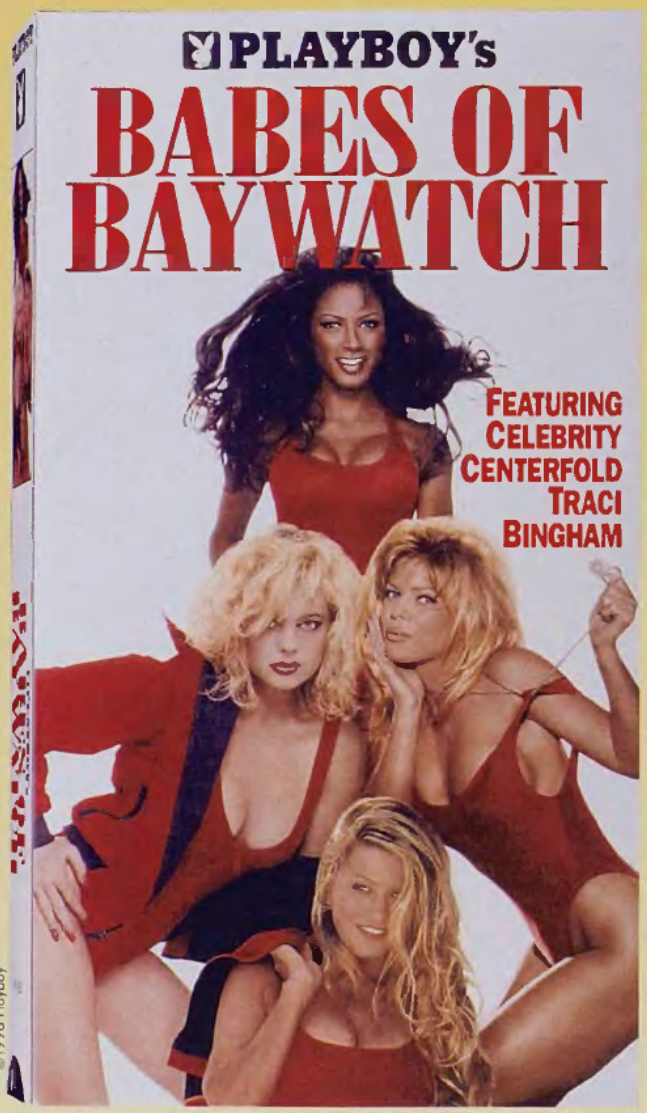

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dictated the number of dates students could have each semester, the hours in which the sexes could intermingle. Males and females could visit one another, but lights had to be on. (Students got around this by leaving a closet light on.) A school rule that said a door had to be open "the width of a book" sparked creative students to meet the letter of the law with a matchbook. A male student who wanted privacy would hang a tie from the doorknob of his room. (Mort Sahl tells of a campus Romeo who employed the code so often his roommate got suspicious and discovered the supposed Romeo alone, reading.)

The college handbooks were a *Kama Sutra Americana*—demanding that a male and a female in a dorm room keep at least three feet on the floor.

Some schools tried to put a stopwatch on dating—defining the term as spending more than 15 minutes in the company of a member of the opposite sex.

Russell Kirk tried to defend in loco parentis in the *National Review*: "A great many students at Columbia or Harvard—perhaps the majority—are decent people who have enrolled to learn something or other. They aren't alcoholics or satyrs. They might even enjoy a little quiet in which to read a book or converse. Decent people too have their rights, particularly the right not to have to endure a nuisance and a stench. If young people prefer the atmosphere of a sporting house, let them go thither—and leave the dormitories of Columbia and Harvard to these horrible prigs who actually still believe, after their reactionary fashion, that a college is a place of learning and meditation."

Barely three years into the decade, an off-Broadway theater group called the Premise was using humor to ridicule the public posture of college administrators. Mocking a commencement speech, an actor intoned:

"Ladies of Vassar and your guests from Harvard and Yale: I would like to say that premarital sex is indecent, immoral and wrong—and the least that you could do is stop while I'm talking to you."

By 1964 seven of 19 private colleges in the East had abandoned in loco parentis and restrictive dorm rules; none of the 18 public universities had yielded. By the end of the decade even Vassar had gone coed and created coed dorms.

Gael Greene, author of *Sex and the College Girl*, reported that the myth of the virgin was ridiculed on almost every campus. The owl at DePauw University was supposed to hoot when a virgin walked by, a Confederate soldier at the University of Mississippi salute, a statue of Abe Lincoln at the University of Wisconsin rise. Of course, they never did.

Students questioned the need for special protection. Many young people had gone away to college specifically to get away from parental supervision. The Fifties had encouraged early marriage. Nearly a quarter of 18-year-olds were already married. A student at Cornell told Greene that she couldn't see what the fuss was all about. After all, she said, "We're the high school girls who didn't get pregnant."

Some campus doctors actually prescribed the Pill to female students, saying they would rather see them now than six months later asking for an abortion. But it was done discreetly.

As the war in Vietnam escalated, male students had a new argument against in loco parentis. If an 18-year-old could be drafted and sent to war, an 18-year-old student should have control over his own actions—specifically the sexual. The concept became known as Our Bodies, Our Selves. Let me fuck before I die.

Coeds examined their coyness, the false front of flirtation. Students at Radcliffe complained that teasing was cruel. A Wesleyan teacher noted the girl who teased was a "sexual pirate." If you are going to do it, do it with affection. Students took courses in sexual ethics. A UCLA coed told Greene that Bertrand Russell's *Marriage and Morals* was "more or less my undoing." Philosophy courses introduced them to Norman O. Brown and Freud's concept of polymorphous perversity—the notion that the entire body is an erogenous zone.

Gloria Steinem would call the phenomenon "The Moral Disarmament of Betty Coed." She ended that article by stating, "The main trouble with sexually liberating women is that there aren't enough sexually liberated men to go around."

Everything happening in the culture at large swept through colleges. Walls sprouted posters of Che Guevara, the Beatles, the Stones, Jimi Hendrix. A million guys bought the poster of Raquel Welch as a cavewoman in *One Million Years B.C.* and turned the Playmate of the Month into an icon. Some actually believed if you put a poster of a naked woman on the wall of your room, it would attract real naked women.

Cult classics such as Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* encouraged a new kind of sexuality—a "growing closer." Heinlein's science fiction novel, written in 1960, proved remarkably prophetic. The story of Valentine Michael Smith—the sole survivor of an expedition to Mars—foresaw cults, hot tubs (or at least communal nude bathing), group sex, the girl next door as a vagabond striptease artist and sacred prostitute, and the government destruction of communes. The tale also foreshadowed altered states of consciousness, with a technique called grokking.

By 1966 Robert Rimmer's *The Harrad Experiment*—a tale about an experimental college program in New England in which students were assigned roommates of the opposite sex, took phys ed classes together in the nude and attended nightly seminars in sexual ethics—

"Remember the time I blew your house down for the insurance?"

billed itself as the "Sex Manifesto of the Free Love Generation." In Rimmer's fantasy world students were expected to sleep together. One of the few rules was to limit yourself to one partner per menstrual cycle, so that if a girl became pregnant there would be no question who the father was.

One of the coeds in Rimmer's book becomes a centerfold for *Cool Boy Magazine*, but only after demanding that the photographers and the publisher take off their clothes as well.

By 1969 many colleges were experimenting with coed dormitories. *Look* reported on what happens when members of the opposite sex spend time in continual close proximity: "There's more sex when you live like this, just because girls are here. I mean, sex is sort of in the air."

But with a new twist: "You think twice about sleeping with a girl when you know you have to face her the next morning at breakfast—and at lunch, and at dinner, and at breakfast."

Coed dormitories changed courtship, the hideous formality of fraternity parties, the desperate fumbling for sex before lockout, the pressure to be pinned or spoken for. Gone were the makeup and rented tuxedo. "You see a girl at all her moments," said one guy, "not just her dressed-up ones." Gone were the corsages.

•

Leo Koch, the visionary professor who was tossed out of the University of Illinois, moved on to better things. With Jefferson Poland, a former civil rights activist, Professor Koch formed the New York Sexual Freedom League. The idea caught on. Poland moved to California, formed the San Francisco Sexual Freedom League and got arrested for staging a nude wade-in in the Bay. The University of California Sexual Freedom Forum sold buttons that said I'M WILLING IF YOU ARE. Some scoffed at the buttons—arguing that you didn't need to join a movement to practice sexual freedom. On the other hand, weekly orgies involving 20 to 45 students didn't just happen by themselves.

The sexual freedom leagues moved off campus and blossomed into a network of wife-swapping couples and swingers' clubs. In loco parentis gave way to parents gone loco with lust. The freedom of the campus spread into the culture at large.

THE COUNTERCULTURE

There were those who turned their back on higher education. The walls around campus could not keep the real world at bay. Issues such as race and war made the rat race for a degree seem obscene. At Berkeley students fought for four months to have the right to raise money for political causes on campus. At the height of the furor students staged a sit-in on Sproul Plaza, holding a police cruiser hostage.

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Increasingly, students simply dropped out and formed radical new communities, along New York's St. Mark's Place, Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue, Los Angeles' Sunset Strip, San Francisco's Haight Street, Chicago's Wells Street and Madison's Mifflin Street. They formed co-ops and collectives, or simply announced the existence of crash pads. These communities had enormous drawing power for the young. In 1966 the FBI reported that 90,000 teenagers had been arrested as runaways.

The counterculture re-created America, starting with underground newspapers. In *Uncovering the Sixties: The Life and Times of the Underground Press*, Abe Peck gives this comparison: "Mainstream newspapers ran crime news and arts reviews and *Dick Tracy*. Underground papers ran demonstration news and rock reviews and *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*, a comic about three amiable heads Tracy would have busted for their rampant pot smoking. The dailies carried ads for pots and pans and suits; the undergrounders sold rolling papers, LPs and jeans."

By 1967, Peck notes, there were 20 underground papers. By 1969 there were at least 500. The underground press was rude and confrontational. Pioneer Ed Sanders' 1962 magazine was called simply *Fuck You: A Magazine of the Arts*.

The new culture embodied the McLuhanesque insight that in the global village people did not need jobs, they needed roles. The counterkids raided thrift shops and became gypsies, Elizabethan ladies, shamans, knights, clowns, cowboys, gurus and the like. Head shops supplied love beads, incense, cabalistic texts, massage oils, Indian fabrics and Lava lamps.

The counterculture turned the entire world into an art school. Mime troupes staged guerrilla theater in the streets, bands played in parks and old union halls. Borrowing a page from *The Playboy Philosophy*, a group called the Open Theater read aloud from a 19th century sermon on the consequences of masturbation. Later, they staged a series of happenings called Revelations, in which motion pictures were projected on the bodies of naked actors and actresses. The young and the hip wore the movies as a second skin.

Those in the counterculture lived the Beat vision, and treated as saints figures such as Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Gary Snyder and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Ken Kesey's novel about inmates taking over an asylum, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, became the bible of the new rebellion. Kesey then gave up writing for a form of living art. He and the Merry Pranksters threw Trips Festivals, exploring the potential of LSD, which was still legal at the time. Some estimate that he turned on more than 10,000 people. Acid was as cheap and

TIME CAPSULE

raw data from the sixties

FIRST APPEARANCES

The Pill. IUDs. Librium. Valium. Freedom Riders. Sit-ins. Be-ins. Love-ins. Peace Corps. Learjet. Instant replay. Ford Mustang. Topless bathing suits. Topless bars. Jacuzzis. Waterbeds. Lava lamps. National Organization for Women. *Cosmo* Girl. *The Sensuous Woman*. *Hair*. Moog synthesizers. Motown. *Penthouse*. *Screw*. The Twist. Playboy Clubs. The Playboy Mansion. Bunnies. Hippies. Yippies. Cassettes. Pop art. Op art. Happenings. Computer dating. Singles' bars. "Here's Johnny!" Woodstock. Ken. G.I. Joe. Stonewall.

WHO'S HOT

JFK. Jackie. The Rat Pack. George. Paul. John. Ringo. James Bond. Bob Dylan. Joan Baez. Rolling Stones. Aretha Franklin. Barbra Streisand. Supremes. Jim Morrison. Jimi Hendrix. John Coltrane. Andy Warhol. Sean Connery. Paul Newman. Steve McQueen. Clint Eastwood. Raquel Welch. Natalie Wood. Jane Fonda. Elizabeth Taylor. Richard Burton. Peter Fonda. Dennis Hopper. Dustin Hoffman. John Glenn. Joe Namath. Martin Luther King Jr. Muhammad Ali. Marshall McLuhan. Timothy Leary. Hef. Henry Miller. Twiggy.

WE THE PEOPLE

Population of the U.S. in 1960: 179 million. Population of the U.S. in 1970: 205 million. Percentage of population under the age of 26 in 1966: 48. Life expectancy of a male in 1960: 66.6 years. Of a female: 73.1. Life expectancy of a male in 1970: 67.1 years. Of a female: 74.8. Marriages per 1000 people in 1960: 8.5. In 1970: 10.6. Number of unmarried couples living together in 1960: 17,000. In 1970: 143,000. In 1967, number of clients of Operation Match, a computer dating service: 5 million. Number who found mates: 130,000. Number of marriages per year circa 1966 involving teenagers: 500,000. Percentage of those that resulted from pregnancy: 50. Percentage of teen marriages that ended in divorce: 50.

MONEY MATTERS

No, it doesn't.

MONEY MATTERS, TAKE TWO

Gross national product in 1960: $504 billion. GNP in 1970: $1 trillion. Percentage of a white male's salary earned by a black male in 1970: 70. Percentage of a white male's salary earned by a white female in 1970: 58. Percentage earned by a black female: 50.

COLLEGE BOUND

Number of college students in 2175 institutions in 1965: 5.4 million. Number of demonstrations between January 1 and June 15, 1968 at 101 colleges and universities: 221. Number of students involved: 39,000. Number of universities facing student strikes or forced to close in 1969: 448.

VIETNAM

Number of U.S. advisors in Vietnam in 1961: 700. In 1963: 16,000. U.S. troops in Vietnam in 1969: 542,000. Number of names on the Vietnam War Memorial: 58,209.

MEDIUM COOL

What we watched on TV when we weren't watching the war in Vietnam: *Gunsmoke*, *Have Gun Will Travel*, *Andy Griffith Show*, *Rawhide*, *Candid Camera*, *The Untouchables*, *Bonanza*, *Perry Mason*, *Dr. Kildare*, *Ben Casey*, *The Beverly Hillbillies*, *Dick Van Dyke Show*, *Bewitched*, *I Dream of Jeannie*, *Batman*, *The Fugitive*, *Get Smart*, *Mission: Impossible*, *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, *The Avengers*, *Gilligan's Island*, *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*, *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In*.

THE PILL

Number of U.S. women taking Enovid in 1961: 408,000. Number taking birth control pills in 1966: 6 million. Amount of money spent on contraceptive devices in 1961: $200 million. Percentage of that figure spent on condoms: 75. Number of malformed babies born to women who took thalidomide, "the sleeping pill of the century": 12,000. Year thalidomide was withdrawn from the market: 1962. When Sherri Finkbine, host of *Romper Room*, realized she had taken thalidomide during the first and second months of her pregnancy, number of hospitals in Phoenix willing to perform an abortion: 0. Name of country where she obtained an abortion: Sweden. According to *Time* in 1964, number of abortions performed in the U.S. that year: one million. Percentage of those abortions deemed illegal: 99.

SLANG ME

New words and phrases: acid test, fake out, splashdown, status report, put on, camp, kook, crash, crash pad, groovy, groupie, rap, vibe, straight, abort, psychedelic, mind-blowing, zap, go-go, mod, pop, flower power, hawk, miniskirt, hotpants, uppers, downers, peak experience, power to the people, sock it to me, don't trust anyone over 30.

FINAL APPEARANCES

1962: Marilyn Monroe
1963: John F. Kennedy
1965: Malcolm X
1966: Lenny Bruce
1966: Margaret Sanger
1967: Jayne Mansfield
1968: Robert Kennedy
1968: Martin Luther King Jr.
1969: Sharon Tate

plentiful as confetti at a parade.

In 1966, the counterculture staged a Love-Pageant Rally to celebrate "the freedom of the body, the pursuit of joy and the expansion of consciousness."

The invitation read: "Bring children. Flowers. Banners. Flutes. Drums. Feathers. Bands. Beads. Flags. Incense. Chimes. Gongs. Cymbals. Symbols." In 1967 that spirit culminated in the Summer of Love and the first be-in.

The authentic counterculture was over almost as quickly as it began. In October 1967 a group paraded a giant coffin through the Haight, announcing "the Death of the Hippie, Son of Media." A community of maybe 7000 gentle souls became a tourist attraction warding off 75,000 hippie wannabes over a single summer. Concerned citizen Chester Anderson printed a flier warning of the danger of the dream: "Pretty little 16-year-old middle-class chick comes to the Haight to see what it's all about and gets picked up by a 17-year-old street dealer who spends all day shooting her full of speed again and again, then feeds her 3000 mikes and raffles off her temporarily unemployed body for the biggest Haight Street gang bang since the night before last. Rape is as common as bullshit on Haight Street."

The idea of the Haight disturbed conservatives and created new demagogues. Charles Perry recounts in his *The Haight-Ashbury: A History* that an actor named Ronald Reagan successfully campaigned for governor of California by promising to restore capital punishment, punish rebellious students at Berkeley and crack down on obscenity.

Within a week of Reagan's election, police busted the Psychedelic Shop for selling obscene literature. Two days later the City Lights Bookstore in North Beach was raided.

The obscenity in question was *The Love Book* by Lenore Kandel, a small-press collection of four poems. The community sponsored a protest read-in. Professors from local universities read aloud from a poem called *To Fuck With Love*.

When the book was declared obscene by a court, the poet thanked the police and pledged part of her earnings to their retirement fund. Their action had taken a book that had sold "about 50" copies and turned it into a local best-seller (with more than 20,000 copies sold after the bust).

Hippies took up a new address. In 1967 *Hair* played at the Public Theater of New York, then moved to Broadway. Put a flower in your hair. Must be the dawning of the Age of Aquarius.

SEX, DRUGS AND ROCK 'N' ROLL

The counterculture was an idea, not an address, an energy, not a neighborhood. It represented the fusion of three forces—sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. Rock heroes were phallic personalities who had sex with an entire nation. Jim Morrison of the Doors grabbed his genitals during performances and simulated oral sex. In Miami he mimed masturbation and exposed himself, earning an arrest.

When the Stones toured America in 1965, groupies lined up to get a taste of rock's nastiest boys. Every tour had a sexual sideshow as female fans traded oral sex for access to the stars, working their way through doormen, bellhops, roadies and managers.

Kathy and Mary, known as the Dynamic Duo, partied with the Beatles, Led Zeppelin and Terry Reid. But they had their clits set on Mick. Indeed, he was the benchmark. Their morning-after conversations went something like this: "Brian Jones? He's great." Pause. "But he's no Mick Jagger."

"Keith Richards? Fantastic." Pause. "But he's no Mick Jagger."

When they finally bedded Mick, the morning-after review went: "Mick? He's cool." Pause. "But he's no Mick Jagger."

Little wonder that two groupies in Chicago honored their heroes by making plaster casts of their private parts.

The Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane and Youngbloods were gypsy bands. The rock of the counterculture was migratory. Concerts became social events—with audiences numbering in the tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, culminating in Woodstock, with numbers half a million strong. This was the body politic gone Dionysian—we went from alienation to Woodstock nation.

Abe Peck remembers rock "radiating what life could feel like if only people got together. *Like a Rolling Stone*, *Satisfaction*, *My Generation*, *A Day in the Life*, *Purple Haze*, *Down on Me* were stunning songs, vinyl diary entries marking a listener's first apartment, demonstration, orgasm, trip."

Rock heroes were the journalists of the new culture: When the Beatles discovered LSD, it showed in their music. Recreational drugs had their stamp of approval. The leap from *Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds* (a tribute to lysergic acid) to *Magical Mystery Tour* was rapid. Millions climbed on board the bus.

•

By his own estimate, Timothy Leary had tripped more than 100 times before the thought occurred to him to try sex on psychedelics. So much for the value of a Berkeley Ph.D.

Leary, who had first sampled magic mushrooms sitting around a pool in Cuernavaca in 1960, had been relatively unchanged by the drugs. "I routinely listened to pop music, drank martinis, ate what was put before me," he admitted.

Flora Lu Ferguson, wife of jazz musician Maynard Ferguson, suggested that Leary learn what life was like "in the first-class lounge." Leary consented and

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found himself tripping with Malaca, a model from Morocco. "We rose as one and walked to the sunporch. She turned, came to me, entwined her arms around my neck. We were two sea creatures. The mating process in this universe began with the fusion of moist lips producing a soft-electric rapture, which irradiated the entire body. We found no problem maneuvering the limbs, tentacles and delightful protuberances with which we were miraculously equipped in the transparent honey-liquid zero-gravity atmosphere that surrounded, bathed and sustained us."

After this experience, his hostess explained to him the secret of the universe: "It's all sex, don't you see?"

Leary brought Malaca back to Harvard but "it was hard for her to adjust to my domestic scene. After a week I still saw Malaca as a temple-dancer divinity from the 33rd Dynasty. But it soon became obvious that up here in the middle-class 20th century she was out of place, turning into a petulant, spoiled Arabian girl. The image from the drug session was slowly fading."

Leary checked with his guru. Aldous Huxley, author of *The Doors of Perception*, told him that of course psychedelics were aphrodisiacs, but "we've stirred up enough trouble suggesting that drugs can stimulate aesthetic and religious experiences. I strongly urge you not to let the sexual cat out of the bag." But outside the ivy-covered walls of academe people were discovering the delicious combination of sex and drugs on their own.

On the West Coast Ken Kesey was conducting Acid Tests—winner-take-all mind games with light shows that duplicated atomic apocalypse, a battle of the bands between the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead, and Elysian romps through the woods of Big Sur.

The press initially rhapsodized about the drug's potential for elaborate problem solving, for creativity, for psychoanalysis. Hallucinogenic drugs let you hear color, smell music, touch a scent. It made tripping sound like kindergarten class. Who would let the cat out of the bag? By the time PLAYBOY caught up with Leary in 1966, he had tripped 311 times. Sex was all he could talk about.

"Sex under LSD," he said, "becomes miraculously enhanced. It increases your sensitivity a thousand percent. Compared with sex under LSD, the way you've been making love—no matter how ecstatic the pleasure you think you get from it—is like making love to a department store dummy. When you're making love under LSD, it's as though every cell in your body—and you have trillions—is making love with every cell in her body."

Recognizing a charismatic salesman, we let him talk on: "An LSD session that does not involve an ultimate merging with a person of the opposite sex isn't really complete. One of the great purposes of an LSD session is sexual union.

"In a carefully prepared, loving LSD session," said Leary, "a woman will inevitably have several hundred orgasms."

The Leary interview fused sex and drugs, but the magazine felt a responsibility to investigate further. The editors asked R.E.L. Masters, a researcher in the field of psychedelics and religious experience, to comment on the delights and hazards of *Sex, Ecstasy and the Psychedelic Drugs* in November 1967.

Masters dismissed Leary's claim for the hundred-orgasm woman: "I have yet to hear from anyone else about a single instance remotely approximating this. I feel rather confident that if it had been happening with any frequency, the world would not have had to wait for Leary to announce it."

Masters admitted that during psychedelic sex intercourse does last longer, but this is due to a distortion of time that gives the act "the flavor of eternity."

You could fill an erection with wonder. Sex was just a beginning, a stage set for awe-inspiring theater. You could genitalize any part of your body. One subject had told Masters that "he became aware of his entire body as 'one great, erect penis. The world was a vagina and I had a sense of moving in and out of it, with intense sexual sensations.'"

Whoa.

The backlash was inevitable. All America was in danger of becoming a drug culture. In 1967 Americans consumed some 800,000 pounds of barbiturates, some ten billion amphetamine tablets. But a drug that turned your whole body into an erection? Harry J. Anslinger, former Prohibition agent and father of *Reefer Madness*, was quick to respond to the Leary interview. "If we want to take Leary literally," he said, "we should call LSD Let's Start Degeneracy."

In 1970 the federal government created a new label for drugs for which "there is no legitimate use." LSD was banned, along with the previously outlawed marijuana and cocaine.

SEXUAL POLITICS

The counterculture believed that sex was political. It marched into battle with "banners flying from erect penises." And it knew how to play with the fears of the older generation.

The planners of a 1967 march on the Pentagon—a protest against the escalating war in Vietnam—petitioned the government for a permit to levitate the Pentagon. Abbie Hoffman invited members of the press to his apartment for a demonstration of a new hippie weapon, a psychedelic bomb. Jonah Raskin, in *For the Hell of It*, recounts that Hoffman told reporters that a group of radicals called the Diggers had come up with a high-potency sex juice called Lace. "When

reporters showed up at Hoffman's apartment, two couples volunteered to demonstrate the power of the chemical. They sprayed one another with the purple liquid, then undressed and began to make love while reporters watched with glee. Making love would triumph over making war."

Hoffman wrote in *East Village Other*, "We will fuck on the grass and beat ourselves against the doors. Secretaries will disrobe and run into the streets, newsboys will rip up their newspapers and sit on curbstones masturbating."

By 1968 Hoffman and Jerry Rubin had founded the Youth International Party, the yippies. They called for a celebration of life to counteract the 1968 Democratic Convention being held in Mayor Richard J. Daley's Chicago. When the yippies applied for a park permit, they wrapped their request in a PLAYBOY centerfold, on which was written the greeting: TO DICK WITH LOVE, THE YIPPIES.

Hoffman called for like-minded individuals to bring their "eager skin" to Chicago. He circulated rumors to the effect that yippie women would seduce convention delegates.

Abbie stood outside the Federal Building with a list of demands, one of them being, "People should fuck all the time, any time, whomever they wish."

Jerry Rubin gave this description: "A kid turns on television and there is his choice. Does he want to be smoking pot, dancing, fucking, stopping traffic and going to jail or does he want to be in a blue uniform beating up people or does he want to be in the convention with a tie strangling his throat making ridiculous deals and nominating a murderer?"

When "the pigs" tried to clear the streets the whole world was watching. What it saw was a police riot.

But afterward, a Harris Poll showed that 70 percent of Americans sided with the police. When the dust cleared, Richard Nixon was our president.

THE POLITICS OF REPRESSION

In the Fifties, the nation had learned to wield scandal as a weapon of social control. In the Sixties, the federal government used sex to discredit those with dangerous ideas. One was the father of rock and roll, the other the father of the civil rights movement.

In 1960 Chuck Berry faced trial on two charges of violating the Mann Act. According to prosecutors, he had transported two women across state lines for immoral purposes. David Langum, author of *Crossing Over the Line*, writes that the trial was racially motivated. "Berry had a longtime business associate and secretary, a white woman named Francine Gillium. The federal prosecutor insulted her, using phrases such as, 'This blonde claims to be a secretary,' and demanding answers to questions such as, 'What kind of secretarial duties do you perform?' and 'Did you tell your people you work for a Negro?'" Berry was convicted and sentenced to three years in jail. He served 20 months.

For half a century the Mann Act, originally intended to curb a nonexistent white-slave trade, was used to punish controversial figures from Jack Johnson (the first black heavyweight champion) to Charlie Chaplin. In 1962 the Department of Justice directed U.S. Attorneys to refrain from prosecuting noncommercial Mann Act violations without approval. Only those connected to kidnapping, rape or organized prostitution would receive government attention.

J. Edgar Hoover didn't need the Mann Act to carry out personal vendettas against those he perceived to be the enemies of the country. In the Sixties his major target was Martin Luther King Jr. The head of the FBI had placed King under surveillance in the Fifties, when the young minister drew national attention as the leader of the Montgomery bus boycott. Hoover ordered wiretaps on King's home and offices and the hotel and motel rooms where King stayed.

Mark Felt, a deputy associate director of the Bureau, says that Hoover was "outraged by the drunken sexual orgies, including acts of perversion, often involving several persons. Hoover referred to these episodes as 'those sexual things.'" Hoover thought King was a "tomcat with obsessive, degenerate sexual urges."

In 1964, after King criticized the FBI's handling of the murders and church bombings in the South, Hoover decided to use the wiretap evidence he had compiled. He told associates, "It will destroy the burrhead."

The task fell to Assistant Director William Sullivan, who swore that King would be "revealed to the people of this country and to his Negro followers as being what he actually is—a fraud, demagogue and moral scoundrel."

The tapes revealed that King was a sexually active male who, according to Curt Gentry, author of *J. Edgar Hoover: The Man and His Secrets*, had enjoyed an "unbuttoned fling" with two female employees of the Philadelphia Naval Yard. Taylor Branch, in *Pillar of Fire*, writes that on January 6, 1964 the FBI had bugged King's room at the Willard Hotel near the White House. "In the midst of an eventual 11 reels and 14 hours of party babble, with jokes about scared Negro preachers and stiff white bosses, arrived sounds of courtship and sex with distinctive verbal accompaniment. At the high point of the recording, Bureau technicians heard King's distinctive voice ring out above others with pulsating abandon, saying, 'I'm fucking for God!' and 'I'm not a Negro tonight!'"

The Bureau offered highlights of the tapes to *The Washington Post*, *Newsweek*, *The New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*,

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The Chicago Daily News, *The Atlanta Constitution* and *The Augusta Chronicle*. Not one paper published the story. In the Sixties, the private lives of public figures were not considered appropriate subjects for journalism. A decade earlier the story would have been planted in *Confidential* or in Walter Winchell's column.

Frustrated, the FBI sent copies of the tapes to the office of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, assuming that Coretta King would open the mail. Accompanying the tapes was a letter threatening: "King, there is only one thing left for you to do. . . . There is but one way out for you. You better take it before your filthy, abnormal, fraudulent self is bared to the nation."

The threats and the tapes were ignored. It would take an assassin's bullet to end the dream.

TRUTH OR DARE

Hoover was not the only man in Washington obsessed with sex. The homosexual witch-hunt of the Fifties had spread to all branches of the government and to all sexual orientations. Federal employees were routinely questioned about their sex lives. In March 1965 Congressman Cornelius Gallagher told fellow lawmakers that the government regularly outdid Kinsey, asking male and female federal employees to answer such true-or-false statements as: "My sex life is satisfactory. I enjoy reading love stories. I believe women ought to have as much sexual freedom as men do. I dream frequently about things that are best kept to myself. There is something wrong with my sex organs. I masturbated when I was an adolescent. I have had a great deal of sexual experience."

Both married and unmarried employees had to give written answers to questions asking if they had been troubled by such things as "petting and necking. Wondering how far to go with the opposite sex. Being too inhibited in sex matters. Feeling afraid of being found out. Being bothered by sexual thoughts or dreams. Worrying about the effects of masturbation."

Tristram Coffin, author of *The Sex Kick*, devoted a whole chapter to these American inquisitions, noting that a sadistic streak of voyeurism ran through the accounts. "The rationale used to justify this peeping," he writes, "was that a homosexual, an adulterer, a fornicator or a masturbator could, if discovered by communist agents, be blackmailed into turning over government or defense or industrial secrets. This assumed that communists were as thick as flies and were especially sensitive to erotic behavior or were leading innocent typists into sin. Later, when this appeared patently silly, the psychologists moved in and developed a new theory. Sexually aberrant individuals had unstable personalities and might cause personnel problems. Sexual aberration was most loosely defined, and the secretary who had daydreams of a love affair with Brando or the junior executive who kissed the comely chief of files behind the screen at the office party might be adjudged guilty of aberrance."

There were 512 polygraphs scattered through government agencies, including the CIA and the National Security Agency. Before the use of the polygraphs was curtailed following investigations by Congress, the sophisticated developed a strategy. Says Coffin: "In the true or false, reject every statement that might be considered by, say, a conservative congressman as antisocial. You don't like young people with beards, you don't approve of premarital sex relations, you never daydream about sex."

A national concern for our right to privacy was just one of the revolutionary ideas that came out of the Sixties.

SEX AND LAW

The idea that the state had no business in the bedroom was an idea whose time had come. In 1960 the American Law Institute, a group of judges, attorneys and professors, issued the final draft of a Model Penal Code that attempted to establish which sexual acts warranted government interference and which did not.

The new code recommended the punishment of "public indecency, prostitution, the public sale of obscenity (not the private production or noncommercial dissemination of obscenity, however), rape, sex with minors, indecent exposure, bigamy, incest and abortion."

But "private behavior will not be punished." The committee drafted a code predicated on the "danger to society rather than moral indignation."

The committee voted overwhelmingly to decriminalize adultery and fornication. When it came to the topic of sodomy, Judge Learned Hand said, "I think it is a matter of morals, a matter very largely of taste, and it is not a matter that people should be put in prison about."

Still, it was a close call. The members voted 35 to 24 to recommend that sodomy be "removed from the list of crimes against the peace and dignity of the state."

The Institute stated that the Model Penal Code would "not attempt to use the power of the state to enforce purely

"This jerk I live with sometimes gets crazy jealous."

moral or religious standards. We deem it inappropriate for the government to attempt to control behavior that has no substantial significance except as to the morality of the actor. Such matters are best left to religious, educational and other influences."

With the publication of the code, a major offensive in the sexual revolution began. Illinois became the first state to repeal its sodomy statute, while oddly leaving in place statutes against fornication and adultery. Near the end of the decade three more states—Oregon, Montana and Connecticut—would adopt more-tolerant sex statutes. Others would follow.

Hefner devoted two entire installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* (February and March 1964) to the absurdity of state sex laws. As a graduate student, he had first expressed his concern in a term paper titled "Sex Behavior and the U.S. Law," written in 1950. Now he used the full power of the magazine to press for acceptance of more-liberal legislation. "No human act between two people is more intimate, more private, more personal than sex," he wrote. "And one would assume that a democratic society that prides itself on freedom of the individual, whose Declaration of Independence proclaims the right of every citizen to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and whose Constitution guarantees the separation of church and state, would be deeply concerned with any attempted infringement of liberty in this most private act."

The following month he continued: "America is presumably the land of the free and the home of the brave. But our legislators, our judges and our officers of law enforcement are allowed to enter our most private inner sanctuaries—our bedrooms—and dictate the activity that takes place there."

Other media that covered the ALI initiative downplayed the importance of reform. The statutes under attack admittedly seemed a little out of date in dusty law books, but how many people got arrested? A *Time* story on the original ALI initiative in 1955 had pointed out that actual enforcement was limited. In a single year, the editors noted, only 267 people had been arrested for adultery. Boston led the way with 242 arrests.

When Connecticut considered the Model Penal Code, New Haven police chief James Ahern claimed, "We hardly ever make a morals arrest anymore." The numbers seemed to back him up. *Time* reported that from 1965 to 1968, the number of prosecutions for fornication and lascivious carriage had dropped from 1048 to 349.

One policeman explained what justified an arrest: "When you see a black boy and a white girl together, well, you just know what's going on."

Hefner objected to state interference on principle. But he needed an individual case to drive the point home. In 1965 the magazine received a letter from Donn Caldwell, a radio disc jockey in West Virginia who was serving a ten-year sentence for committing "a crime against nature."

In Caldwell's case the act was fellatio with a teenage fan. Local authorities threatened the girl with prosecution if she didn't testify against Caldwell. Upon Caldwell's conviction, the judge ignored a psychiatric evaluation of the defendant that recommended leniency and, denying bail, remarked that he considered oral sex to be as serious a crime as murder.

It was this case that prompted Hefner to establish the Playboy Foundation as the activist arm of *The Playboy Philosophy*. "To put our money where our mouth was," he said.

The outpouring of sympathy for Caldwell from PLAYBOY readers and in the West Virginia press supported a successful appeal of the conviction, funded by the Foundation. It was the first in a series of such cases, including one that led to the release of a husband who was serving a two- to 14-year sentence for having consensual anal sex with his wife in Indiana. After a marital spat, the wife had been persuaded by a neighbor to accuse the husband of the "abominable and detestable crime against nature." After the couple reconciled, the wife tried to withdraw the charge only to be told she was no longer the plaintiff. "The State of Indiana is the plaintiff."

The Playboy Foundation also helped free a young girl who was arrested, at her father's request, for fornication. His philosophy: "I'd rather see her in jail than debauched."

Over the years, the Playboy Foundation supplied funding for a series of cases involving birth control, abortion and sexual behavior. It made significant contributions to sex research (the Kinsey Institute, Masters and Johnson), sex education (SIECUS) and other controversial causes, as well as to civil rights and antiwar initiatives. The Foundation also provided the initial funding for NORML's campaign to decriminalize marijuana.

Tiny skirmishes at first, the fights for the right to privacy would turn into a full-scale crusade.

THE RIGHT TO PRIVACY

On November 10, 1961 police arrested Estelle Griswold, the executive director of the Planned Parenthood League of Connecticut, and Dr. Charles Lee Buxton, a physician at the New Haven Planned Parenthood clinic. Their crimes? They had given birth control information, instruction and advice to married couples. The clinic had been open for nine days.

The law that they had broken might as well have been drafted by Anthony

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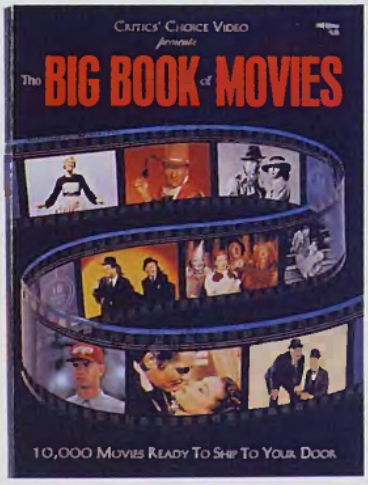

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Comstock, the Connecticut-born Puritan who had raised so much hell at the turn of the century. It read: "Any person who uses any drug, medicinal article or instrument for the purpose of preventing conception shall be fined not less than $50 or imprisoned not less than 60 days nor more than one year, or be both fined and imprisoned."

The case arrived before a Supreme Court that had already accepted the ALI's concept of public and private spheres of sex. On June 7, 1965 Justices William O. Douglas and Arthur Goldberg, writing for the majority, declared that marital sex was clearly protected by a right to privacy.

"Would we allow the police to search the sacred precincts of marital bedrooms for telltale signs of the use of contraceptives?" wrote the Court. "The very idea is repulsive to the notions of privacy surrounding the marriage relationship."

Justice Douglas waxed poetic. "We deal with a right of privacy older than the Bill of Rights—older than our political parties, older than our school system. Marriage is a coming together for better or for worse, hopefully enduring and intimate to the degree of being sacred."

In a concurring opinion Justice Goldberg invoked a definition of privacy first outlined by Justice Louis Brandeis in a 1928 case: "The makers of our Constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happiness. They sought to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions and their sensations. They conferred as against the government, the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men."

Justice Brandeis had earlier articulated that thought in a dissenting opinion. Now the voice of the majority embraced the right to privacy. It was the first time the Justices used the Ninth Amendment to reflect "the collective conscience of our people" against both federal and state action.

Not everyone was overwhelmed by the victory. The editors of *Life* wondered "what Thomas Jefferson would have thought of the Supreme Court's recent gloss on his immortal handiwork." The right of privacy "may have an interesting future if the Court should apply it to such issues as wiretapping and homosexuality."

The Court soon found additional use for the newly articulated right of privacy. Federal and state agents entered the home of Robert Eli Stanley, a suspected bookmaker, and found three reels of stag movies. They arrested Stanley for "knowingly having possession of obscene matter."

The Supreme Court overturned the conviction: "Whatever may be the justifications for other statutes regulating obscenity," wrote Justice Thurgood

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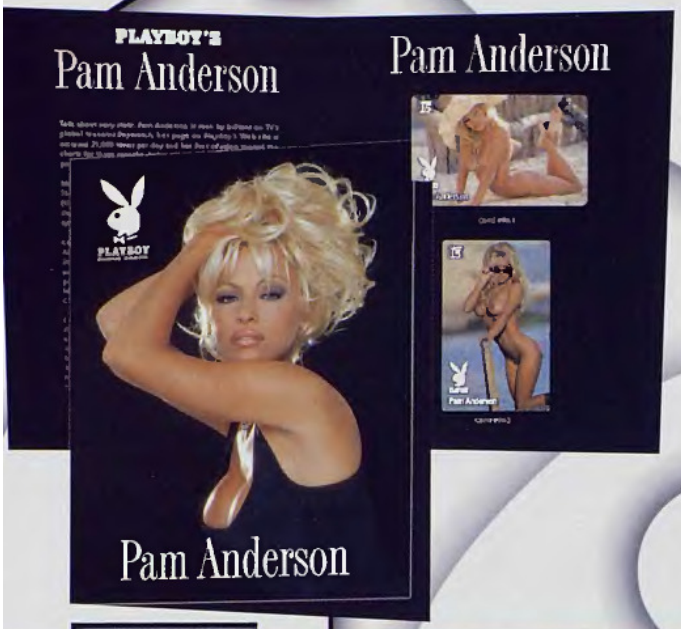

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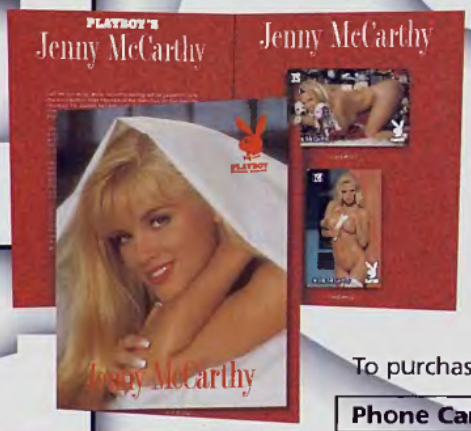

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Marshall, "we do not think they reach into the privacy of one's own home. If the First Amendment means anything, it means that a state has no business telling a man, sitting alone in his own house, what books he may read or what films he may watch. Our whole Constitutional heritage rebels at the thought of giving government the power to control men's minds."

•

Two years after the Griswold Planned Parenthood case was decided, Bill Baird was arrested while lecturing to a crowd of students in Boston about contraception. He had handed out samples of spermicidal foam to a female member of the audience, who may have been single.

State law prohibited the distribution of articles designed to prevent conception. Massachusetts argued that it had the right to protect morals through "regulating the private sexual lives of single persons."

The case would make its way to the Supreme Court, supported in part by funds from the Playboy Foundation. The Justices scoffed at the idea that the state could hold over its citizens the threat of pregnancy and the birth of an unwanted child as punishment for fornication. In 1972 the Court would argue: "If the right of privacy means anything, it is the right of the individual, married or single, to be free from unwarranted governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child."

The following year, this rationale would provide a basis for one of the most controversial decisions of the century. In *Roe vs. Wade*, the Court would extend the right of privacy to include a woman's right to get an abortion.

LIBERATING THE LANGUAGE

Hugh Hefner was not the only American to turn a term paper into a publishing empire. In 1941, as a freshman at Swarthmore, Barney Rosset had written on "Henry Miller vs. Our Way of Life."

Rosset sided with the iconoclastic. As the head of Grove Press, he published the first unexpurgated U.S. edition of D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. A long battle had resulted in a surprising victory that would free language forever and remove the brown-paper wrapper from literary sex.

In the *Lady Chatterley* case, lawyer Charles Rembar persuaded the Court that an appeal to sexual interest was different from an appeal to prurient interest. To be sexually stimulated by a work of art was no crime. "A novel, no matter how much devoted to the act of sex, can hardly add to the constant sexual prodding with which our environment assails us," argued Rembar. "Apart from the evidence offered, the Court may take judicial notice of the fact that our advertising, our motion pictures, our television and our journalism are in large measure calculated to produce sexual thoughts and reactions. We live in a sea of sexual provocation."

Into this sea of provocation Rosset tossed more than two million copies of *Tropic of Cancer*, Miller's exuberant account of a writer fucking his way across Paris. Published in 1934, the book had become an underground classic, smuggled in from France by expatriates and students.

The paperback topped the charts for two years, despite the fact that nervous dealers returned 600,000 copies. The book was banned in more than 19 cities and two states, as police visited bookstores, physically clearing shelves and intimidating shop owners.

Rosset promised to pay the legal costs of any bookseller arrested for offering the book. Defending *Tropic* would cost his company in excess of $250,000.

Not all judges wanted to burn *Tropic*. In Chicago a professor at Northwestern University brought suit, claiming the police had bullied bookstore owners into dropping the work, thus denying him his freedom to read.

Judge Samuel Epstein weighed the content of the pornographic passages against the overall value of the book and decided against censorship, writing, "Let the parents control the reading matter of their children; let the tastes of the readers determine what they may or may not read; let not the government or the courts dictate the reading matter of a free people. The Constitutional freedoms of speech and press should be jealously guarded by the courts. As a corollary to the freedoms of speech and press, there is also the freedom to read. The right to free utterances becomes a useless privilege when the freedom to read is restricted or denied."

Judge Epstein became the target of crank calls and poison-pen letters. Catholics demanded that he be impeached. The Illinois Supreme Court overruled his decision on June 18, 1964, only to change its mind four days later.

On June 22, 1964 the U.S. Supreme Court declared that *Tropic of Cancer* was not obscene.

In years to come, critics and would-be censors of erotica would avoid the term obscenity, using in its place the even less well defined word pornography. A Jesuit labeled as pornography anything that caused "genital commotion." Charles Rembar noted that, according to the law, literature was that which moved one above the waist. Porn was in the groin of the beholder.

Next to rise through the judicial gantlet was John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*—known simply as *Fanny Hill*. Published in 1749, *Fanny* was, according to an article in *Time*, "the first deliberately dirty novel in English." In a decade in which Americans devoured everything English—from James Bond to the Beatles—*Fanny Hill* was hard to swallow. The Reverend Morton Hill of St. Ignatius Loyola in New York City went on a hunger strike, which ended when the mayor launched an antipornography drive.

The prosecutor who tackled *Fanny* attacked the book thusly: "Described in lurid detail are repeated meticulous recitals of sex acts, including acts of sexual perversion, set forth in a style which is a blow to the sense of the reader, and for the evident purpose of teaching the

reader about sins of impurity and arousing him to libidinousness. In its 298 pages, the book describes in detail instances of lesbianism, female masturbation, the deflowering of a virgin, the seduction of a male virgin, the flagellation of male by female and female by male and other aberrant acts, as well as more than 20 acts of sexual intercourse between male and female, some of which are committed in the open presence of numerous other persons, and some of which are instances of voyeurism."

Fanny Hill won the court decision, upheld on appeal. Attorney Rembar had to fight the same battle in Massachusetts and New Jersey, building a trial record of experts testifying that *Fanny Hill* possessed literary merit and psychological value. When *Fanny* reached the Supreme Court, Rembar told the Justices that they did not even have to read the book—that both the critics and the lower courts felt the book had value, thus placing it outside the reach of the law. The Court agreed.

On the same day that they freed *Fanny Hill*, the Justices sent publisher Ralph Ginzburg to jail. Ginzburg's softcore quarterly, *Eros*, was not sexually explicit nor patently offensive—but the way in which he advertised the publication seemed to convey the "leer of the sensualist."

According to the Court, Ginzburg had requested bulk-mailing privileges from Blue Ball, Pennsylvania and Intercourse, Pennsylvania. Twice rejected, he was successful in his effort to mail five million advertisements for *Eros* from Middlesex, New Jersey. Ginzburg, said the Court, was an expert "in the shoddy business of pandering." An outside observer remarked that Ginzburg's only crime was being a smartass. Not a very good reason for sending a man to prison.

But the floodgates had opened. By the end of the decade *Fanny* would be joined by *Candy*, *The Story of O*, *The Memoirs of the Marquis de Sade*, William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* and *My Secret Life*—as well as *Sex Life of a Cop*, *Sex Kitten* and *College for Sinners*.

Philip Roth gave us Portnoy, with his fist flying, coming in the wrapper of a Mounds bar in the balcony of a theater, coming in an old sock, using a cored apple as a masturbation aid, coming on liver ("I fucked my own family's dinner"), ejaculating on lightbulbs, exercising the only part of his body that was his, that was free.

Literature used sex as a window on the soul: Writers took us inside the sex act, filling it with other meanings. The hero of John Updike's *Couples* would muse on oral sex: "To eat another is sacred." The protagonist of Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* would murder his wife, then sodomize the maid, experiencing "the pure prong of desire to bugger."

Kate Millett would find in that three-page scene the seeds of her feminist manifesto *Sexual Politics*. Where some women found liberation in the sex act, others found a microcosm of oppression.

Sexual writing revealed what Malcolm Cowley had called the secret language of men—"words that were used in the smoking room, in the barroom, in the barbershop"—words that no respectable woman would admit knowing. Now those words came to symbolize for some not freedom but the howls of the beast.

KEATING AND THE CDL

The battle over obscenity was not limited to courtrooms and the dry arguments of lawyers and judges. Barney Rosset would walk to work one day and find that someone had thrown a grenade into the Manhattan offices of *Evergreen Review* magazine, a product of Grove Press that combined erotica with left-wing politics.

As free expression gained support in the courts, there were those who organized new forms of repression. In 1958 Charles Keating, a Catholic businessman in Cincinnati, created Citizens for Decent Literature. By 1964 there were 200 chapters of the CDL scattered across the country. By 1965 300 chapters claimed a combined membership of 100,000. Some 1000 delegates would attend a CDL conference in 1965.

Keating was an odd bird. Charles Bowden and Michael Binstein, authors of *Trust Me: Charles Keating and the Missing Billions*, report that when Keating met Mary Elaine Fette, the woman who would become his wife, he took her to a striptease joint. He pounded a cane on the floor, shouting, "Take it off. Take it off." But he would "not let Mary Elaine lift her eyes and see the naked woman who dances before them."

In the Fifties, the local FBI office briefly investigated Keating for possible fraud and espionage (involving a deal with atomic scientists) and warned J. Edgar Hoover to distance himself from Keating. More than one state looked at the CDL's cost-to-cause ratio, and decided that the group was raising money for self-indulgence, not decency.

Keating was a one-man crusade. Before a speech he would cruise newsstands to buy *Love's Lash*, *Sensational Step Daughter* and *Lesbian Lust*. He would wave magazines in the faces of church groups, offer to read the most offensive passages aloud to congressmen. By 1969 he had recruited four senators and 70 representatives to the honorary committee of the CDL. The authors of *Trust Me* point out that one of those, Representative Donald Lukens, would be convicted 20 years later of having sex with a minor.

Delegates to conventions got to stroll through the CDL's private stash of smut:

THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE PILL

how one woman's dream changed sex—and the church

Margaret Sanger, the grande dame of birth control, was 71 in 1950 when she sought out an old benefactor, Katharine McCormick, 75, a true believer who had helped smuggle diaphragms into the U.S. during the Twenties. What Sanger wanted was a perfect contraceptive, something as simple as aspirin, that women could take to prevent unwanted pregnancies.

Sanger and McCormick went shopping for a scientist. Sanger contacted Gregory Pincus at the Worcester Foundation in Massachusetts. Pincus had experimented with the effects of hormones on rabbits. A single dose of progesterone, he found, stopped ovulation in 90 percent of the rabbits tested.

On June 8, 1953 McCormick visited the Foundation, promised Pincus $10,000 a year and soon gave him $50,000 from her family fortune to build an animal lab. Over the years, McCormick's contributions grew to between $125,000 and $180,000 a year. Faced with the prospect of using hormones in human research, Pincus brought in Dr. John Rock, who was one of the nation's leading gynecologists. Dr. Rock had been using progesterone to aid fertility. He had noticed that women who took progesterone stopped ovulating. Rock wondered if, by giving the reproductive system a rest, he could cure sterility. About 16 percent of the women who took progesterone and then stopped became pregnant. (The effect was called the Rock Rebound.)

Progesterone works by tricking the body into believing it is pregnant. Many of the women who took progesterone believed that they actually were pregnant. Their breasts swelled, they experienced nausea and they stopped having periods.

One of Pincus' first suggestions was to interrupt the doses of progesterone. Women would take the Pill for 20 days, stop, menstruate, then go back on it. All the other delightful side effects of being a little bit pregnant would persist.

Pincus and Rock conducted experiments in Puerto Rico in the late Fifties. Rock contacted women who had already given birth and asked if they wanted to test a pill that would prevent pregnancy. In the first test of 221 women, not one became pregnant. Sanger had her magic pill, one that would make birth control the responsibility of the individual. At last, women were masters of their reproductive fates. Well, almost.

Further trials showed one caveat: The Pill was effective only when used properly. Vern Bullough recounts in *Science in the Bedroom*, "Twenty-five women had quit taking the pill either because they were frightened by the side effects or because their priest or personal physician advised them against it. Others appeared to have been confused about what they were supposed to do. One woman took the tablets only when her husband was not traveling. Another, who became pregnant, complained that the pills had not worked at all, even though she had made her husband take them every day."

John Rock, one of the fathers of the Pill, was a devout Catholic. He not only risked arrest in Massachusetts—a state that outlawed all contraceptive devices—but also was threatened with excommunication for developing a form of birth control that appeared to violate Catholic doctrine. In 1930 Pope Pius XI issued an encyclical, *Casti Connubii* (on Christian Marriage), in which he prohibited the use of artificial contraception: "Since the conjugal act is destined primarily by nature for the begetting of children, those who in exercising it deliberately frustrate its natural power and purpose sin against nature. Any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of a grave sin."

But the Pope left a door open. Married persons who had intercourse but who for "natural reasons either of time or of certain defects" could not bring forth new life did not sin. The rhythm method, timing intercourse to a "safe" period, was not an obvious sin.

In 1963 Rock published *The Time Has Come: A Catholic Doctor's Proposals to End the Battle Over Birth Control*. He argued that the Pill was not artificial, that it duplicated nature in its effects on a woman's body and that it did not destroy organs nor block semen artificially. It was a form of contraception that controlled time. If the rhythm method was moral, then a pill that expanded the "safe period" was also moral. In a world devastated by the population explosion, limiting conception was a moral choice that could not be ignored.

Briefly, Pope John XXIII held out hope. He convened the Papal Commission on Population, the Family and Natality in June 1963. In June 1966 the theological scholars studying the Pill's moral challenge voted for a change in the Church's teaching—by a margin of 60 to 4.

On July 29, 1968 Pope Paul VI issued *Humanae Vitae*. As deciphered by Loretta McLaughlin, the message was this: "Every sex act must remain open to the transmission of life. Man does not have total dominion over his sex organs, because they are God's instruments for new life."

The decision was a tragedy. Father Andrew Greeley surveyed American Catholics: In 1964, 45 percent approved of artificial contraception; by 1974 the figure would be 83 percent—a startling rejection of *Humanae Vitae*. "We don't speculate that the cause of Catholic decline was the birth control decision," wrote Greeley, "nor do we simply assert it. We prove it with the kind of certainty one rarely attains in historical analyses. Historians of the future will judge *Humanae Vitae* to be one of the worst mistakes in the history of Catholic Christianity."

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nudist magazines, paperbacks, a yearbook showing high school students reading PLAYBOY and, finally, a cheap novel called *Youth Against Obscenity*. The novel claimed to be an exposé of a CDL-type movement: "In the crowded auditorium they preached and screamed about obscenity in magazines, but on secluded beaches and in private bedrooms they enjoyed their sex in about every imaginable way."

Keating cloaked his crusade in apocalyptic visions. On a 1963 television show called *News Impact: Eyes of the Storm* he said, "If the filth peddlers are allowed to freely infiltrate and deprave our community, pervert an entire generation, if they have their way, then I think our civilization is doomed, as 16 of the 19 major civilizations in the history of the world have been doomed."

Hefner called attention to the CDL in the twelfth installment of the *Philosophy*, calling it a front for the National Organization for Decent Literature, a Catholic group that had tried to expand its power from declaring books unfit for Catholics to banning books for all denominations.

Keating was a classic fearmonger. He told Congress that mail-order porn "causes premarital intercourse, perversion, masturbation in boys and wantonness in girls and weakens the morality of all it contacts."

He dismissed the expertise of Kinsey and sexologists Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen, claiming that they wanted only to disseminate "dirty bleatings and pagan ideas."

He embodied the 19th century attitude toward masturbation. "I take for granted that most people think that it is a very bad thing and very dangerous to the physical and mental health and the moral welfare of the people who have the habit," he testified. "But we had a psychiatrist [a defense witness for adult magazines] on the stand in Cincinnati recently who said, 'Sure, these magazines stimulate the average person to sexual activity, but it would be sexual activity which would have a legitimate outlet.' The prosecutor said to him, 'Doctor, what is a legitimate or socially acceptable outlet for an 18-year-old unmarried boy?' The doctor answered, 'Masturbation.' When you are met with that kind of situation, you begin to wonder."

Keating traveled from city to city, encouraging and inciting militant action, letter-writing campaigns and good old-fashioned political pressure. One newspaper gave the CDL credit for 400 arrests, among them those of Lenny Bruce and Hugh Hefner.

HE DIED FOR OUR SINS

Lenny Bruce's bawdy, unabashed humor had attracted the attention of police in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago and New York. Yes, he used words such

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as cocksucker and talked about men fucking mud. But he raised serious issues about sexual morality, religion and other subjects of controversy. Hefner could write about the same topics in the privacy of his Mansion. Bruce was in your face, and he paid the price.

The Chicago bust in December 1962 at the Gate of Horn nightclub was clearly religiously motivated. Bruce took on organized religion with lines such as "Let's get out of the churches and back to religion."

Police also threatened Alan Ribback, the owner of the Gate of Horn. After the bust, one of the cops cornered Ribback and told him, "I want to tell you that if this man ever uses a four-letter word in this club again, I'm going to pinch you and everyone in here. If he ever speaks against religion, I'm going to pinch you and everyone in here. Do you understand? I'm speaking as a Catholic. I am here to tell you your license is in danger."

Lenny Bruce was the last victim of the blacklist mentality, one of the last political prisoners of the sexual revolution. The Gate of Horn bust and others that followed made him unemployable. The collusion of state and church deprived him of the right to work, the right to speak, the right to live. He died of a drug overdose in 1966. After his death, higher courts overruled his convictions, but it was too late.

HEFNER IN HANDCUFFS

Hefner became the target of behind-the-scenes CDL intrigue in June 1963. One late afternoon, police rousted him out of bed and charged him with publishing and distributing an obscene publication. The obscenity in question? Pictures of a nude Jayne Mansfield from the film *Promises, Promises!*

Chicago Corporate Counsel John Melaniphy claimed that captions describing the actress as "she writhes about seductively," or as "gyrating," aroused "prurient interests and defeat any claim of art."

Say what? The Supreme Court had held that nudity was not in itself obscene. The city fathers surely knew that, but Melaniphy went ahead with the arrest and subsequent legal charade to appease the CDL. At least one newspaper detected the ruse. An article in *The New Crusader* declared: "The Citizens for Decent Literature, a group of Victorian housewives, still smarting from the effects of a recent edition of PLAYBOY magazine's *Philosophy* that hailed the Supreme Court for liberalizing obscenity tests, prevailed upon the office of John Melaniphy, city prosecutor, to secure a warrant for Hefner." The creation of an enemies list was central to the CDL.

In 1968 Chief Justice Earl Warren volunteered to step down during the current term so that President Lyndon Johnson could promote Justice Abe Fortas to the top spot. The CDL arranged a counteroffensive that became known as the Fortas Obscene Film Festival. Collaring legislators and members of the media, the CDL projected *Target Smut*, a 35mm slide-and-film history of 26 Supreme Court decisions that were, it said, "directly responsible for the proliferation of obscenity in this country." Senators got to view films such as *Flaming Creatures* (Jack Smith's classic tribute to transvestites) and assorted porn loops.

Senator Strom Thurmond acted as projectionist, feeding quarters to a coin-operated movie projector. Bruce Allen Murphy, author of *Fortas: The Rise and Ruin of a Supreme Court Justice*, tells how some 20 reporters and editors watched as "an attractive young girl was doing a striptease down to her garter belt and transparent panties. For 14 minutes the actress undressed and writhed erotically, with the camera repeatedly focusing on various parts of her anatomy, ensuring that no viewer missed the point."

Edward De Grazia, in *Girls Lean Back Everywhere*, credits Keating and the CDL for renewing a national crusade against obscenity. Within the course of a year, lawmakers introduced 23 bills targeting smut. Columnist James Kilpatrick would say: "Boil the issue down to this lip-licking slut, writhing carnally on a sofa, while a close-up camera dwells lasciviously on her genitals. Free speech? Free press? Is this what the Constitution means?"

The CDL helped to block the Fortas nomination. Under pressure from religious groups, Lyndon Johnson appointed a National Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. Social scientists would spend nearly $3 million in the first serious study of the presumed effects of explicit erotica. President Richard Nixon declared the Commission "morally bankrupt." Upon election he declared, "So long as I am in the White House there will be no relaxation of the national effort to control and eliminate smut from our national life."

In one of his first acts in office, Nixon appointed Charles Keating to the Commission.

I AM CURIOUS

America witnessed a changing of the censorial guard. As the CDL gained power, the old order of Catholic bluenoses, the Legion of Decency, disbanded. Formed in the Thirties, the Legion had once been able to fill the streets of Chicago with 70,000 followers carrying signs that read AN ADMISSION TICKET TO AN INDECENT MOVIE IS AN ADMISSION TICKET TO HELL.

The Legion forced Hollywood to enforce the Motion Picture Production Code that banned sexuality from the screen. During the Fifties, the power of the Code had been challenged—first by artful foreign films, then by adventurous American directors.

Monsignor Little, the executive secretary of the Legion, retired in late 1965, saying that he preferred "to die in the stations of the cross, not looking at Gina Lollobrigida."

In 1965 when Sidney Lumet directed *The Pawnbroker*, the film was denied Production Code approval, and was banned by the Legion of Decency (which would soon call itself the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures). The film was a serious study of a Jew haunted by his experiences in a Nazi prison camp. A critical scene showed a black prostitute baring her breasts for Rod Steiger. The event triggered a flashback to a concentration camp scene, where Steiger's character had been forced to watch his wife be raped by soldiers. History had one truth, the Production Code another. Since 1934 Hollywood films had included not a hint of nudity. What made this ludicrous was that nudity was now commonplace in independent and foreign films and in mainstream magazines such as PLAYBOY.

Lumet appealed. The Motion Picture Association of America relented. The MPAA scrapped the Production Code, replacing it with a simple formula "designed to keep in close harmony with the mores, the culture, the moral sense and the expectations of our society." Jack Valenti introduced a warning for films that were "suggested for mature audiences only."

To get a sense of the arc of the Sixties, consider the careers of individual stars. Natalie Wood, having grown from the little girl in *Miracle on 34th Street*, began the decade with the steamy *Splendor in the Grass*. She played a teenager driven to attempt suicide by social taboos that forbade an illicit affair with Warren Beatty. (Offscreen the two consummated the relationship and broke up Natalie's marriage to Robert Wagner.) In 1969 she played a would-be spouse-swapper in Paul Mazursky's hilarious look at extramarital sex, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. (The film depicts middle-aged couples trying to pass as swingers and gave us the memorable line: "OK, first we'll have an orgy, and then we'll go see Tony Bennett.")

Jane Fonda debuted in *Tall Story* in 1960—a light comedy about a cheerleader who goes to college to catch a husband. But she followed that with the role of a prostitute in *Walk on the Wild Side*, and the sci-fi fantasy *Barbarella*, made in France for Roger Vadim in 1968. The movie opens with a weightless striptease, then follows Fonda through one sexual misadventure after another. Strapped into a torture device called the Excess Pleasure Machine, she defeats the villain (and destroys the machine) with the best orgasm scene since Hedy Lamarr's triumphant *Ecstasy*.

Hollywood filmmakers were still nervous about sex and nudity; they would imply oral sex and impotence in a film like *Bonnie and Clyde*, but celebrate new levels of explicit violence.

Foreign films filled the art theaters and we saw things we had never seen before. Oliver Reed and Alan Bates wrestled naked in *Women in Love*. Michelangelo Antonioni's *Blow-Up* provided a glimpse of pubic hair when David Hemmings wrestled with two models in a photo studio. *I Am Curious (Yellow)* showed an unabashedly nude Lena Nyman casually stroking Börje Ahlstedt's postcoital penis, not to mention simulated intercourse in trees and ponds and on city streets. These examples are vivid because they are rare. While major writers explored themes such as masturbation, sodomy and sadomasochism, filmmakers tested boundaries, then withdrew from the field.

Independent filmmakers tackled nudity head-on. The phenomenon was most visible on the grindhouse circuit—the outlaw theaters that showed Adults Only fare. Russ Meyer created a whole genre of "nudie cuties," beginning with 1960's *The Immoral Mr. Teas*. The hero had the uncanny ability to undress women with his eyes—a simple enough plot, on which Meyer hung the sort of pin-up nudity found in PLAYBOY. Indeed, Meyer had worked as a photographer for PLAYBOY. His wife, star and co-producer, Eve Meyer, was Miss June 1955. He churned out films that featured big-breasted women and square-jawed men, with titles such as *Eve and the Handyman*, *Lorna*, *Mondo Topless*, *Mudhoney* and *Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!* Nudity filled theaters by showing what television and mainstream films could not—the naked female form.

The nudie cutie films created stars such as Marsha Jordan. According to the authors of *Grindhouse*, "She had no qualms about doing Adults Only movies because at the time it meant she only had to show her body, not do anything particular with it. Within a few years Jordan was headlining films by most of the major Adults Only producers: *The Golden Box*, *Lady Godiva Rides*, *Brand of Shame*, *Office Love-In*—through them all Marsha performed make-believe sex with numerous men and women."

Hollywood sex stars from the Fifties such as Jayne Mansfield and Mamie Van Doren made similar films, baring all in *Promises, Promises!* and *Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt* when their careers began to fade.

And the nudie cuties provided a training ground for filmmakers. Before Francis Coppola completed studies at UCLA, he directed *Tonight for Sure*—a nudie Western.

But something else was going on in the grindhouses. When real sex is taboo,

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the impulse becomes perverted and crops up in bizarre, fetishistic images. A whole legion of films called roughies subjected the female form to abuse. Eddie Muller and Daniel Faris, in *Grindhouse*, explain the thinking behind a film called *Blood Feast*: "In 1963 the sight of a single pubic hair could bring out the riot squad. A penis penetrating a vagina? Showing that was absolutely inconceivable. But what about a knife? Or better yet, an ax?" The film starred fresh-faced Playmate Connie Mason and featured dismemberment and blood-splattered human sacrifice. *Blood Feast*, of course, made millions.

Film fare became kinkier. *White Slaves of Chinatown* (1964) would show young girls manacled and whipped by Olga the dominatrix. Olga returned with her whip in *Olga's House of Shame*. Nazis appeared as sadistic beasts in *Love Camp 7* to torture female prisoners.

The animosity was not directed solely at women. As the authors of *Grindhouse* point out, sometimes the victims were men. Lila, the heroine of *Mantis in Lace*, was billed as "just another psycho stripper with a meat ax."

During the silent era, mainstream filmmakers had combined sex and horror. Low-budget horror films had placed women at risk for decades. Alfred Hitchcock traumatized a whole generation with the unforgettable shower scene in his 1960 hit *Psycho*. He left a great deal to the imagination. But by the end of the decade, filmmakers built slow-motion ballets of blood and bullets in *Bonnie and Clyde* and *The Wild Bunch*.

Tom Wolfe called it pornoviolence. "In the new pornography," he wrote, "the theme is not sex. The new pornography depicts practitioners acting out another murkier drive: people staving teeth in, ripping guts open, blowing brains out and getting even with all those bastards."

He traced the phenomenon to the aftershock of the Kennedy assassination, the "incessant replay, with every recoverable clinical detail, of those less than five seconds in which a man got his head blown off."

The authors of *Grindhouse* make the same point: "Before the rifle's report had faded, the nation seemed hopelessly lost in nightmarish terrain. The jungles of southeast Asia consumed American boys, and no one could explain why. Robert Kennedy, Malcolm X and Martin Luther King Jr. were all murdered by gunfire. Outraged African Americans tore apart Watts. Paranoia struck deep. Conspiracy theories suggested that maybe we weren't the good guys anymore. Charles Manson babbled and fresh-faced California girls slaughtered people for him. With all this roiling through the culture, is it any wonder that Adults Only movies, almost overnight, went from bouncy frolics to brutal rapes?"

Jack Valenti responded to the tumult by creating a new rating system for Hollywood films, dividing them into four categories: G, PG, R and X. The last category proved to be a mistake. The MPAA wanted a rating system that would allow legitimate filmmakers to tackle mature topics without their works being confused with Adults Only exploitation flicks. The rating scheme backfired.

"We appreciate your contribution, but to leave a more rounded depiction of our pursuits as a society, we want a wall of babes."

Midnight Cowboy, John Schlesinger's tale of a hustler, earned an X. The film proved that sex and excellence were not mutually exclusive. *Midnight Cowboy* won three Academy Awards.

Russ Meyer filmed the soft-core *Vixen* for $72,000, slapped on his own X and took the rating all the way to the bank. (The film grossed $6 million in two years.)

The independent filmmakers usurped the X rating. By the next decade, X and XXX would represent hard-core. The X floated like crosshairs on a scope—it was only a matter of time before a film would go all the way.

GAY POWER

If sex was the politics of the Sixties, it wasn't a two-party system. The changes that swept the country—the revolutions toward racial equality and gender equality—took longer to liberate sexual minorities.

The numbers started small. At the beginning of the decade, the San Francisco chapter of the Mattachine Society (viewed as a gay counterpart to the NAACP and the Anti-Defamation League) could claim 200 members. Its monthly magazine, filled with articles and fiction on homosexuality, reached 2500 readers. A Los Angeles–based magazine, *One*, reached 5000.

The growing awareness of the gay community can be traced in headlines. A September 11, 1963 issue of *The Christian Century* asks: HOMOSEXUALITY: SIN OR DISEASE?

By the end of that year, *The New York Times* would assign a reporter to cover "the city's most sensitive open secret"—that gays had become visible. In 1964 *Life* published "The Gay World Takes to the City Streets"—a pictorial essay on modern gay life, complete with an article that seemed like a road map to the territory staked out by homosexuals. John D'Emilio and Estelle Freedman, the authors of *Intimate Matters*, suggest that the media created beacons for gays—these exposés sparked migrations to Greenwich Village, Times Square, Chicago's Bughouse Square, Hollywood's Selma Avenue, San Francisco (which had more than 30 gay bars), and the warmer climes of New Orleans and Miami.

Increased visibility in turn began to draw more gays from the closet. In 1967 *The New York Times Magazine* ran an article that proclaimed: "A Four Million Minority Asks for Equal Rights."

Drew Shafer, an officer of the North American Homophiles Conference, declared: "The average homosexual is a person who spends his entire life in hiding. He would really like to feel like a citizen, like every other person. Not ill but free. A real human being."

According to Shafer, a gay person wants "to be free to pursue homosexual

love, free to serve in the armed forces, free to hold a job or advance in his profession, free to champion the cause of homosexuality."

Shafer also championed the cause of gay marriage, but the *Times* concluded that "professional scholars of homosexual culture cannot foresee any institutional equivalent of matrimony for homosexuals. The average homosexual marriage lasts at most three or four years."

Gays picketed the White House and began to forge political alliances. In 1955 the ALI had voted to decriminalize gay sex: "No harm to the secular interests of the community is involved in atypical sexual practice in private between consenting adult partners. This area of private morals is the distinctive concern of spiritual authorities."

In 1967 the ACLU would come out for gay rights, saying: "The state has a legitimate interest in controlling, by criminal sanctions, public solicitation for sexual acts, and particularly sexual practices where a minor is concerned," but that "the right of privacy should extend to all private sexual conduct and should not be a matter for invoking penal statutes."

By the end of the decade gays had begun to take their place at the cultural table. The play and subsequent movie *The Boys in the Band* presented a thought-provoking portrait of homosexual men.

And gays found unexpected allies. The National Institute of Mental Health formed a task force on Human Sexuality, with a "special focus on homosexuality." The FBI, which for years had hounded gays under J. Edgar Hoover's Sex Deviants program, broke up a 70-man antigay extortion ring. Gang members would entice victims into hotel rooms, then associates would break in posing as police officers. According to *The New York Times* the victims included "two deans of Eastern universities, several professors, business executives, a motion picture actor, a television personality, a California physician, a general and an admiral, a member of Congress, a British theatrical producer and two well-known singers." To maintain silence, the victims (some 700 homosexuals and bisexuals scattered across the U.S.) had paid hundreds of thousands of dollars.

A gay man's sexual preference came fully equipped with paranoia. Articles pointed out what gays had known throughout the Fifties—that every approach might result in arrest, humiliation or worse.

Police might claim tolerance, and point to declining arrest statistics. (Between 1965 and 1969 annual arrests dropped from 800 a year to fewer than 80 in New York.) Illinois may have decriminalized sodomy in 1961, but Chicago police still made 100 arrests in one year for public solicitation. Los Angeles police, armed with an educational pamphlet that warned that homosexuals wanted "a fruit world," made 3069 arrests in 1963. A "token number," said Inspector James Fisk.

•

On June 28, 1969 a squad of police entered a bar in Greenwich Village. The Stonewall Inn on Christopher Street was a well-known gathering place for gay men, lesbians and transvestites. It was said that the owners of the bar paid off the police; that in return, the police staged only token raids in which they would stop the dancing, ask for IDs and cart off the most vivid of the queens. But the raid on June 28 broke the pattern for all time.

Angry patrons filed out of the bar, only to linger in Sheridan Square. They picked up rocks, bottles and garbage and began to hurl them at the bar and the startled officers still inside. The cops barricaded the door. Projectiles shattered the window. Someone threw a firebomb through the window. Another squirted lighter fluid under the door.

Chanting "gay power," the crowd uprooted a parking meter and tried to batter down the door. The effort ended when police reinforcements arrived.

For nights thereafter, gays gathered at the site. They held meetings, formed committees and finally staged a Gay Power march up Sixth Avenue.

Today, the annual Pride march attracts almost half a million gays, lesbians, bisexuals, transgenderists and their supporters. They paint the stripe down Christopher Street lavender.

The sign for Gay Street—situated a few doors down from the Stonewall—is one of the most frequently stolen artifacts in the city. You can see the bands where previous signs were attached to posts and streetlights rising ever higher, like a carnival indicator of pride.

RADICAL SISTERS

The sexual revolution swept through the culture, but by mid-decade there were some who felt slighted. The leaders of the various movements fighting for change were men. Civil rights workers and antiwar activists, yippies and rock stars were charismatic spokesmen who could dominate and inspire a rally, or "fuck a staff into existence," as Marge Piercy confessed in an essay on women's experiences within the movement. "Yet always what was beautiful and real in the touching becomes contaminated by the fog of lies and half-truths and power struggles until the sex is empty and only another form of manipulation."

Women in the counterculture found themselves in the same old roles: Girlfriend. Dishwasher. Typist. When they demanded that the leaders acknowledge their many contributions, they received

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daunting, chauvinist replies.

In 1966 black activist Stokeley Carmichael brushed off women's libbers with a remark heard round the country: "The only position for women in the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee is prone."

Abbie Hoffman crowed, "The only alliance I would make with the women's liberation movement is in bed."

Eldridge Cleaver, in 1968, joked: "Women? I guess they ought to exercise pussy power."

Women's equality was treated as a joke in the Sixties. Indeed, Representative Howard Smith of Virginia had added the category of sex to Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act on a political whim, to distract liberals and make the bill harder to pass. The law prohibited discrimination on the basis of an "individual's race, color, religion, sex or national origin." But what exactly did that mean?

Radical women began talking to one another in "bitch sessions" about consciousness raising. Sexual dissatisfaction was at the core of the new political rhetoric. Anne Koedt delivered a paper in Chicago on "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm" at the first National Women's Liberation Conference, Thanksgiving weekend in 1968. Taking a cue from Masters and Johnson, she proclaimed, "Although there are many areas for sexual arousal, there is only one area for sexual climax; that area is the clitoris.

"All this leads to some interesting questions about conventional sex and our role in it. Men have orgasms essentially by friction with the vagina, not the clitoral area, which is external and not able to cause friction the way penetration does. Women have thus been defined sexually in terms of what pleases men. Our own biology has not been properly analyzed. Instead we are fed the myth of the liberated woman and her vaginal orgasm, an orgasm which in fact does not exist."

She condemned men who used the clitoris only for foreplay, to create sufficient lubrication for penetration. A clitoral sexuality would make the male expendable. The whole *Kama Sutra* needed to be rewritten. "We must begin to demand that if certain sexual positions now defined as standard are not mutually conducive to orgasm, they no longer be defined as standard," said Koedt. "New techniques must be used or devised that transform this particular aspect of our current sexual exploitation."

In *Loose Change: Three Women of the Sixties*, Sara Davidson tried to re-create the moment: "At her women's group, they talked about their problems in the movement and they talked about sex. Sex, sex, the very word made Susie sweat and turn red. 'I'd never heard people talk about this stuff. I didn't even know women masturbated.' The group read Masters and Johnson—that was a mindblower—to see proof that all orgasms are centered in the clitoris and that the vaginal orgasm, that holier-than-holy supercome, was a myth. Susie had to ask where the clitoris was. Jeff had never touched her there because Freud and his father had informed him that mature women have vaginal orgasms."

Robin Morgan found she could no longer stand to fake vaginal orgasms (though she admitted she'd become "adept at faking spiffy ones"). She feared confronting pornography for fear of being labeled a "bad vibes, uptight, unhip chick." She became a refugee from the male-dominated left, or what she called "the boys' movement." But she and others had learned much from the movement's style of electric drama.

On September 7, 1968 New York Radical Women organized a protest against the Miss America Pageant. Morgan wrote: "The pageant was chosen as a target for a number of reasons: It is of course patently degrading to women (in propagating the Mindless Sex Object Image). It has always been a lily-white, racist contest; the winner tours Vietnam, entertaining the troops as a Murder Mascot. The contestants epitomize the roles all women are forced to play in this society, one way or the other: apolitical, unoffending. Passive, delicate (but drudgery-delighted) things." The protesters denounced the quest for male approval, saying women were "enslaved by ludicrous beauty standards. Miss America and PLAYBOY's Centerfold are sisters over the skin. To win approval we must be both sexy and wholesome, delicate but able to cope, demure yet titillatingly bitchy. Deviation of any sort brings, we are told, disaster: 'You won't get a man!'"

Sex object? Degrading? In one article are the first drops of poisoned rhetoric that would reignite the battle between the sexes. The protesters tossed dishcloths, steno pads, high-heeled shoes, false eyelashes, hair curlers, girdles and bras into a Freedom Trash Can, along with copies of *Cosmopolitan*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Family Circle*. They did not, as some media claimed, burn bras.

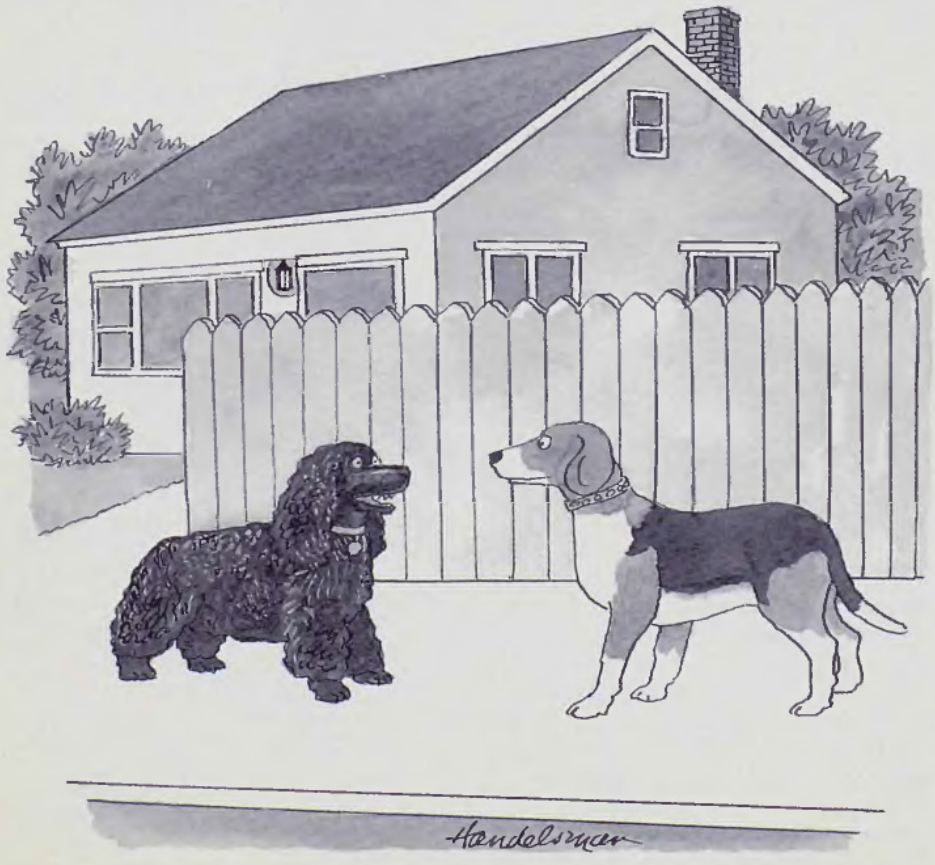
Make war, not love? A strange message with which to end the decade.

•

What would women become in the Seventies? Joan Terry Garrity, taking the nom de plume J, wrote a book called *The Sensuous Woman*. In lighthearted prose she extolled the wonders of oral sex and described various techniques such as "the Butterfly Flick," "the Hoover," "the Whipped Cream Wriggle" and "the Silken Swirl."

The book sold nine million copies.

Stick out your tongue.



"Affirmative action should be more narrowly tailored so as not to benefit cats."

 (continued from page 83)

"I went horseback riding with Saddam Hussein last weekend. He's crazier than a crackhouse whore."

veteran of *SNL*, Gasteyer is clear, collected, earthy and married. "Molly, Cheri and I didn't come in here with a bra-burning passion to change the show. We just want to be artists, to be onstage, and write stuff that's good. I don't feel we're in an environment that puts a whole lot of status on gender. Creatively, it's incredibly demanding."

Molly Shannon, now in her fourth season, admits "*SNL* is a tough place. You have to be a tough person, driven, a self-starter." Her father raised her alone from the time she was four, when her mother was killed in an automobile accident. "Because of what I went through, I had a feeling nothing could stop me. I couldn't stand it when people would tell me I couldn't do something. I'd think, How hard can it be?"

After college, the girl from Shaker Heights, Ohio headed to Los Angeles, where she wrote and produced *The Rob and Molly Show* with her friend Rob Muir. She packed the Up Front Comedy Theater, then landed a five-minute audition with Michaels. "Every Saturday, when I see all the people in the audience, I still think to myself, I didn't have to invite them and I don't have to pay for the band."

Shannon's signature creation is Mary Katherine Gallagher, who was born 11 years ago as a tribute to morbidly anxious girls everywhere. "I used to get really nervous when I would perform. As I have grown, she has grown," Shannon says of her armpit-sniffing alter ego. "I think growing up is a really big deal, so it's about her nervousness in coming-of-age." That may explain the repressed sexual fever in her quavering voice and heaving chest as a gymnastic frenzy flings her into a wall. "When the Spice Girls say 'girl power,' that's not girl power. Mary Katherine Gallagher is girl power!" says Shannon, laughing.

"This place ages you," sighs Cheri Oteri. "We are all competing to get something on that show—girls, guys, writers, everyone. Sundays, I treat myself as if I'm sick. It's so physically exhausting." After a jeremiad about the rigors of her job, her lips curl into a warm grin. "I'm very lucky."

Oteri grew up in Philadelphia, apprenticed with the Groundlings and in 1995 auditioned for *SNL*. "I'm telling you, I was like, 'Someday I can tell my kids that I auditioned for *Saturday Night Live*.'" Her gaze is gentle and curious. She locks into character voices. Suddenly, it's Barbara Walters: "I went horseback riding with Saddam Hussein last weekend. He's crazier than a crackhouse whore." Then she is Arianna, the Spartan cheerleader (now the subject of several fan-created Web sites), then Debbie Reynolds, then Colette Reardon, the twitchy pill popper on the sunny edge of madness.

"I always wanted to do a character who was barely holding it together, with a smile, lipstick askew," muses Oteri. "I love people who triumph over adversities. Maybe I felt like that growing up. Not fitting in. Not good enough. So, not realizing it, I'd stare at people and drink in their personalities. I used to study people." The result? She can spoof the misfit without mockery.

"There are lots of ways to get laughs," says Michaels. "But to get laughs with honor is much harder. All three of these women are honorable."

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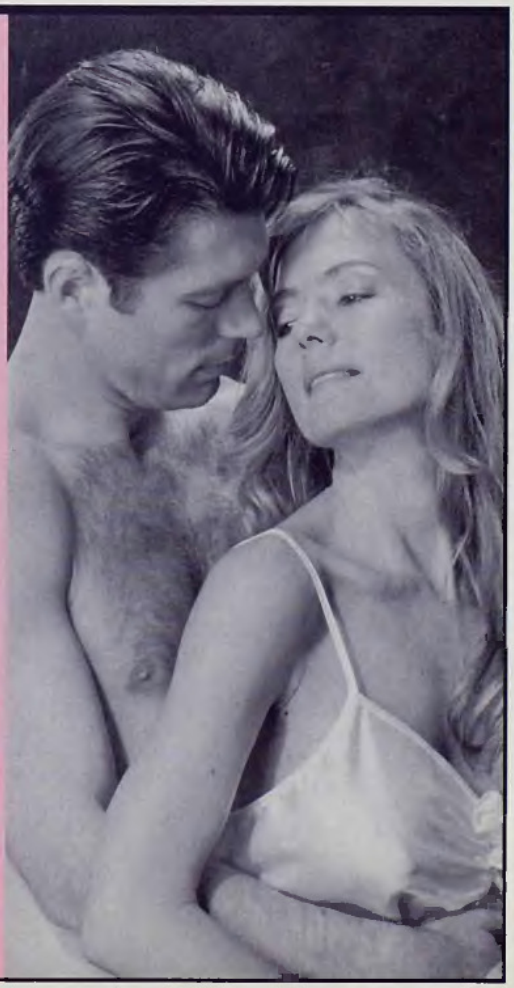


PAUL REISER (continued from page 64)

President Clinton is thinking, I can't believe she's letting me put my hand on her ass.

Babyhood, going, "It's great having a baby" to Regis and Kathie Lee, I started to think, Get me out of here. If I saw a guy telling 12 stories about changing a diaper, I'd think, Go play hockey, for God's sake. Go slaughter an animal.

PLAYBOY: You could go out and talk about your extramarital affairs.

REISER: No, I keep those quiet. The truth is, there is a part of me, like a part of most guys, that would love to wake up and not have anybody to be responsible for. You see a single guy out meeting different women and traveling all over the world, and you think, Does that sound bad? No, it sounds great. But you made a deal with somebody.

PLAYBOY: You've met the president. What was that like?

REISER: I did a performance at Ford's Theater. [*Showing off a photo*] Here's a picture of Paula and me at the White House with Bill and Hillary. Here are the caption bubbles of what we're thinking: My wife is thinking, I can't believe the president's hand is on my ass. President Clinton is thinking, I can't believe she's letting me put my hand on her ass. Hillary is going, I can't believe his hand is on her ass. I'm going, I've got to go on in 20 minutes.

PLAYBOY: When the Lewinsky scandal broke it provided comedians with many jokes about your favorite president. Which was the best?

REISER: I'm not going there. I feel like such a spoilsport because I don't like those kinds of jokes. I laugh at them and think some are funny, but I don't want to encourage them. They're at someone's expense. It's not only jokes about the president. In the first season of the show, somebody wrote a joke about an older actress. It was a very funny joke. It was like, "Hey, you wouldn't want to be kissing so-and-so." It would have gotten a scream. I thought, I'm going to be at a party a year from now and this woman is going to say, "I saw the show." "I'm sorry. I'm sorry we used you as an example of repugnant." If somebody you know and love had something terrible happen to them, would you make fun of it? Not if they were in the room with you. Well, you've got to treat the world like we're all in the same room. At some point you have to be accountable.

PLAYBOY: Art apparently imitated life again for you when the couple on the show had a baby. What made you decide to have one?

REISER: In real life? It was never a question. I always knew we were going to do it. We both thought so. Suddenly you go, Well, what are we waiting for? First we said, Let's wait until we get money in the bank, then, Let's wait until our careers are established, Let's wait until. . . . Finally you say, You know what? It's never going to be the right moment. Then you start doing the baby math: "Hmm. I'll be 103 when the kid is in high school."

PLAYBOY: Was it easier naming the show baby or your real baby?

REISER: I didn't care about the name on the show. It was harder to come up with Ezra's name. I didn't want to do the thing where you buy the baby-name book and go through every culture and say, "It means 'great warrior' in Celtic," though I was tempted by "potentially an accountant" in Swahili.

PLAYBOY: Do you do half the baby raising in your family?

REISER: I involve myself in every part of my son's life, but I don't know if I do half. But something amazing happened when I got more involved with my son. When I got really involved with my son, I found the relationship between me and my wife again. It wasn't deliberate, but it opened a door I hadn't realized was closing. When you have a child, your relationship with your wife gets put on pause. When I got around to understanding what it takes to take care of the kid, one of the great benefits was finding my wife again. She was so involved with our son that I didn't find her until I entered the land of kidhood. "Hey, look who's here too!" It wasn't deliberate. You don't even realize your relationship has deteriorated a bit. When I stopped fighting it, though, and stopped viewing playing with the kid as an intrusion, it was pretty cool. It can be tedious and tiresome, but when you realize, Look who's in this world, it's that girl from before, it's a nice discovery. And the kid is pretty cool, too.

PLAYBOY: For all your joking about our Playmates, if they had arrived, the truth is that you would not have approved, would you?

REISER: I would have been uncomfortable with it. That's not my life. I would have been thrown if some girl had come in without clothes, balancing a Fresca on her hip.

PLAYBOY: Your wife wouldn't have liked it either, and neither would have Helen.

REISER: There you go. Even my fake wife would have been upset. My fake wife would have been fake upset.

PLAYBOY: No wonder you can't escape your fuzzy-wuzzy image.

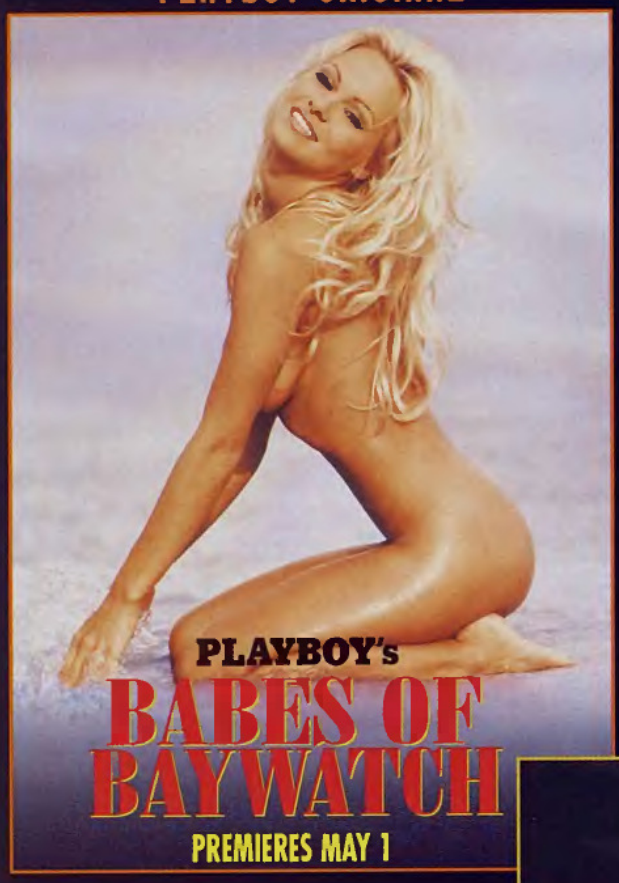
REISER: Yeah? Well, let me tell you this grotesque cocksucker joke——

PLAYBOY: Somehow we know we're going to be disappointed.

REISER: You're right, but I do have one question. Will there be naked girls in the magazine? Along with this interview? That I hope for, the sensitive-man stuff notwithstanding.

"Paper or more plastic?"

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL

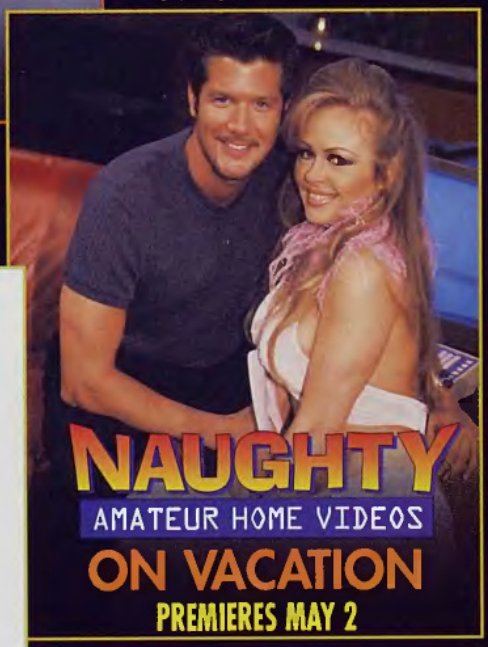


PLAYMATE HOSTS

Deanna Brooks
Miss May

Maria Luisa Gil
Miss June

ORIGINAL PROGRAM



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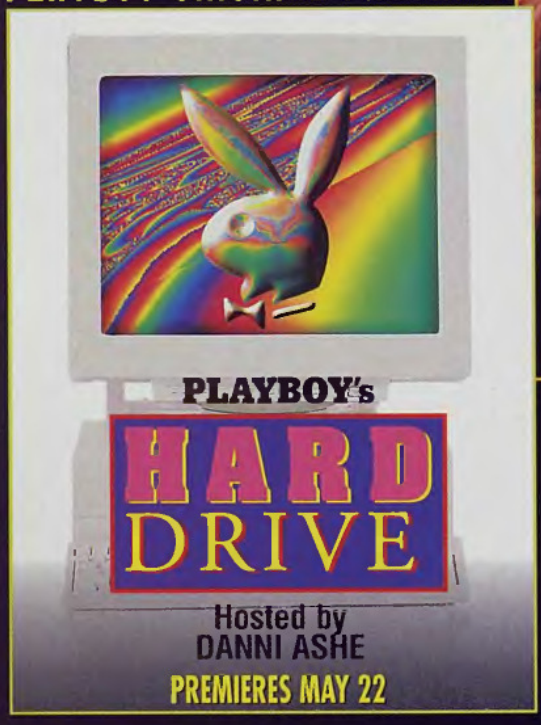

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PLAYMATE NEWS

IT TAKES A VILLAGE

Miss November 1978 (and PMOY 1979) Monique St. Pierre feels blessed by her Playmate experiences

Manique St. Pierre (left) slaps on a new coat with fellow home improver Shannan Tweed.

over the years, and now she's returning the favor tenfold. Realizing a dream she has "harbored for a long time," Monique has just launched Changes, a nonprofit facility for homeless, battered and recovering women and their children. Along with her boyfriend, Willie Oswald, Monique set up shop in a 23-room converted motel in Pomona, California, situated on a piece of land surrounded by giant avocado trees. There residents will receive on-site medical, therapeutic, educational, financial and job-training services. As a founding board member, Monique will participate in all activities, from running the show to painting the walls, and she has enlisted an enthusiastic team of Playmate volunteers to help with her mission. "One day it hit me like a thunderbolt," says Monique. "What are you waiting for? This is what you were meant to do. We all have to help one another. I've never been happier in my life."

For information or to make a tax-deductible donation, write to Changes, 13601 Ventura Boulevard, Suite 103, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — JUNE

June 1: Miss December 1987 (and PMOY 1988) **India Allen.**
June 4: Miss February 1992 **Tanya Beyer.**
June 17: Miss September 1960 **Ann Davis.**
June 21: Miss December 1972 **Mercy Rooney.**
June 26: Miss September 1983 (and PMOY 1984) **Barbara Edwards.**
June 27: Miss May 1955 (and Miss February 1956) **Marguerite Empey.**

ASCENDING ANGEL

"What can I say? I'm a home-wrecker! A conniving, backstabbing little bitch." That's Miss July 1996 Angel Boris describing not herself but the siren whom she has portrayed in five episodes of *Beverly Hills 90210*. "It was great to be on the show," says Angel, who since her PLAYBOY debut has seen her acting career soar. "But I doubt my character will be returning any time soon. She was just too mean." That's OK—Angel's dance card is already generously punched, with three movies currently in the works. Look for her in the title role of *Suicide Blonde* ("I play a kook"), as a down-home girl in *Always Something Better* and as an android in *Pale Dreamer*.

Angel Boris

JUNGLE HEAT

Inspired perhaps by the shrinking global village—or maybe just itching to hit the road—PLAYBOY Senior Photo Editor Jim Larson shipped off to Africa last summer to capture Miss January 1997 Jami Ferrell, Miss August 1995 Rachel Jeán Marteen and Miss June 1996 Karin Taylor in the wilds of the giant continent. Zigzagging through Botswana, Zambia and Zimbabwe, Larson and Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley posed the Playmates by rivers, in jungles and in deserts, at one point barely escaping calamity when a lion chased a Cape buffalo through their camp. "In just two weeks we flew more than 20,000 miles on 16 planes, shooting over 200 rolls of film," says Larson. "It was the experience of a lifetime." Look for *Playmates on Safari* on these pages later in the year.

35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

She had to share the magazine with Jules Feiffer's first novel,

Connie Mason

Ian Fleming's *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* and nudes of Jayne Mansfield. But Miss June 1963 Connie Mason held her own with the stars. "Modeling is a near-perfect job for me," the Chicago high-fashion model told us then. "I love fine clothes, and wearing gowns I couldn't afford gives me a wonderfully regal feeling." Was Connie apprehensive moving from Oleg Cassini designs to PLAYBOY's more natural apparel? Nope. "With the possible exception of Cary Grant's leading lady," she confessed, "I wouldn't trade places with anyone."

PLAYMATE NEWS

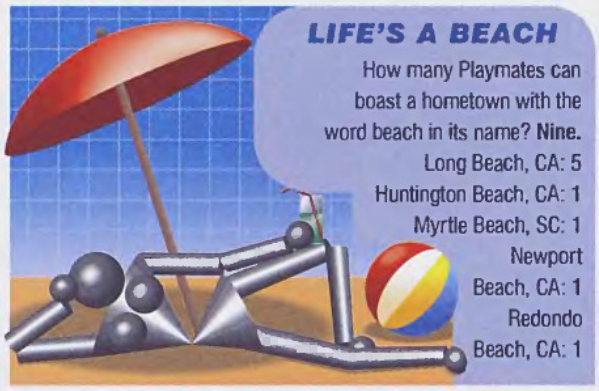
FAN MAIL

I recently attended Glamourcon and overheard a great Playmate one-liner, uttered by Miss August 1991 (and PMOY 1992) Corinna Harney. It seems Corinna didn't have all the particulars about a party being thrown that evening, so she asked a fellow Playmate, Miss January 1993 Echo Johnson, what the scoop was. In a flash, Echo, who had been autographing her centerfold for a fan, stopped, jotted down the information and handed it to Corinna, who cracked: "Oh, Echo, you're so well equipped."—Tushar Mithaiwala, Hanover Park, Illinois

Until PLAYBOY began making videos, all the pictures of Playmates were stills. But in the hands of veteran photographer Mario Casilli, a still photograph can seem to be in motion, reinforcing the sensual and erotic appeal of the picture. Consider the classic centerfold of Miss March 1961 Tonya Crews. The motion of the photograph is all in the way in which Casilli has chosen to pose Tonya. As our eyes move up her lovely legs, we are then swept along the amazingly graceful curve of her arching back—a curve that evokes a dancing candle flame—ending on Tonya's face and eyes. Hers isn't a Nineties supermodel face, but it is beautiful, set off by thick, wavy hair. Tragically, Tonya (the first Playmate with Native American heritage) died in an automobile accident five years later. We are all richer for the work Mario Casilli did in capturing and preserving her beauty.—Mark Tomlonson, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Tonya Crews

—PLAYMATE TRIVIA—



LIFE'S A BEACH

How many Playmates can boast a hometown with the word beach in its name? **Nine.**

Long Beach, CA: 5
Huntington Beach, CA: 1
Myrtle Beach, SC: 1
Newport Beach, CA: 1
Redondo Beach, CA: 1

CARROL TURNER HALLUSION

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Her reign as 1997 Playmate of the Year is almost over, but with two movies and a batch of TV gigs under her svelte belt, Sweden's **Victoria Silvstedt** is guaranteed to shine on. We caught her, on the run as usual, in Los Angeles.

Q: What's your favorite place to be kissed?

A: I like a guy to warm up on my neck and work his way down to my feet. I really love to have my feet kissed.

Q: What do you wear when you're in the mood to seduce?

A: I wear a pair of little white shorts and a matching top that says NOT AN ANGEL.

Q: What's the most unusual place you have had sex?

A: On an airplane, in the bathroom.

Q: And?

A: And it was damned tight!

Q: How has becoming a Playmate affected your sex life?

A: My sex life has always been good, but now it's great.

Q: In what way?

A: Well, I have a terrific boyfriend, so I'm sure he must have something to do with it.

Q: What's your advice for the next Playmate of the Year?

A: It's important to keep your feet on the ground—to stay down-to-earth and never let it go to your head. Oh yeah, and have fun.

JULIE MC CULLOUGH:
"It was awkward for me to pose nude because I come from a small town where PLAYBOY is not even sold. And my mom works in a church. But I will look back at this someday and be exceptionally proud of my photos."

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

LEROY NEIMAN

An enthusiastic group of Playmates showed up at **Julie McCullough**'s 33rd birthday bash in Beverly Hills. But the birthday girl's favorite guest was Hef himself, with whom she danced to swing music throughout the night. . . . **Elan Carter** completed her first episode of *Mike Hammer*, while **Nikki Schieler** filmed her second. Seems Mike keeps some pretty attractive company. . . . Principal photography has wrapped on *Midnight Healing*, a feature film co-starring **Elke Jeinsen**. The story is all about a sex therapist who takes her job a little bit too personally. Elke plays the doc's able assistant. . . . In four episodes of *Pictionary*, **Julia Schultz** racked up the highest score in the history of the game show. . . . **Marliece Andrada** buddied up with her *Baywatch* cohort Traci Bingham at the grand opening of Bally's Sports Club in Manhattan. The pair smiled for cameras, signed autographs and pumped the occasional iron. . . . We previously reported that **Victoria Zdrok** had passed the New Jersey bar exam—now we can add the New York bar. Speaking of briefs, Victoria also appeared in a lingerie ad in *Cosmopolitan* magazine.

Bingham and Andrada as Bally's belles

EBONY & IVORY
BENSON & HEDGES

© Philip Morris Inc. 1998

15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

A MOMENT OF PLEASURE
WITH THE 100MM CIGARETTE

Prenuptial Agreement

From the Law Offices of
Giles, Finkelstein and Hart

To all to whom this may come to affect or may concern, know ye that it is understood that on the fourth day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Five, that **Jim Morrissey** (hereafter known as the **First Party**) and **Jeanne Fulton** (hereafter known as the **Second Party**) are entering the contract of wedlock.

The following constitutes a full, legal and binding arrangement of said properties set before this date. This agreement shall be executed in multiple copies.

It is also to be understood that both the **First Party** and the **Second Party** are in complete agreement regarding the contents of this document and have stated so by signature and by witness on the fourth day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Five. This agreement cannot be changed orally.

The following below is a full, detailed breakdown of said agreement regarding all properties of consequence shared by the **First Party** and the **Second Party**.

HIS

Season Tickets
Crown Royal

HERS

Everything else

If any provision of this Agreement shall later be found void or invalid in whole or in part, the remainder of this Agreement, and the remainder of that part of this Agreement not found void or invalid, shall remain in full force and effect.

In Witness Whereof, we the undersigned, on this date, the fourth day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Five, are in complete agreement with the above arrangement and will abide by the contents of the document from the day of inception to the day the contract has been nullified by a court of law.

First Party			Second Party		
Signature	Jim Morrissey	Date 2/4/95	Signature	Jeanne Fulton	Date 2/4/95

Notary Public Barbara McDaid Date 2/4/95

Notary Public
No.00-000000
Certificate Filed in York County
Commission Expires April 8, 1999

NOTARY PUBLIC

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

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SOMETHING WORTH NOTING

Those big ideas tend to come when you least expect them—in the haze of stop-and-go traffic, between double bogies, at four A.M. when you can't sleep. Instead of relying on memory or a scrap of paper, take verbal notes on a digital recorder. This ingenious gadget comes in a variety of forms, all small enough to stash in a breast pocket. There are bare-bones models, such as Sony's Voice Balloon, that offer up to ten minutes of recording time. Other digital recorders double as electronic organizers—complete with calendars, telephone directories and voice alarms. And for power techies, versions by Olympus, Sycom, Sony and Voice It allow you to quickly download speech files to a computer for transcription or to jazz up e-mail or Web sites.

RICHARD IZUI

Below, front to back: Sony's ICD-V21 Voice Balloon ($90) stores up to ten minutes of speech and features files for storing reminders. Olympus' D1000 records onto removable memory cards and comes with a PC adaptor kit and voice dictation software that automatically transcribes your recording ($300). Voice It's VR 2000 also offers PC connectivity, and its 50-minute recordings can be stored on memory cards or on an onboard computer chip ($300). Sycom's Total Recall Touch 60 has a 58-minute recording capacity, organizer functions and PC connectivity ($150).

Splendor in the Grass

Milwaukee model LISA LEWIN can be found in the 1999 Hooters calendar and appeared on the Sandrine Lingerie Catalog Web site. Another Midwestern girl makes good.

© DOUGLAS STIEGLITZ

© JIM SMEAL/GALELLA LTD.

Chasing Joey

We're wild about JOEY LAUREN ADAMS. If you missed *Dazed and Confused* or *Chasing Amy*, hurry to the video store. Then head to the theater for *A Cool, Dry Place*. Joey is cool, and hot.

Breast Fest

You'll find KARI DORRIS in the *Bare Naked Amateur Screen Test* on video. We thoughtfully provide a preview.

© HUGH FRAZER JR.

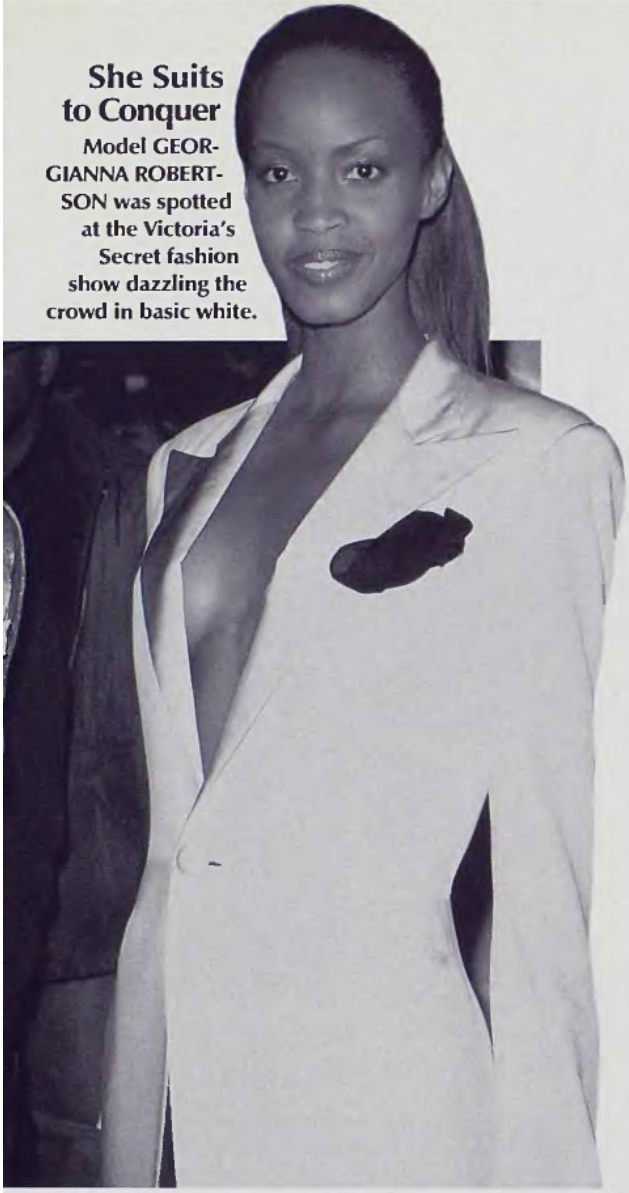
Call of the Wild

Aerosmith's *Nine Lives* has gone platinum, and the *Pink* video caused controversy on MTV. That suits STEVEN TYLER to a tee, but touring, "throwing parties for 20,000 people a night," gets him revved. That's a lot of company.

© KEN SETTLE

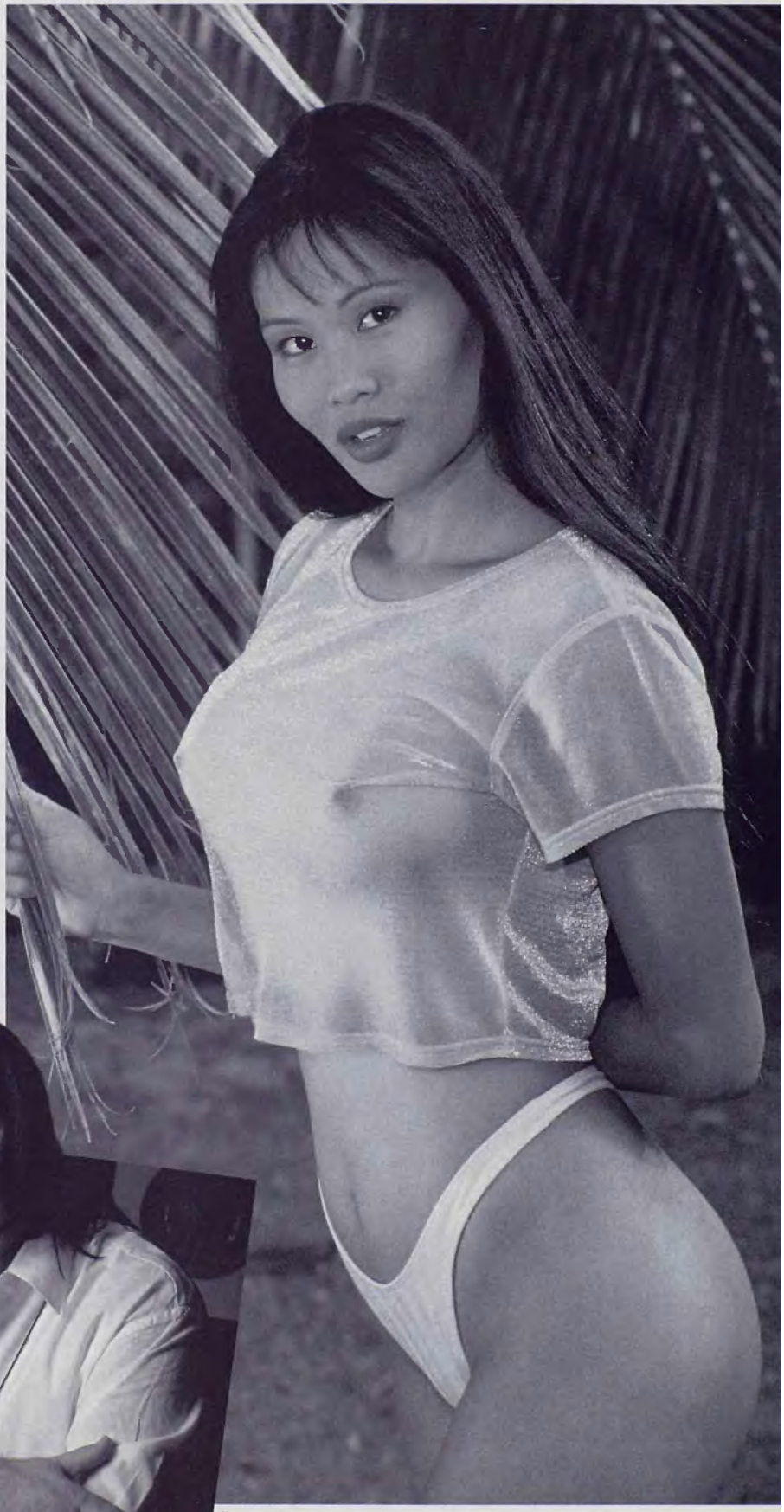
She Suits to Conquer

Model GEORGIANNA ROBERTSON was spotted at the Victoria's Secret fashion show dazzling the crowd in basic white.



© MARION CURTIS/DMI

STEVE TORRES



The Heart of Texas

STEVE EARLE is done being a badass and is making the best music of his life. Fresh from a U.S. club tour to support his new album, *El Corazón*, Earle soars.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

Maui Wowie

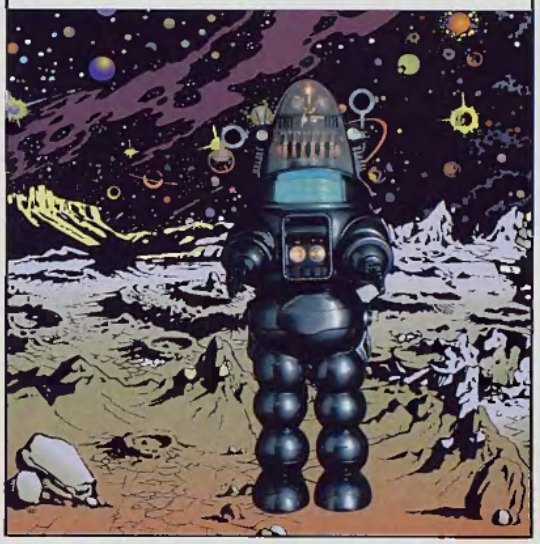
Hawaiian MELANIE CAJUDOY did a lifesaving demo on *Regis and Kathie Lee* with David Hasselhoff, but her beach is Maui, not *Baywatch*. We don't think Melanie will be beached for long.

BIZARRO SEX

Did you know that see-through togas were not unusual in ancient Greece and Rome? Or that there was a brothel called the Nymphia operating in San Francisco in the late 19th century? It resembled an army barracks and housed as many as 450 girls advertised as "nymphomaniacs." These and 2998 other "strange but true tales from around the world" are found in *The Sex Chronicles* by Lance Rancier, published by GPG. "Curious sexual occurrences," "sex and money," "sex and beauty" and "sex and the law" are some of the other erotic subjects explored. The price for the 256-page paperback, in bookstores nationwide, is $14.95.

ROBBY'S RETURN

Leslie Nielsen and Anne Francis starred in the 1956 science fiction flick *Forbidden Planet*, but it was Robby the Robot who stole the show and became one of Hollywood's most famous automatons. Now anyone with $25,000 can own a seven-foot limited edition Robby, created by Fred Barton Productions from molds and blueprints of the original. The remote control Robby has a computer brain and other electronic innards that make him seem almost human. Call 310-209-1136.



FOR KNUCKLEHEADS ONLY

Curly, Moe and Larry never yukked it up so much as they do in Soitenly Stooges, a 24-page catalog of Three Stooges memorabilia ranging from the ridiculous (trivia toilet paper) to the sublime (a framed limited edition lithograph). In between there are enough caps, T-shirts, watches, lighters, posters, videos, magnets, suspenders, key chains, coffee mugs and more to satisfy the most finicky wise guy. The most popular product? A set of three talking golf club covers that say, among other things, "Stand back, you imbecile. Let me show you how it's done." Call 800-378-6643 to place an order.

MARTINI MADNESS

Seems there are almost as many new books devoted to the martini as there are variations of the drink. *The Martini Companion* is dubbed a "connoisseur's guide" to the subject, while *The Martini Book* features color photos and several hundred recipes. *The Elegant Martini* celebrates "seductive recipes for appetizers and libations," and *Shaken Not Stirred* contains recipes plus "a directory of the world's swankiest lounges."

RIDE THE RIDDLER

Which amusement park just opened the world's tallest, fastest, most powerful stand-up roller coaster? Answer: Six Flags Magic Mountain in Valencia, California, just north of Los Angeles. The Riddler's Revenge, a 16-story, three-minute ride, thrusts passengers along a mile-long track, hurling them upside down six times at speeds up to 65 miles an hour. The first drop is 156 feet, and you can experience up to 4.2 *gs* on the ride. That's some revenge.

VOYAGES SHOVES OFF

Chronicle Books' new Voyages line of accessories is for anyone who loves the romance of travel, whether flying in a 747, sailing aboard a steamer or just curled up in an armchair. There are four items to choose from (above, left to right): a travel journal ($19), a triptych picture frame ($13), a writing portfolio with ten oversize postcards ($25) and a photo album ($30). All are crafted with vintage-looking buckles and bindings, and the covers are Mediterranean blue. Call 800-722-6657 to order.

PICTURE-PERFECT

Your girlfriend may not be a pin-up model, but now she can look like one. Liquid Image, at 390 West Broadway in New York, offers mere mortals the chance to "step into" more than 70,000 images, including pin-ups, movie posters and more. Pose in person or send in a photo, and you'll get a beautifully composed 8"x10" photo for $90 and up. Call 212-334-4443 for more information, or check things out on the Net at www.liquidimage.com.

CREDIT TO BURN

Since you're probably paying for your premium stogies with a credit card, why not have a fine smoke pictured on your plastic? Consolidated Cigar and First USA Visa have created a Platinum Visa credit card adorned with a Montecristo (shown), an H. Upmann or a combination of cigars. Upon using your new card, you'll receive free premium smokes and become eligible to purchase discounted tobacco accessories from such companies as Budd Leather and Prometheus. Call 800-451-2491.

SURVIVAL CHIC

To learn 17 ways to start a fire without a match and which edible plants will keep you alive if you're lost in the wilderness, order a copy of *Survival*, a 60-minute video that features expert advice on primitive-condition lifesaving techniques. Paladin Press sells it for $24.95; call 800-392-2400. And while you're in a Rambo mood, order *Breath of Death*, a video all about blowguns. It's only $29.95.

NEXT MONTH

LUSCIOUS LISA

BOND TIME

SEX ROCKS

PMOY

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—YOU'VE WAITED AN EXTRA MONTH THIS YEAR AND, TRUST US, YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED. OUR NUMBER ONE LADY IS THE PERFECT KICK-OFF TO SUMMER

SOUTH PARK STORY—MEET **TREY PARKER** AND **MATT STONE,** THE TWISTED MINDS BEHIND COMEDY CENTRAL'S HOT ANIMATED SERIES. BESIDES GIVING US TRASH-MOUTH CHARACTERS KYLE, CARTMAN, STAN AND CHEF, THEY HAVE THE ENTIRE COUNTRY SCREAMING, "OH MY GOD! THEY KILLED KENNY!" ARTICLE BY **STEVE POND**

KEN GRIFFEY JR.—THE MARINERS' SLUGGER AND AMERICAN LEAGUE MVP HAS TED WILLIAMS' SWING AND A CLAIM ON THE RECORD BOOKS. TAKE A WILD TRIP INTO A MAJOR LEAGUE LOCKER ROOM WITH **TOM BOSWELL**

SEX, ROCK STYLE—PUT DOWN THE DATING GUIDES AND PUMP UP THE **LIZ PHAIR, ALANIS MORISSETTE** AND **BLUR. GAVIN EDWARDS** PROVES THAT EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT GIRLS, LOVE AND SEX CAN BE LEARNED FROM LYRICS

SPEED SEDUCTION—UNLIKELY LOTHARIO **ROSS JEFFRIES** TEACHES MEN "HOW TO HAVE HER BEGGING FOR IT, DESPITE A BOYFRIEND OR HUSBAND!" COULD THIS POSSIBLY WORK? WE SENT **PETER ALSON** TO FIND OUT

THE DAILY SHOW—**CRAIG KILBORN** DISHES OUT FIVE QUESTIONS AND A BITING NEWSCAST THAT MAKES *SNL*'S "WEEKEND UPDATE" LOOK TAME. **WARREN KALBACKER** TURNS THE TABLES IN THIS MONTH'S 20 QUESTIONS

THE FACTS OF DEATH—DO YOU LIKE YOUR **JAMES BOND** SHAKEN OR STIRRED? **RAYMOND BENSON** GIVES IT TO YOU ON THE ROCKS IN THIS NEW 007 ADVENTURE

IT'S SWING TIME—TO PARAPHRASE DUKE ELLINGTON, "SPORTS DON'T MEAN A THING IF YOU AIN'T GOT THAT SWING." TO PERFECT YOUR TECHNIQUE IN GOLF, TENNIS AND BASEBALL, CONSULT OUR SPECIAL WORKOUT

JERRY SPRINGER—HE'S BEEN DUBBED THE SLEAZIEST OF DAYTIME'S TALK SHOW RINGLEADERS. **JOHN BRADY** PUTS THE LAWYER TURNED POLITICIAN TURNED NEWS ANCHOR TURNED SHOCK HOST IN THE HOT SEAT IN A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

PLUS: PLAYMATE **LISA DERGAN,** SURFBOARDS AND BODYBOARDS AND LAKERS LEGEND **MAGIC JOHNSON,** WHO IS NOW STAR OF HIS OWN TALK SHOW

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